Oct. 18, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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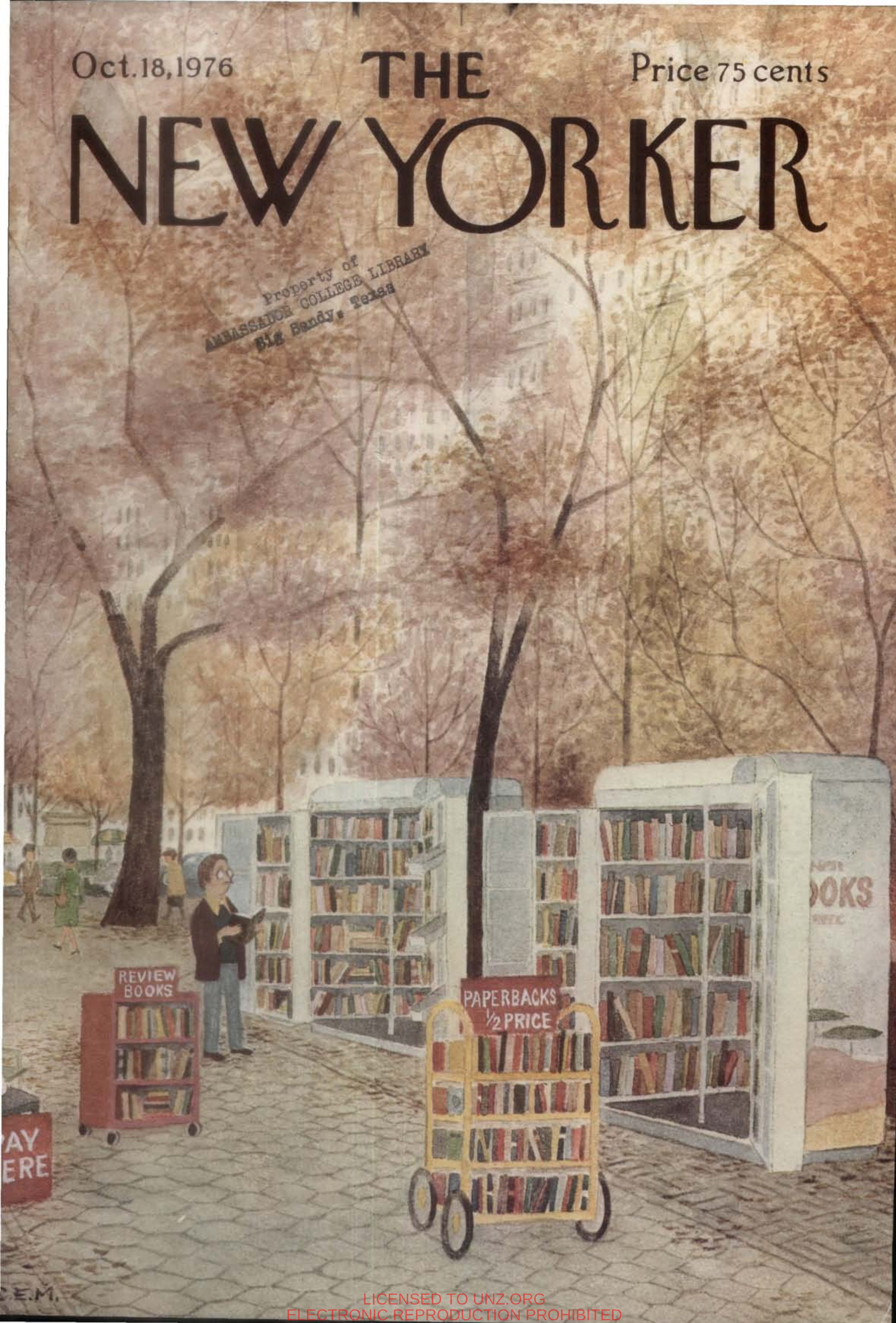
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Best Friend—Barbara Baxley in a four-character play by Michael Sawyer. Directed by Marty Jacobs. Previews through Monday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—A musical by Eve Merriam, directed by Tommy Tune. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 14, at 7:30. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Days in the Trees—Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher as a mother and son who rake over old family coals still capable of burning. Marguerite Duras is the author. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Devil Catchers—A single performance of Ed Bullins' play. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2. Free.)

Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas Growing Up—A revival of Mr. Williams' one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Equity Library Theatre—The musical **FIORELLO!**, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, will be the first in this season's series of plays. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 14, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 31. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Farm—A play by David Storey. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Going Up—A revival of a musical first seen here in 1917. It has been updated to 1919, and that is not enough. The cast is young and lively, though without much charm. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—The words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., but very little of his spirit. The star is Billy Dee Williams. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Innocents—Claire Bloom stars in a revival of the play that William Archibald based on Henry James's story "The Turn of the Screw." Directed by Harold Pinter. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 19-20. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 21. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturda at 2.)

Jo Anne!—A play by Ed Bullins based on t Joan Little case. Preview Wednesday, O 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. and will run through Sunday, Oct. 24. (Th atre of the Riverside Church, Riverside D at 120th St. 864-2929. Tuesdays through Sa urdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Lovesong—A musical entertainment, with m sic by Michael Valenti set to the words c among others, Thomas Moore, Sir Walt Raleigh, James Agee, Lord Byron, and Dor thy Parker. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleeck St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in th decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44 St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays a Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketch that purport to give us a refreshing view sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th S 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fr days at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; a Sundays at 7:30.)

The Philanderer—An early (1893) comedy Bernard Shaw's, done, with some measu of success, as a farce. The title character b comes engaged to a widow in order to esca the unwelcome attentions of the woman he h

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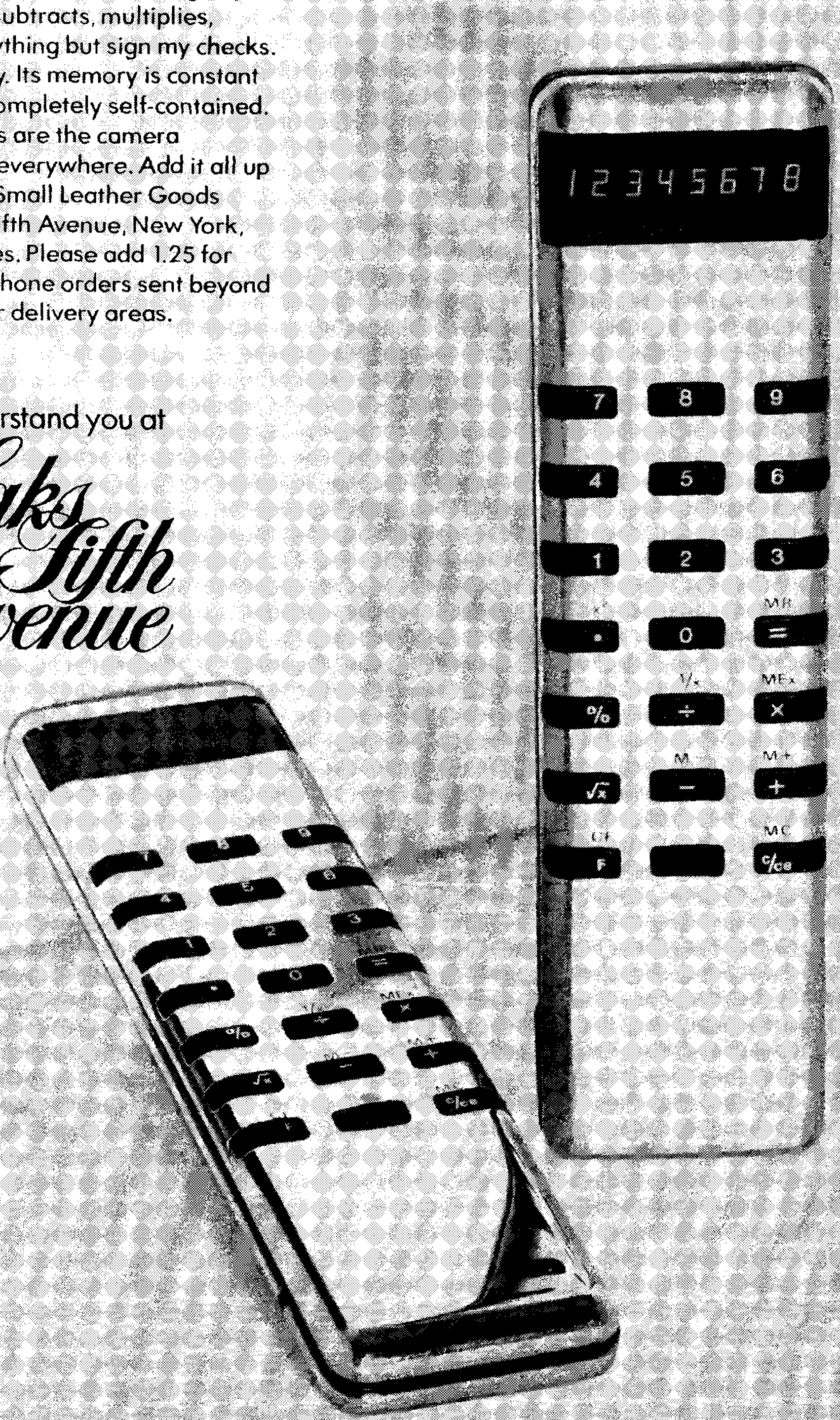
A functioning piece of jewelry is what I had in mind. Something as finely designed as the clothes I wear. And here it is (shown actual size) the calculator that took four exacting years to perfect. The steel case comes finished in a silky brushed chrome, $100, or 18K gold electroplate, $175. And handsome is as handsome does—the Sovereign by Sinclair adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides—does everything but sign my checks. It has a percent key. Its memory is constant *and* powerful. It's completely self-contained. Its batteries are the camera variety—available everywhere. Add it all up for yourself in Small Leather Goods Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

We understand you at
Saks Fifth Avenue



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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just abandoned, and then arranges to marry her off to a fool. The spirit of Ibsen dominates the proceedings, and Shaw has a high old time teasing the half-baked Ibsenites of the New Order. Donald Madden is impressively crisp and professional in the lead, and Cara Duff-MacCormick is funny but allowed no dignity as his castoff. The treat of the evening, though, is Pamela Brook, in the supporting role of a New Woman. Stephen Hollis is the capable director. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Poor Murderer—A play by Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, translated by Herbert Berghof and Laurence Luckinbill. The cast is headed by Mr. Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Ruth Ford, Kevin McCarthy, and Larry Gates. Directed by Mr. Berghof. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A superb and, for once, complete operatic version of Gershwin's masterpiece. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 2.)

Rehearsal—Jack Gelber's play is about the rehearsals of a play written by an ex-con. The ex-con's play doesn't come off, and neither does Mr. G.'s; in spite of some acute parodies of current behavior among actors, he seems to have a what-the-hell attitude that flattens everything. Subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much unhappiness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Texas Trilogy—Preston Jones' three independent plays, being presented in repertory. Directed by Alan Schneider. **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER**, with Diane Ladd: Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 16, and Monday, Oct. 18, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2. . . . **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE**, with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Thursday, Oct. 14, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 19, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA**, with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Friday, Oct. 15, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30 and 7; Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Directed by James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Wheelbarrow Closers—A play by Louis La-Russo II, with Danny Aiello in the leading role. Paul Sorvino directed. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY**: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the boo
(Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S.,
Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wedne
days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:3
and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Su
days at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO**: An unpleasant mus
cal about dreary people, but with stunnin
performances by Gwen Verdon and Jer
Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46
St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays,
8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays
2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dan
ers audition for a handful of chorus jobs
a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the ti
the evening is over we know everything abo
all of them. A brilliant, innovative music
conceived, choreographed, and directed
Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th S
246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2
. . . **EQUUS**: A psychological whodunit by Pet
Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Se
mour, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnso
The director is John Dexter. (Helen Haye
210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays throu
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **T**
FANTASTICKS: 6,857 performances so far. (Su
livan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan S
at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throu
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; a
Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.).
GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the book
Matthew, and once a numbing prologue
over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theat
itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ply
outh, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at
and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, boo
and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Case
that parodies, by faithful imitation, the son
and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The you
cast performs capably and with spirit. (Ro
ale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3
. . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, b
the magic tricks by Doug Henning make
for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-639
Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Ma
inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a
Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE**: Lin
Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good ma
gin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'ai
Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"
and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smi
leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240
47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thur
days at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matiné
Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, an
Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great b
show that ably conceals a tiny little music
(Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tue
days through Saturdays at 8. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda
at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick a
sentimental comedy about happy marriag
and a single twenty-five-year-long, hap
adultery, practiced annually. With San
Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinso
256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays throu
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a
Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH**: Hoku
though John Cullum sings bravely and we
(Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.
. . . **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly succes
ful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with a
all-black cast of great talent. Directed b
Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costume
(Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tue
days through Saturdays at 7:30. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda
at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Paul Robeson—Taking part in th
benefit will be Sidney Poitier, Ossie Davi
Ruby Dee, Pete Seeger, Mary Travers, Broc
Peters, Linda Hopkins, Leon Bibb, Carme
de Lavallade, Jack Gilford, the Dance The
atre of Harlem, Don Shirley, and Shirle
Knight. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monda
Oct. 18, at 7:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of
four-week season that will run through Sun

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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day, Nov. 7—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Olympics," "Sea Shadow," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Square Dance," "Sea Shadow," "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Reflections," "The Moor's Pavane," "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Olympics," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Moor's Pavane," "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30: "Olympics," "Sea Shadow," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Square Dance," "Sea Shadow," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos."...¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Orpheus" (première), "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II."...¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Olympics," "Sea Shadow," "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: "Pas des Déesses," "Sea Shadow," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Square Dance," "Orpheus," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

John Cullum and Emily Frankel—"Kings," an evening of dance and drama ("Oedipus," "Medea," and "Theseus and Hippolyta"), performed by this husband-and-wife team, with others in support. The last in a series of Monday-evening performances. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Nov. 20—Monday evening, Oct. 18 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 362-2600): "Impromptu" (première), "A Soldier's Tale" (preview), "Harbinger," and "Cortège Parisien."...¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "The Consort."...¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Excursions."...¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Waves" (company première), "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo."...¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."...¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Harbinger," "A Soldier's Tale" (company première), and "The Consort." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 8: "Concerto Barocco," and three New York premières—"Four Men Waiting," "Under the Sun," and "Sweet Agony."...¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-22, at 8: "Adagio Hammerklavier," two New York premières—"For Fred, Gene and MGM" and "Eakins' View"—and "Raymonda Variations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.

●

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—The Mabel Mercer Room in the St. Regis, sanctimoniously christened by the hotel on **Mabel Mercer's** seventy-fifth birthday a year or so ago, is about to be turned into a kitchen, so M.M., who should have her own *building*, has slipped into this spacious place, where she works in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Hearing her handpicked songs ("Bein' Green," "Wait Till You're Sixty-five," "Too Long at the Fair," "Send In the Clowns") is always restorative and inspiriting, and her deceptively loose reading of "Clowns," added to her repertory a year ago, is altogether extraordinary. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The **Earl Hines** show is back, with Rudy Rutherford on reeds, Harley White on bass, Eddie Graham on drums, and the singer Marva Josie. The show consists of some Hines solo numbers; a hustling mini-production of "Rhapsody in Blue" and "The Man I Love;" an Ellington medley, including a cathedral "Black and Tan Fantasy" and a very fast "Caravan;" and several songs by Marva Josie, who likes Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington. White is adequate, Graham is vortical, and Rutherford, as the decades pass, is still searching for the tonal center of his notes. The Master is in his seventies, but he looks trim and taut, and when he isn't trying to snow us, he plays with the same beauty and originality that helped launch jazz piano fifty years ago. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one....¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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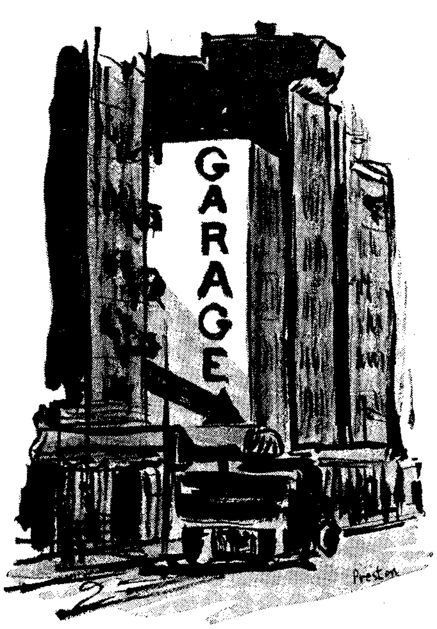
Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer **Rashied Ali**, and his wife, Patricia. Bassist Bob Reid and his band, Emergency Sounds, are here through Thursday, Oct. 14; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, loose, gutsy, fire-breathing vocalist **Joe Lee Wilson** and Bond Street, his backup band, will perform; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 19-21, tenor saxophonist Frank Lowe's quartet will step in; and on Friday, Oct. 22, drummer **Andrew Cyrille** and his quintet will take over. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster**, who sat in the Basie band in the fifties and arranged much of the band's material, directs his seventeen-piece aggregation, the Loud Minority. Music from about ten. Soul food.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **Dardanelle** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. A stalwart quintet—pianist **Cedar Walton**, tenor saxophonist **Junior Cook**, trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, bassist **Sam Jones**, and drummer **Billy Higgins**—dubbed Boomer's All-Stars by the management, is onstage through Saturday, Oct. 16. Walton, Jones, and Higgins will stay on for another night, Sunday, Oct. 17. On Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 18-19, drummer Omar Clay will bring in his quartet, and on Wednesday, Oct. 20, trumpeter **Danny Moore** will begin working with his quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three.



Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer and guitarist Richie Furay and his country-rock outfit come and go on Wednesday, Oct. 13; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**, who is a reed section all by himself, will drop by with his band; on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 16-17, Asbury Park's own Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes will take the stage; Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 18-20, a change-up double bill—pianist **Bill Evans'** trio and singer **Sylvia Syms**—and on Thursday, Oct. 21, singer and pianist **Mose Allison**, who simultaneously creates a rustic and an urbane presence, will arrive with his trio. Opening for Allison will be **Stuff**, a formerly nameless but not unnoticed first-rate rhythm-and-blues band comprising bassist **Gordon Edwards**, guitarists **Eric Gale** and **Cornell Dupree**, pianist **Richard Tee**, and drummers **Steve Gadd** and/or **Chris Parker**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. *Dinner.*

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **Jimmy Rowles** and his bassist compete with the talkers Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday chores are handled by Hugh Lawson. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Gershwin, Porter, Coward, et al. are here in spirit; **Bobby Short** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, are here in the flesh Tuesdays through Saturdays. Their first set begins at ten. Dinner and supper....**Marian McPartland** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **Michael Moore**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

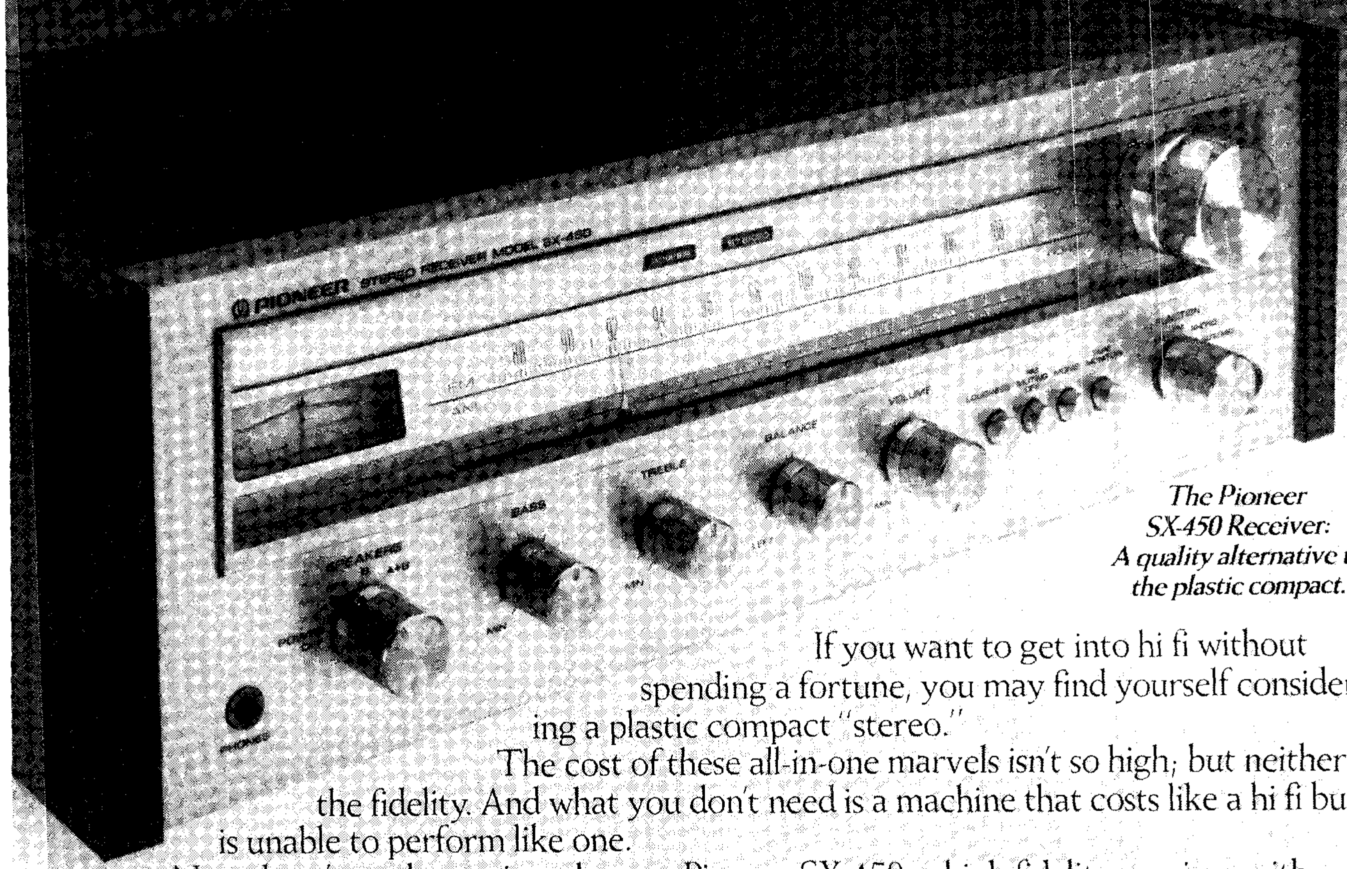
C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands, with names like Orchestra Luna, City Lights, Talking Heads, Milk 'n' Cookies, Custer's Last Band, and Susan. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**Mary Lou Williams**, a Kansas City legend for more than forty years and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, works out with her bassist, Milton Suggs, weeknights. Sundays are given over to pianist and musical historian **Dick Hyman**. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli will sit in with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 17, beginning at eight, trumpeter and flugelhorn ace **Art Farmer** will front a combo. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **Warren Chiasson** works with guitarist **Chuck Wayne** and bassist **Wilbur Little**. On Sunday, Oct. 17, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with guitarist Doug Raney from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **Brooks Kerr**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **Sonny Greer**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for

HIGH FIDELITY FOR THE PRICE OF MEDIOCRE FIDELITY.



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some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Lou-mell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** performs its last evening of New York jazz on Wednesday, Oct. 13. **LES MCCANN** will begin his solo piano excursions on Thursday, Oct. 14. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The Movies, a cute, fluffy, smiling, and unassuming rock quartet, occupies the stage through Sunday, Oct. 17. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 18-20, the Chambers Brothers—Willie, George, Lester, and Joseph—and their band will perform soul-inspired rock. On Thursday, Oct. 21, David Forman, an up-and-coming artsy pop singer, will arrive with a band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Friends, a group of the boys and girls who back up Petula Clark in her nightclub act, claim the foreground here through Sunday, Oct. 17. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—**HUGH SHANNON** is playing his open, melodious, comfortable piano and singing some wonderful musical-comedy songs in his unplaned baritone. He starts at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermissions are taken up by pianist Murray Grand. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels fronts a wonderful rhythm section that includes Michael Moore on bass and Gene Bertoncini on guitar; and pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads a quartet on Wednesdays and a nine-piece band on Thursdays. On Friday, Oct. 15, Sudan Baronian heads up a Middle Eastern jazz ensemble called Taksim; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will team up with guitarist **JOE PUMA'S** trio. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Super bassist **RON CARTER** is in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 17; on Wednesday, Oct. 20, **JUNIOR MANCE**, the insistently bluesy pianist, will arrive with his bassist Marty Rivera. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

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VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, comedian **DICK GREGORY**. Guitarist Earl Klugh will open for Gregory. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, bassist **CHARLES MINGUS** begins inspiring his fine quintet. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer **ROY HAYNES** guides his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, into some familiar and still moving material, through Sunday, Oct. 17. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 19, **BILLY HARPER**, a fine young tenor player, will lead a sextet. Mondays are reserved for the **JONES-LEWIS** seventeen-piece aggregation. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—**PEGGY LEE** and the 1976 edition of her airtight show are ensconced in the Empire Room through Saturday, Oct. 23. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner, supper, and dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are reserved for a quintet usually led by ex-Basie-ites **BUDDY TATE** and Earle Warren. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JACKSON BROWNE and **ORLEANS**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 16-17, at 7:30 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

PETER TOSH—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.

RALPH STANLEY AND THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The first in a series of four concerts, this one performed by pianists Roland Hanna, Dave McKenna, and Jimmy Rowles, with bassist George Mraz. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

JEFF BECK, **JAN HAMMER BAND**, and **R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON**—Palladium. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR—Beacon Theatre. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.

INTERLUDES—The first offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **NANCY DUSSAULT** and **KAREN MORROW** on Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 5:45.

MASTERS OF MODERN JAZZ—Art Farmer, the Roland Hanna trio, and the Paul Jeffrey octet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY JAZZ—Ralph Towner, John Abercrombie, Jack DeJohnette's Directions, Gary Burton's quartet, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

NANCY WILSON—With the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8 and 11:30.)

TOWER OF POWER and **RONNIE LAWS & PRESSURE**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

GEORGE MGRDICHIAN—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.

BILL WITHERS and **VICKI SUE ROBINSON**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD and **BE-BOP DELUXE**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

FRITZIE ABADI—Box assemblages, collages, and banners that combine several familiar patriotic symbols—flags, pictures of George Washington, and so forth. Through Oct. 29. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—This artist is deeply concerned with what he terms the mechanism of meaning, and the six large acrylic paintings in this exhibition—diagrammatic compositions that might be taken for engineering worksheets—illustrate clearly how difficult it is to grasp his concepts. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.). . . ¶ Drawings and prints. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

WILL BARNET / WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN—"Waiting" is the theme of the Barnet exhibition, in which the artist, who was born in New England and spends his summers in Maine, has stylized the classic sea captain's wife at her lonely vigil on the widow's walk, and shows her in brooding groups, sometimes in pine groves but usually nearer the water. / Crisp, colorful studies of birds, mostly waterfowl, that seem to transcend mere authenticity and to capture something of their spirit. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Wall pieces—constructions, really—involving turpentine cans, tableware, paint brushes, and so on, fixed to the canvas and painted a uniform funereal bronze to serve as memorial tablets to Hart Crane, whose poetry is this artist's main inspiration. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

JAKE BERTHOT—Six recent abstract paintings, along with drawings in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 6. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Abstract metal sculptures, some of them called "sounding" pieces, which visitors are invited to handle. Through Oct. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ARIK BRAUER—Gouaches and watercolors by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Nov. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—A selection of representational paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, interiors) from throughout his working career. Through Oct. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

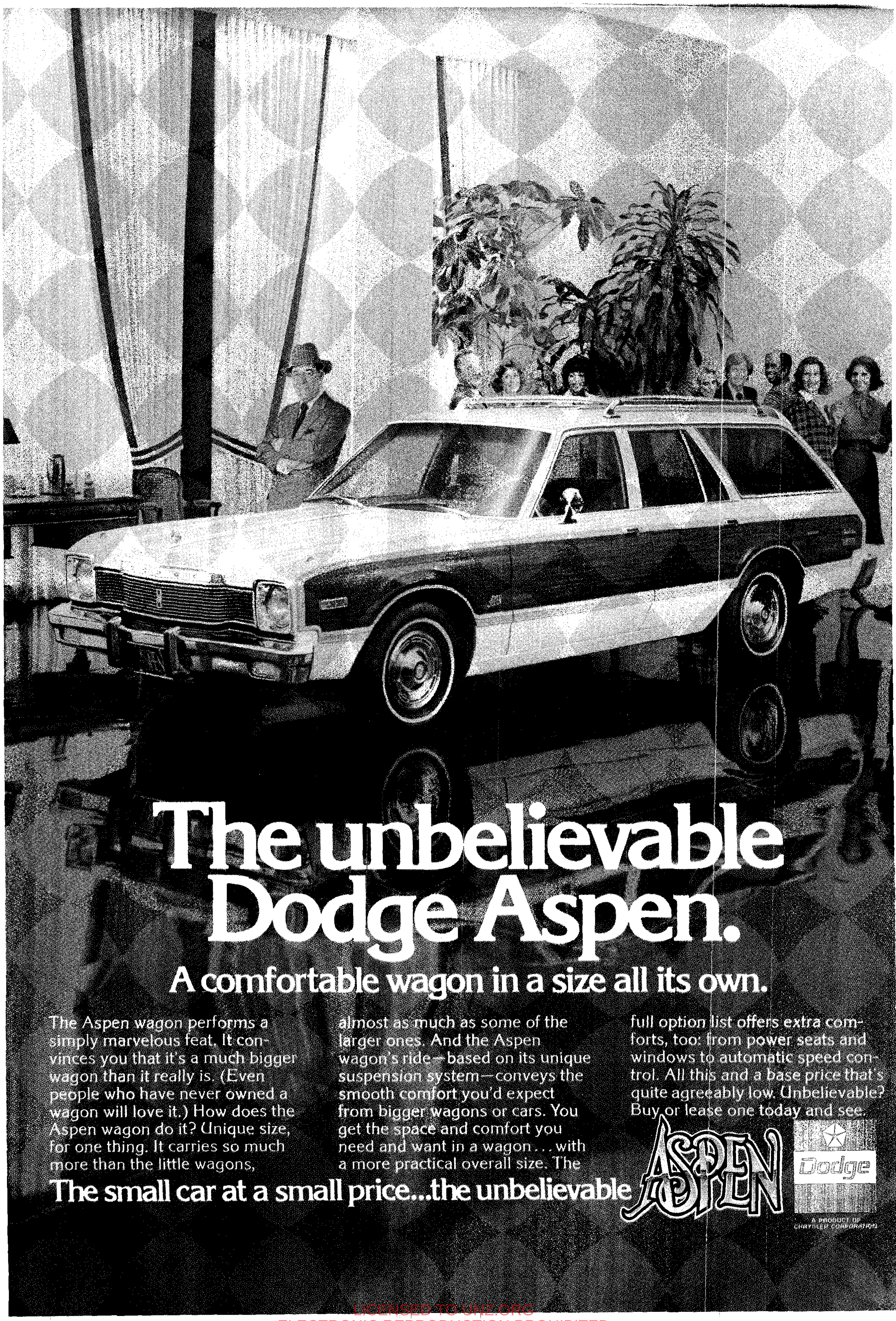
ALEXANDER CALDER—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum: Works on paper, including watercolors, gouaches, and drawings. Through Nov. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.). . . ¶ Mobiles and graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Loose, free-hand drawings by this eighty-year-old artist, who does them as a relief from the rigors of abstraction that she goes through as a painter. They date from the thirties, and some of them are self-portraits. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT COOK—Bronzes, many of them of dancing figures. Through Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

CORNEILLE—A series of gouaches in vibrant

les must de Cartier



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Dodge

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colors, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Landscapes, some with figures, executed in the past year. Through Nov. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Leonard DeLonga—Dancing figures, bicycle riders, and landscapes are represented in welded-steel sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Rich, tapestry-like wall hangings in which layers of acrylic colors are piled up on a nylon backing, with strips of paper or canvas worked into the surface, and an overall dotting of Rhoplex applied with an eyedropper, giving the effect of opalesque sequins. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Katherine Hellman / Barbara Reis Poe—Abstract stone and wood sculptures. / Works in mixed mediums on paper. Through Oct. 29. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Hockney—Thirty-nine etchings illustrating Grimm Brothers fairy tales and all done in the elegant, effortless-looking line this draftsman is noted for. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jim Houser—Realist paintings of beach houses, barns, and other edifices. Through Oct. 30. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Buffie Johnson—Outsize studies of plants and parts of plants—orchids, fiddleback ferns, seed pods, and so on, done in oil on linen. Through Oct. 30. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Susan Kahn—A talented student of the late Moses Soyer paints the world around her—studio parties, nude models, pensive young sculptors, affectionate couples, shoppers in Bloomingdale's basement, and bench time in Washington Square. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Twelve bronzes. Through Oct. 30. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Opens at noon.)

Jerry Okimoto—Large canvases shaped into polyhedrons, each plane of which is painted a different strong color, so that the finished work resembles an outsize and particularly successful piece of origami. The stretchers for these canvases are masterpieces of trestle carpentry. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kay Reynal—Closeup studies of individual leaves, mostly plane and oak, and sometimes with bugs, painted in oil on small canvases. A few of the works have a Surrealist cast, as when a leaf is being crucified. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gabriele Roos—Abstract paintings in which diagonal slats of color, varied in length, are arranged in horizontal rows on a solid-color field, usually a rather vivid one. Through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and sketches made on a recent European visit. Through Oct. 30. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Schwartz—Sculptured wall pieces, done in pairs and painted in two contrasting colors, that have some of the effect of simple pagan masks and icons; these look like ceramics but are made of plaster caked on wire mesh and painted. Through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Richard Segalman—Exceptionally fluent watercolors, mostly of friends and members of the family taking their ease in pastoral Woodstock settings, but also including some rather dramatic scenes of fall foliage, which to a watercolorist of his accomplishments must be like shooting fish in a barrel. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Frank Stella—Massive constructions that mark a surprising departure from his previous work. They consist of huge frames, like theatrical settings, against which are arrayed vaguely birdlike shapes cut out of sheet aluminum and built up with corrugated cardboard. Each work is named for a different bird ("Newell's Hawaiian shearwater," for instance, and "Noguchi's Okinawa woodpecker"), and each is as gaudily painted as a circus bandwagon. Through Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.). . . ¶ Half a dozen constructions and shaped canvases, done in his familiar stripes, some of which seem to have been painted in Day-Glo colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

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Cy Twombly—Quotations from Spenser are hand-scrawled at the top of large sheets of white paper, and beneath them are areas of cloudy watercolor washes, accented here and there with pasted-on postcards and occasional streaks done with a pencil or crayon. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Arresting soft-pencil drawings by a Dutch-born artist who is now resident in New York and keeps tabs on the passing scene at the corner of Eleventh Street and Avenue A—stylized floozies in platform shoes and not much else, leading giant attack dogs past abandoned, stripped cars along littered streets. Through Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Pencil drawings and oil paintings by an American artist who moved to Germany several years ago. The works are all of homely subjects—his sofa (reupholstered, in one version), his plants, his carpet, his veneered buffet, painstakingly rendered, and his varnished floors. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An Anne Ryan collage dated 1953 is the most recent work in a show of American paintings that also includes works by William Merritt Chase, George Inness, and others. Through Oct. 27. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Matta, Dubuffet, Steinberg, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of three American painters, two of them—Robert Motherwell and Richard Diebenkorn—well known, and the third, Stephen Edlich, a relative newcomer, whose collages usually include large areas of sacking. Through Oct. 30. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Nov. 30.

Sculpture—Indoor and outdoor pieces in a variety of mediums by Alexander Archipenko, Bruno Lucchesi, Doris Caesar, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Frank Bowling—Large abstract paintings, each incorporating a thickly painted column of color. Through Thursday, Oct. 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolors covering nearly all his painting styles, many of them on exhibit for the first time. Also drawings. Through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 30. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Jack Bush / Prehistoric American Pottery—Large abstract paintings in which leaflike swatches of color (in one painting they are arranged into a sort of whirligig) are seen against a scrubby field of a neutral tone. / In an adjacent gallery room is a stunning collection of prehistoric American pottery, found mostly in Arizona and New Mexico and dated A.D. 500-1500. There are twenty-one pieces, many of them surprisingly modern in form and color. (One pitcher might have been lifted directly from a Picasso still-life.) Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chryssa—Plaster-relief and neon sculptures, many of them using letters of the alphabet as a basic form. Through Nov. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Kosso Eloul / Rita Letendre—Large rectangular polished-steel boxes leaning against one another in pairs or in groups. / Paintings of horizontal bands of color. Through Nov. 13. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Forrestall—Highly realistic glimpses of Nova Scotia—a rude woodpile, a farmhouse that has been gutted by fire, a freighter seen in the distance—painted in egg tempera on shaped canvases. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract canvases. Through Nov. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Paintings, drawings, collages, constructions, and ceramics by a multiple-threat artist from California who reflects a pronounced American Indian influence in his works. Some of them seem to have been the outgrowth of a happy scavenger hunt, since they are bedecked with feathers, sticks, cigar-box labels, Cracker Jack prizes, bones, plastic cutlery, horns (both musical and animal), bits of machinery, cowboy hats, and so on. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Ed Kerns—Works that have the quality of ancient walls on which generations of graffiti have been gouged and proclamations posted, all of it obliterated by time. The effect was achieved by painting and scraping off countless coats of acrylic on heavy cardboard and interspacing the layers with sheets of canvas, parts of which were then torn off. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Koren—Pen-and-ink and pencil drawings, plus a few freestanding wooden cutouts. Through Oct. 30. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

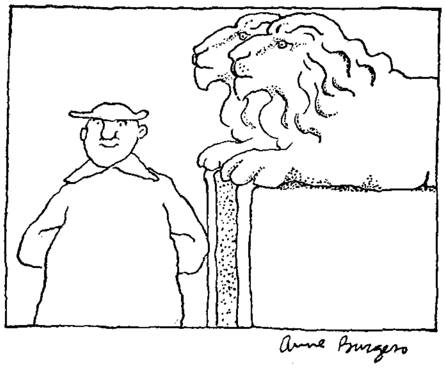
June Leaf—Paintings, drawings, and small-scale painted-tin sculptures—seventy-five works in all. Through Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Hyper-realist paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vincent Longo / Lowell Nesbitt—Ten years of work are represented in this collection of small paintings, all of them based on a grid pattern. Sometimes the pattern is obscured here and there by delicate blots of color that suggest a ghostly ivy creeping across a trellis. / Drawings done with a soft pencil on rough paper—leafy plants in his Broome Street studio, scenes looking out the studio window, clutters of boots and shoes—by an artist perhaps best known for his chronicling of New York City's bridges. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

John Pearson—Each painting in this show of what the artist has chosen to call his "Mondrian Linear Series" is a combination of five grids in five colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Three of his latter-day black ones, staring at one another from the walls of a stark-white gallery room with such intensity that one hesitates to step between them, are on view at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An entirely different side of the man, represented by cartoons full of funny comments about himself and the contemporary art scene and by bright, cheerful collages, is on view a couple of doors away at



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Truman, a new gallery, at 38 E. 57th St. Both shows through Oct. 30.

Sam Richardson—A floor piece twenty-two feet square, sloping gently upward toward the center on all sides and consisting of a white muslin lawn with a sandy square in the middle, where two skinned and lonesome-looking pine saplings five feet high, with a taut nylon line strung between them, are embedded. The work was built on the site to fit the gallery space. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Margit Varga—Potato farms, waterfront scenes, and other familiar Eastern Long Island subjects, painted by an artist who is about two jumps ahead of the primitives and the naïfs and has a certain style of her own. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: Still-life paintings and drawings by thirty-three women artists, including Nell Blaine, Janet Fish, and Dalia Ramanauskas. Through Nov. 13. . . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: "Torn, Folded, and Crumpled," a show of works in various mediums by Susan Weil, Allan Hacklin, Sibyl Weil, and Richard Tuttle. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . **PEARL**, a new gallery, at 29 W. 57th St.: A show of drawings by the seventeen members of the faculty of the Yale School of Art includes a realist, apolitical study of peanuts by Bernard Chaet; a colorful collage of fragmentized letters of the alphabet by Norman Ives; and several constructions done in heavy, raw-looking hand-made paper by Winifred Lutz. Through Oct. 30. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Precisionist drawings by Louis Lozowick along with photographs by Berenice Abbott, Ralston Crawford, and Ralph Steiner make up an exhibit that takes its subject matter from urban structures. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Ahlsted / Richard Allen Heinrich—Large, seamless airbrush paintings, done in pairs and depicting, in Photo-Realist style, the same subject seen from two different angles—a woman reading in bed, for instance, or seated in a diner booth. The artist, who has returned to painting after several years of making films and video tapes, points out that a simultaneous double perspective was the basic Cubist idea. / A Cubist quality is also present in the Heinrich works, which are free-standing sculptures made of heavy steel plate and suggesting Braque paintings materialized in steel. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 112 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Frances Barth—This showing of new works by a young artist who teaches at Princeton centers on three very large abstracts (one is six feet high and seventeen and a half feet long) made up of basic geometrical forms painted in strong acrylic colors and locked together in an arrangement that imparts an unusual sense of solidity. Also, sixteen oil paintings on paper, serving as preparatory for the big ones. Through Oct. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Bruce Boice—Acrylics on canvas. Through Oct. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Outsize drawings, the largest nine or ten feet high, which the artist projected on the gallery walls from small sketches, a few inches square, and filled in with ink, some of them against a Day-Glo background. The subjects are things he has dreamed about or experienced or read about. Through Oct. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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Dan Flavin—Six fluorescent works by this artist, who has a good sense of color and shadow and of the general fitness of things. Through Friday, Oct. 15. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Denise Green—Isolated everyday objects—a writing table, a bridge, a house, a trapdoor—painted in flat, relatively thin colors and silhouetted against a field of the same color but much deeper in intensity. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Robert Morris—Black and white felt works on the wall. Through Oct. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Judith Nelson—A screen-like field in which rounded forms, painted in soft, delicate colors, can be discerned. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Joseph Raffael—A dozen outsize, hyper-realist oil paintings of flowers (especially water lilies and hydrangeas), gravelly stratifications of rocks, and pebbles seen through the water in a clear, bubbling stream. Through Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Therese Schwartz—Grid patterns of blurred, colored squares, some of the mistier compositions done with chalks and the more discrete ones done with oils. Through Friday, Oct. 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Aldo Sessa—Abstract paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Lawrence Weiner—Videotapes, printed matter, and a wooden structure are the bare bones of a new work by this Conceptual artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Helen Wilson—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes (melons). Through Oct. 27. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

C. J. Yao—Photo-Realist paintings of glass-faced institutional buildings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALESSANDRA**, 489 Broome St.: Works by ten artists are on exhibition, including a painting of a nicely balanced sort of maze by Valerie Jaudon; pairs of boxlike wall pieces by Jane Kaufman; and a Moroccan-inspired abstract by Joyce Kozloff. Through Tuesday, Oct. 19. . . . **GIBSON**, 392 West Broadway: The works of Joseph Beuys, Christo, and Jean Le Gac are part of an exhibit marking the gallery's fifteenth year. Through Oct. 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

Richard Fleischner—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Françoise Grossen—Abstract sculptural pieces made of braided fibres, mostly sisal, and inspired to some extent by Peruvian ceremonial garments. Through Oct. 30. (Hadler, 35 E. 20th St.)

Peter Hayward—Peaceful-looking urban scenes. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Collages. Through Oct. 29. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Group Show—About seventy-five items from the New York University collection of paintings and sculptures. Among the artists whose works can be seen are Cornell, Frankenthaler, and Nevelson. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marcel Bardon—Recent photographs, mostly of landscapes. Through Oct. 30. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Richard Benson—Photographs of the Shaw Memorial (sculpted in 1897 by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in honor of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who led the first black volunteer regiment in the Civil War) on Boston Common. Also related work. Through Oct. 30. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Brassaï—More than a hundred and fifty photographs of Parisian underworld life in the thirties. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A show of a hundred and eleven photographs by the veteran *Life* photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

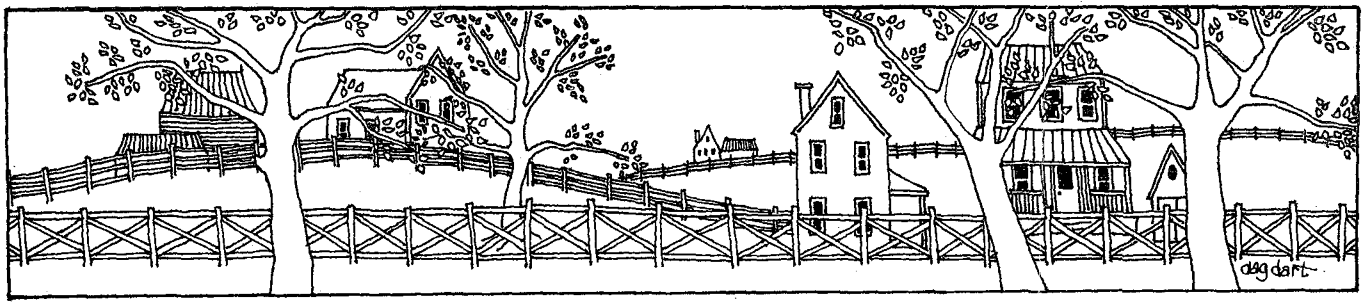
W. Eugene Smith / Elli Marcus—Ninety-two photographs, many made during *his* years as a *Life* staff photographer. / Portraits taken in Berlin in the twenties and thirties, and in this country after 1941. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

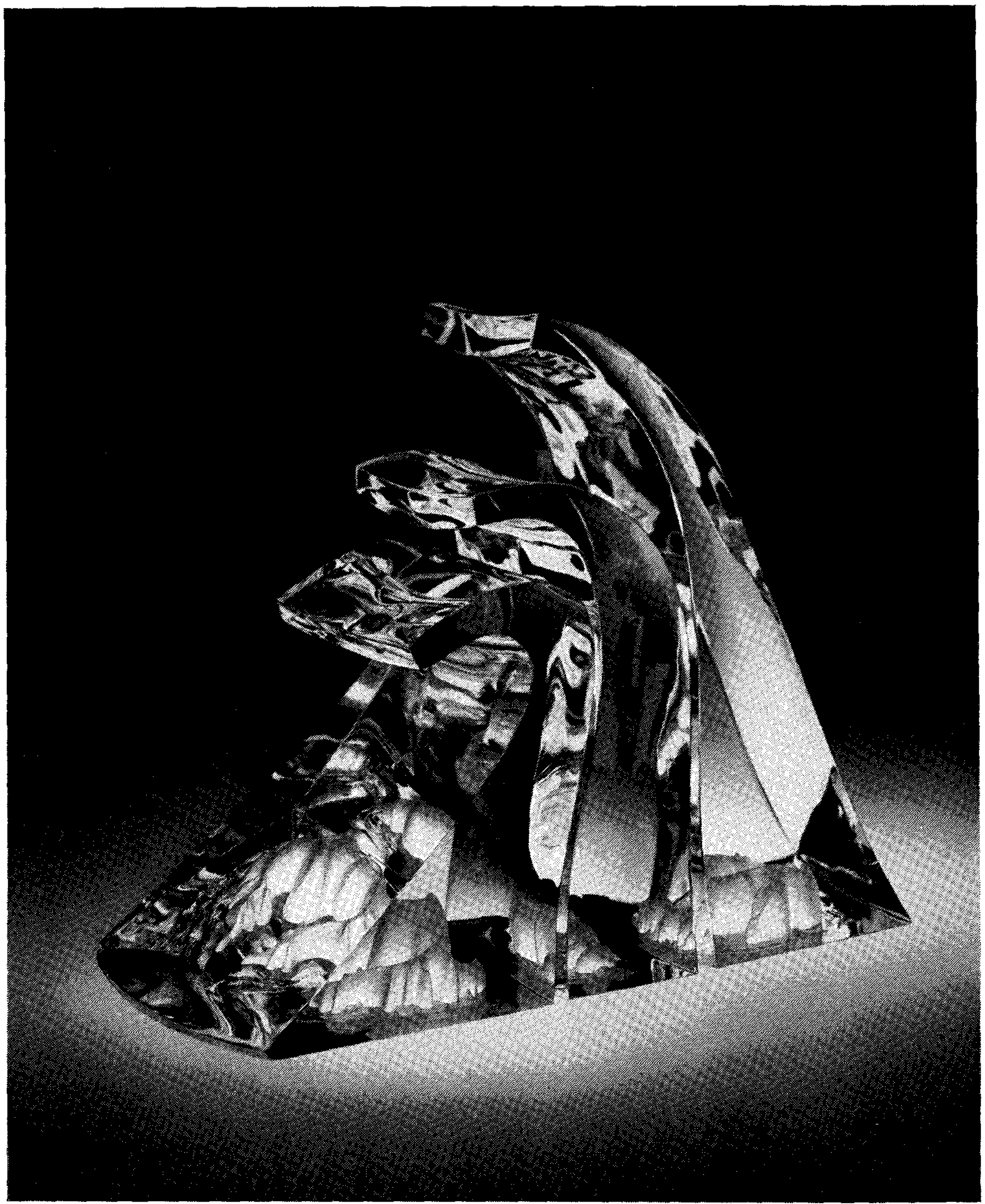
Tony Gomez—Small-format abstract images. Through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Third Eye, 17 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—Photographs of the Civil War, along with pictures taken on his several expeditions in the West and in Central America. Through Nov. 13. (Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lifes are the themes of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Nov. 6. . . . **IMAGES,** 11 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of color prints by twenty photographers, among them Jay Maisel, Pete Turner, and Ernst Haas. Through Oct. 30. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is shown here every day at 2:30); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Nov. 7. (Open Sundays.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Rosalind Solomon that includes a series on doll heads. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. / Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of Andrew Wyeth's works (preliminary studies through the finished paintings) that originated at the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and at the Olson house in Maine. Starts Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ The museum's holdings of ancient Egyptian art, arranged chronologically, will be reinstalled in new galleries over a two-year period. The first instance of this program will be unveiled Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists, including Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Helen Frankenthaler, and James Rosenquist. Through Sunday, Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise," a show that examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. Through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition of paintings (all dating from 1945) from the museum's own collection and of paintings the museum does not own but would like to. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Starts Friday, Oct. 15. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of Alexander Calder which includes about two hundred paintings, sculptures, mobiles, household objects, and toys. Starts Thursday, Oct. 14. Complementary shows are at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., and at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by artists who use nontraditional mediums. For instance, Don Celender exhibits documents that give the results of a survey of attitudes toward the arts, and Gordon Matta-Clark shows a film of underground structures in New York City. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is a collaborative effort of an international group of artists, architects, and designers headed by Austrian architect Hans Hollein, and is devoted to nothing less (*parbleu!*) than the function of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

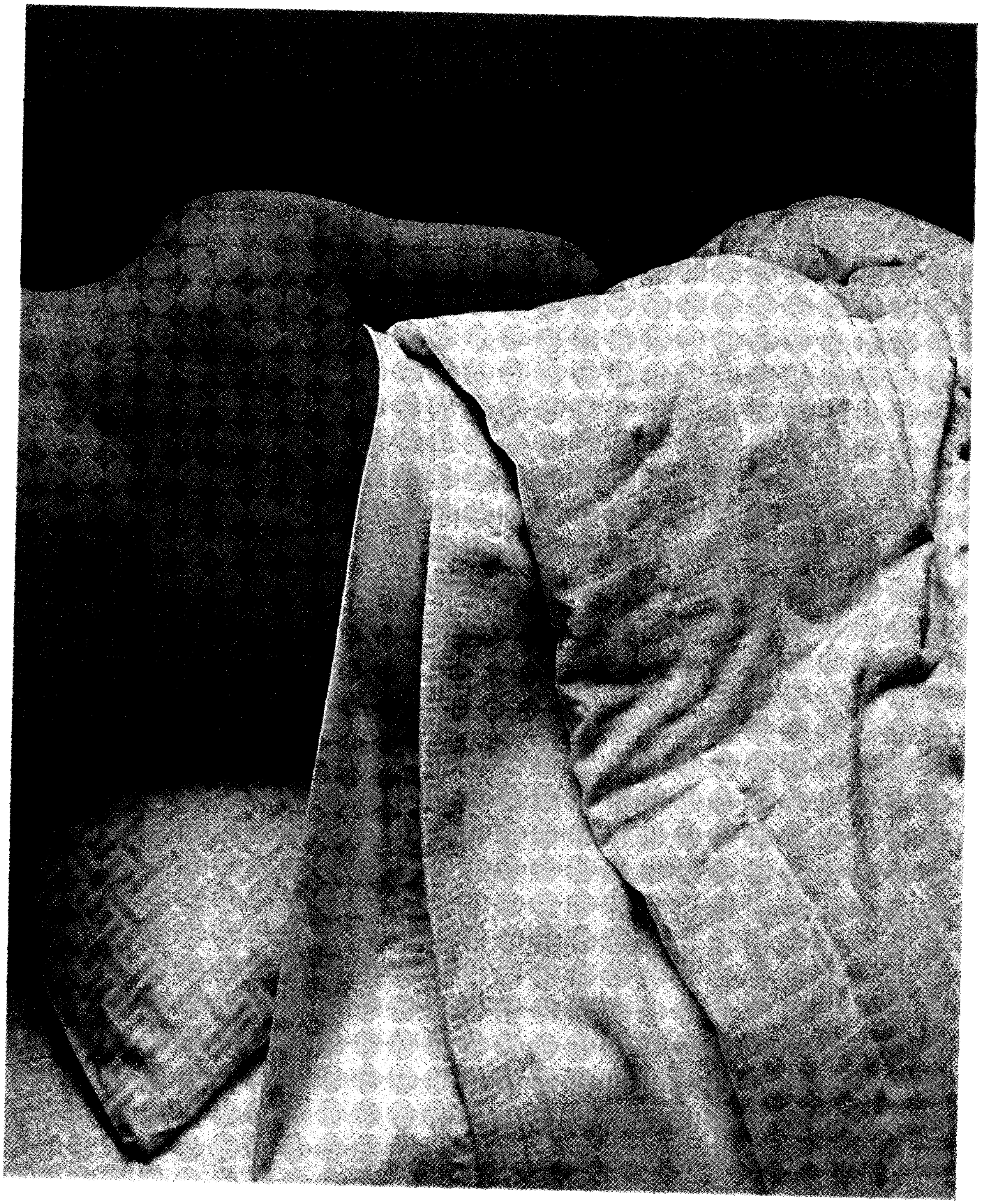
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, Justino Díaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 18: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 19: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, Justino Díaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Die Meistersinger," with Mary Ellen Pracht, Shirley Love, John Alexander, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 13, and Monday, Oct. 18, at 7. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:30, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—At the time of going to press, labor negotiations involving the musicians were in progress, so you would do well to check by telephone to make certain of the schedule—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Eleanor Bergquist, Lando Bartolini, Dominic Cossa, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Hynes, Kenneth Collins, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carole Farley, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, Charles Roe, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jane Shaulis, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Alan Baker; John Miner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Diane Curry, Pablo Elvira, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Carole Farley, Joseph Evans, James Billings, Richard McKee, and David Holloway; John Miner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Sandra Walker, Spiro Malas, Stan Unruh, and Edward Pierson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carole Farley, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, and Alan Baker; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Johanna Meier, Barbara Conrad, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, Howard Hensel, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Earline Ballard, Sandra Walker, Guillermo Sarabia, and Spiro Malas; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Kathleen Battle, Florence Quivar, Robert Hale, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL,** Pierre Boulez conducting the last three in a "Mahlermonth" of concerts: Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, the Seventh Symphony; Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3, the Ninth Symphony; and Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:30, the Third Symphony (with Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; the Camerata Singers, the Little Church Around the Corner Choir, the Trinity School Choir, and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus). . . . ¶ In the newly rebuilt **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Pi-



HALSTON

for Fieldcrest®

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Farouche, the word, means both shy and wild.
Farouche, the fragrance, is for that provocative paradox
that exists in the most beautiful of women.
"farouche"
NINA RICCI
Paris
Lalique Crystal Flacon
photograph by David Hamilton

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

erre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 14: Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Nathan Milstein, violin); and performances of Mahler's Third Symphony on Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 22, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 (all with Miss Minton and the Camerata Singers).

Orchestre de Paris—Daniel Barenboim conducting the first two in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8, no soloists; and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8, an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Barenboim acting as piano soloist.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with William Conrad, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the opening performances of the season here. Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin" in concert form, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.)

Orpheus—A chamber orchestra of twenty-four players who perform without a conductor. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with William Whitehead, organ. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Antonia Brico conducting a Mozart-Beethoven concert, preceded by the film "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" about Dr. Brico. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting a performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the first in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Coffee Concert—Richard Kapp conducting the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Arthur Thompson, baritone. The first in a series of five hour-long concerts, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 4.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Casa Italiana, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Aria Group—Louis Lane directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Soloists—The first in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one three quintets, with Charles Russo, clarinet, and Gerard Schwarz, flugelhorn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Shigeo Neriki—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Ferruccio Tagliavini—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Roman Totenberg and John Buttrick—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

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Christine Walevska—Cello, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin, with the Music Fraternity, a group of nine musicians who perform without a conductor, in a program of Bach concertos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in a program called "Composers I Have Known and Played For." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

Grete Sultan and John Cage—Piano and speaker, in a program of Cage works. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Paula Robison, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music—Shmuel Ashkenasi and Ani Kavafian, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Julius Levine, bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Waverly Consort—Presenting a fully staged production of "Le Roman de Fauvel," a program of poetry, music, and visual art based on the fourteenth-century "Fauvel" collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 20, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—**AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS:** Yankees vs. Kansas City. The final games will be played at Yankee Stadium, Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 3:15, and, if necessary, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Saturday, Oct. 16, in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Washington (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston (exhibition games), Saturday, Oct. 16, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 16:** Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **FRIDAY, OCT. 22:** Fordham vs. Montclair State, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 23:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Concordia, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings. (Minneapolis. Sunday, Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Foxboro. Monday, Oct. 18.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Sunday, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 20. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:05.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 16; the Long Island Handicap, Monday, Oct. 18; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Oct. 22, through Friday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Oct. 18, through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—At **ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE:** Clayton Eshleman and Robert Kelly reading from their own works, Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch reading from their own works, Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Admission by contribution.) . . . **92ND STREET Y:** Katherine Anne Porter reading from her own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 17, starting at Fifth Ave. and 89th St., at 2:30.

Flower Show—The Fall Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) Friday through Sunday, Oct. 22-24, from 10 to 5.

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays are a selection of daguerreotypes and rare cameras from Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sprung's collection, American Indian artifacts and beadwork, several examples of signed John Henry Belter furniture (1840-60), and a broad sampling of French Art Nouveau. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 13-16, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 17, from 1 to 7.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., will be open for the last time this season on Sunday, Oct. 17, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 2: Jewelry, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Helen G. Clarke and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: American Indian art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Impressionist paintings, together with modern paintings and sculptures, including works by Picasso, Renoir, Delacroix, and Giacometti; the property of Susan Clark Lefferts and others. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3692. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Contemporary art, from a number of owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3692. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 19: "Nashville" and "Chinatown."
From Oct. 20: "The Sorrow and the Pity."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 19: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" and "Lenny."
From Oct. 20: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Lisztomania."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Oct. 19: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 19: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From Oct. 20: "Logan's Run" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"America at the Movies."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sounder, Part 2."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barry Lyndon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alex & the Gypsy."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sunday Woman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 19: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Oct. 13: "Idi Amin Dada."
From Oct. 14: "Story of Sin."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Spirit of the Beehive."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 19: "The Ritz."
From Oct. 20: "The Song Remains the Same."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 14: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Oct. 15: "Car Wash."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Burnt Offerings."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Memory of Justice."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Keetje Tippel."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 19: "End of the Game."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Sounder, Part 2."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 14: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 15: "Car Wash."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Norman . . . Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 14: "Scorchy."
From Oct. 15: "Human Tornado."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Emmanuelle" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 19: "Obsession."
From Oct. 20: "The Ritz."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 14: "Idi Amin Dada."
From Oct. 15: "Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Burnt Offerings."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
Theatre 2: "The Clockmaker."
Theatre 3: "Let's Talk About Men."
Theatre 4: "Misty Beethoven" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Where the Red Fern Grows."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"A Matter of Time."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Solaris."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 19: "St. Ives" and "Night Moves."
From Oct. 20: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 14: "Fantasia."
From Oct. 15: "The Front."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 19: "America at the Movies."
From Oct. 20: "The Ritz."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 19: "Death Wish" and "Hustle."
From Oct. 20: "Gone with the Wind."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 19: "Kings of the Road."
From Oct. 20: "The Ritz."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "Obsession" and "Robin and Marian." From Oct. 15: "Deadly Hero" and "The Reivers."
Theatre 2: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
Theatre 3: "Let's Talk About Men."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Idi Amin Dada."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Burnt Offerings."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 19: "King of Hearts" and "Son of Kong."
From Oct. 20: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."

REVIVAL HOUSES

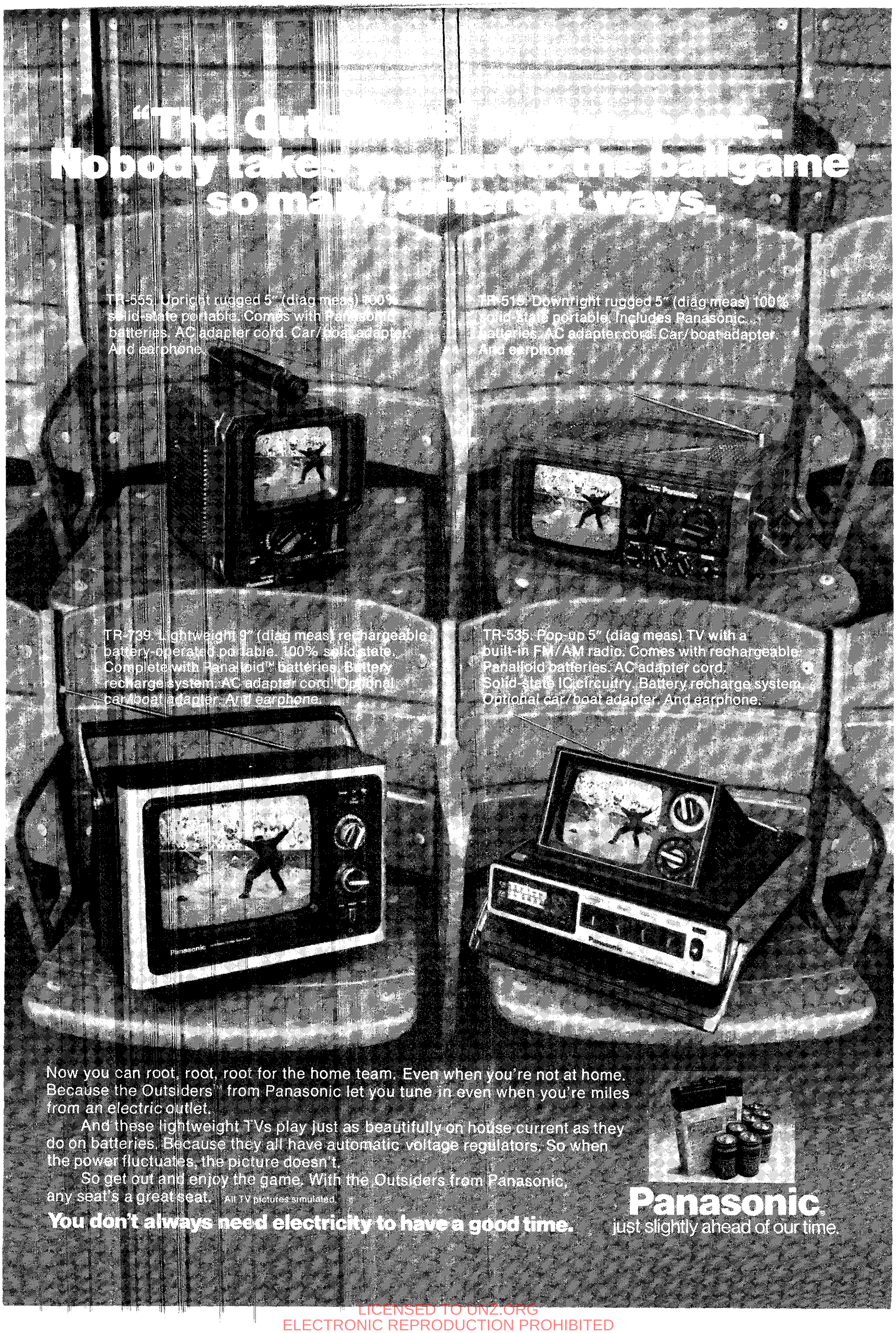
(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 13: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti.
Oct. 14: "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Laurence Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde; and "Billy Liar" (1963), directed by John Schlesinger, with Tom Courtenay and Julie Christie.
Oct. 15: "I Walked with a Zombie" (†) and "The Leopard Man." (†)
Oct. 16: "Wuthering Heights" (†) and "Dead End." (†)
Oct. 17: "Alexander" (1969), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Philippe Noiret; and "Going Places." (†)
Oct. 18: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss; and "The Golem." (†)
Oct. 19: Two new films from West Germany—"Ruhe im Land," directed by Peter Lilienthal, and "John Glueckstadt," directed by Ulf Miehe.
Oct. 20: "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "Stromboli." (†)
Oct. 21: "Killer's Kiss" (†) and "The Killing." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 13: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg; and "Sweet Movie" (1975), in French and English, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure.
Oct. 14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney; and "Sadko" (1953), in Russian, directed by Alexander Ptushko.
Oct. 15: "Wuthering Heights" (†) and "Dead End." (†)
Oct. 16: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Oct. 17: "Finian's Rainbow" (†); and "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson.
Oct. 18: "Death in the Garden" (1956; "La Mort en Ce Jardin"), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.
Oct. 19: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Oct. 20: "Night Moves" (†) and "Deep End." (†)
Oct. 21: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 17: "Casablanca" (†) and "The Maltese Falcon."
Oct. 18-20: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 13: "The Wolves" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha; and "Illusion of Blood" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
Oct. 14: "Greetings" (1968), directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Oct. 15: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; "Thundercrack" (1976), directed by Curt McDowell, with Marion Eaton; and "Myra Breckinridge." (†)
Oct. 16: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Greaser's Palace" (1972), directed by Robert Downey.
Oct. 17: "Camelot." (†)
Oct. 18: "The Sugarland Express" (1974), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Goldie Hawn, William Atherton, and Michael Sacks; and "The Heartbreak Kid." (†)
Oct. 19: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973), in French, directed by François



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Truffaut, with Bernadette Lafont; and "Going Places." (†)
Oct. 20: "The Tattooed Swordswoman" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Teyou Ishii; and "Portrait of Hell" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
Oct. 21: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 16: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
From Oct. 17: "Adam's Rib" (†) and "Keeper of the Flame." (†)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Oct. 13: "Traffic" (1971) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Oct. 14-16: "Greaser's Palace" (1972) and "Putney Swope" (1969), both films directed by Robert Downey.
Oct. 17-18: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks.
Oct. 19-20: "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
From Oct. 21: "Lenny" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 13: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931), directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, with Fredric March, Ina Claire, and Henrietta Crosman; and "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore.
Oct. 14-16: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
Oct. 17-18: "Maytime" (†); and "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen.
Oct. 19-20: "The Thin Man" (†) and "After the Thin Man." (†)
From Oct. 21: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "Stormy Weather." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 14 at 2:30: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), in French, directed by René Clair, with Raymond Cordy and Henri Marchand; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Take Me to Town" (1953), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Ann Sheridan and Sterling Hayden. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8:30 and Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Callaway Went Thataway" (1951), directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, with Fred MacMurray, Dorothy McGuire, and Howard Keel. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6: "A Nous la Liberté." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: "Once Upon a Horse" (1958), directed by Hal Kanter, with Dan Rowan, Dick Martin, and Martha Hyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Dreamboat" (1952), directed by Claude Binyon, with Ginger Rogers, Clifton Webb, Jeffrey Hunter, and Anne Francis. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: "Love in the Afternoon" (1956), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 1: "Don't Give Up the Ship" (1959), directed by Norman Taurog, with Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill, and Mickey Shaughnessy. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 3: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5: "Tol'able David" (1921), directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at noon: "Once Upon a Horse." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Love in the Afternoon." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: A program of films by Chick Strand. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at noon: "The Iron Petticoat" (1956), directed by Ralph Thomas, with Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn, James Robertson Justice, and Robert Helpmann. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30: "Teacher's Pet" (1958), directed by George Seaton, with Clark Gable, Doris Day, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1926), directed by Lotte Reiniger and Carl Koch, an animated silhouette film; German inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tony Randall, Jayne Mansfield, and Betsy Drake. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8:30: "The Iron Petticoat." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 17: A program of six films by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 19: "Dineh: The People," directed by Jonathan R. Reinis and Stephen Hornick. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jacobs, Jordan, Frampton, Eisenstein, Griffith, Mogul, Hill, Kubelka, Keaton, Landow, and others. Showings Oct. 13-15 at 7 and 9; Oct. 16 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 17 at 8; and Oct. 19-21 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of twelve short films under the title "Computer & Video Films." Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Oct. 13 at 6:15: "The Middleman" (Satyajit Ray; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 9:30 and Oct. 14 at 6:15: "Duelle" (Jacques Rivette; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 9:15: "Nana" (Jean Renoir; France, 1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6:15: "Fear of Fear" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 9:30: "Harlan County, USA" (Barbara Kopple; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Nana." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: "Harlan County, USA." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 9: "Fear of Fear." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6 and 9: "The Marquise of O . . ." (Eric Rohmer; France and Germany).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Regency; starting Oct. 17.)

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In this one, mush-mouthed Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-20.)

Alex & the Gypsy—With Jack Lemmon and Geneviève Bujold, directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

America at the Movies—An anxiously inspirational compilation film put together by the American Film Institute for the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration; you can't just enjoy the clips as reminders of the eighty-three movies they're from, because the whole enterprise is so prestige-laden. You feel as if you're supposed to go out determined to do better on your next report card. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/11/76.) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Oct. 19.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (10/29/75) (Eastside Cinema.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 19.)

Bugsy Malone—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 21.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Elgin; Oct. 17.)

Car Wash—With Franklyn Ajaye, directed by Michael Schultz. (Columbia I, Loews Ciné, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 15.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 19.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in

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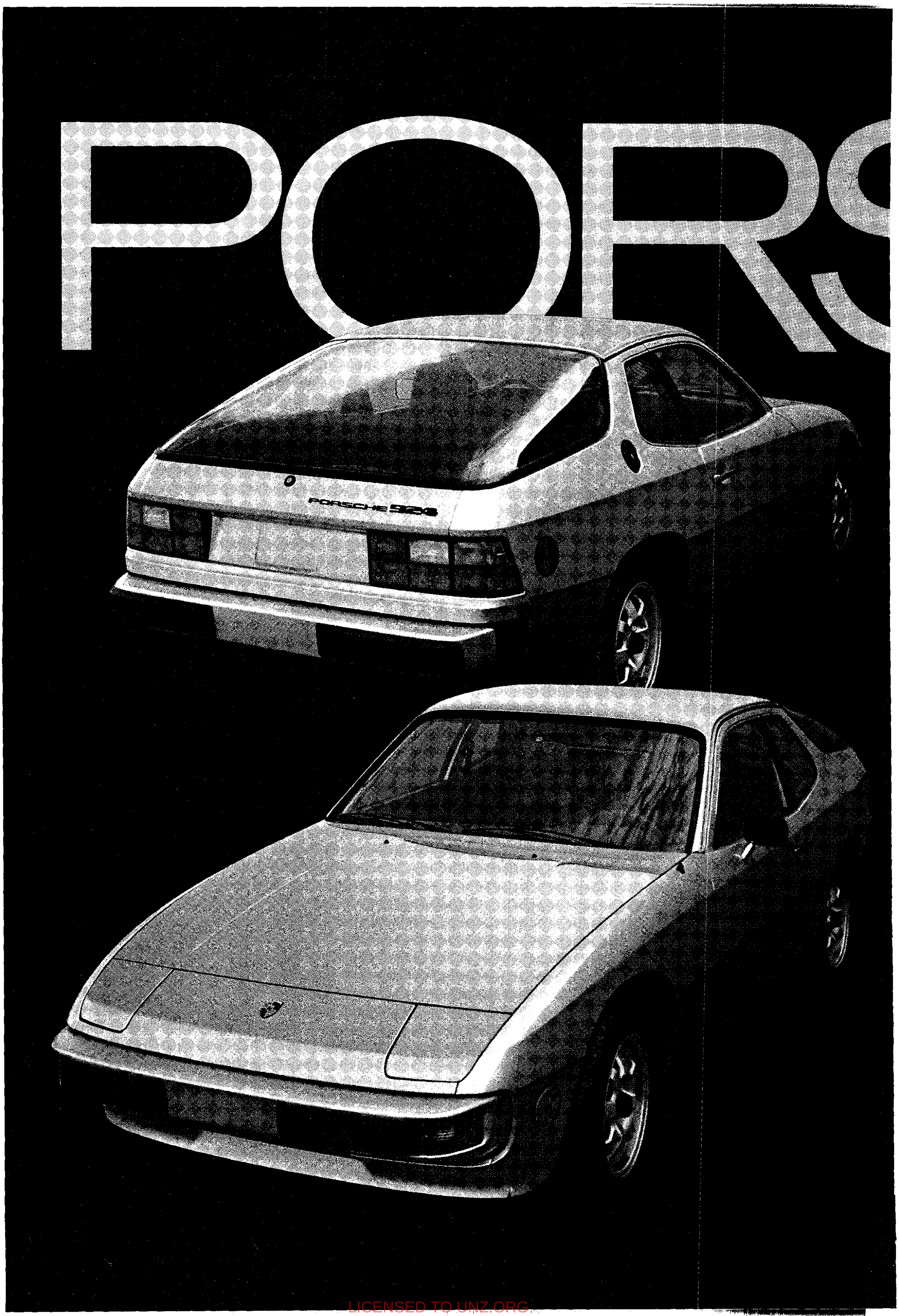
PORS
PORSCHE 924

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In 1949, Porsche created the first Porsche. A quarter of a century has passed. And the world has changed. These are new times, and they call for new solutions. So Porsche decided it was time to rethink the sportscar.

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One look at the new 924 will tell you how much things have changed. It doesn't look like any Porsche you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines not only please the eye, but have startling aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

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THE 924

the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Art; through Oct. 19.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Deadly Hero—With Don Murray, Diahn Williams, and James Earl Jones; directed by Ivan Nagy. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 15.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the laxity of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 19.)

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Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

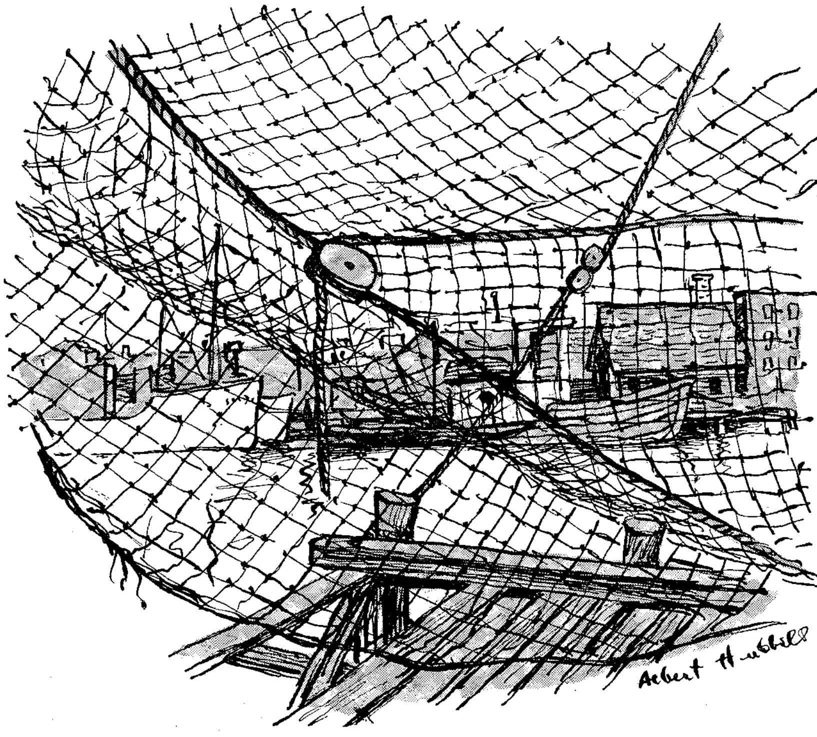
Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. The film shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 19.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 14.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take, but, considering the ponderousness of the whole project, Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; however, Fred Astaire is miscast, and Tommy Steele doesn't know how to scale down his thumping stage personality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 15.)



Going Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Elgin; Oct. 19.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi, who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 20.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—As the director, Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Elgin; Oct. 18.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 19.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (New Yorker. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; Oct. 13. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 14.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—Tracy and Hepburn, but not a comedy, and not good, either. She plays the widow of a "great American;" Tracy is a journalist admirer of the dead man who wants to write the definitive biography. The widow won't coöperate with him and puts obstacles in his path because she's trying to conceal the fact that her husband was the secret head of a traitorous Fascist organization. The screenwriter, Donald Ogden Stewart, had become very political during the war years, and he seems to have felt it incumbent on him to stuff the script (based on I. A. R. Wylie's novel) with anti-Fascism. Tracy is monotonous, and Hepburn looks beautiful but suffers all over the place and speaks mournfully, like a spiritualist's medium. It's a Gothic wet blanket of a movie, directed by George Cukor, with an impressive, wasted cast—Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, Margaret Wycherly, Horace McNally, Donald Meek, Howard Da Silva, Percy Kilbride, and Audrey Christie. (Regency; starting Oct. 17.)

Keetje Tippel—With Monique van de Ven, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Killer's Kiss (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing," in 1956. With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick was still only twenty-seven (his early career was with *Look* as a photographer) when he made this film, and he used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story. It is a very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. With Sterling Hayden. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Olympia; through Oct. 19.)

Kings of the Road—With Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 19.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 21.)

The Leopard Man (1943)—Jacques Tourneur, horror-mystery maker much hung up on wild cat species, here commits a picture about a series of murders blamed on a truant leopard but actually to be laid at the door of a psychopath. Adapted from a Cornell Woolrich thriller. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. (8/16/76) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Lisztomania (1975)—In a couple of sequences, it erupts successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (11/24/75) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 20.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 20.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 19.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Oct. 20.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a leadpipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

A Matter of Time—With Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer; directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Music Hall.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17-18.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extended his inquiry in so many directions that he lost his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Beekman.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation is muddled, unlike the novel's. Hell-bent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (Elgin; Oct. 15.)

Nashville (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Art; through Oct. 19.)

Night Moves (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/76) (Playboy; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than

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in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 19.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Gramercy; through Oct. 19.)

The Reivers (1969)—Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse in a good tall tale out of William Faulkner. The style is a little too "beguiling," but it's an awfully pleasant comedy anyway. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 15.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I; through the afternoon of Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, Paramount, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 20.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 14.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Playboy; through Oct. 19.)

Scorchy—With Connie Stevens, Cesare Danova, and William Smith; directed by Hikmet Avedis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 14.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 20.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II.)

Solaris—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 20.)

Son of Kong (1933)—Papa looked like a colossal, terrifying gorilla, but Sonny—a white gorilla—though big enough, is rather cuddly. The effects are still ingenious, but this sequel is disappointing. (Olympia; through Oct. 19.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Art; starting Oct. 20.)

Sounder, Part 2—With Harold Sylvester, Ebony Wright, and Taj Mahal; directed by William Graham. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Spirit of the Beehive—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 21.)

Story of Sin—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 14.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Sunday Woman—This semi-satirical whodunit set in Turin among the bored, decadent rich is equipped with three star names (Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset), but the social observations are too small and too archly obvious to have any bite, and it doesn't have suspense—just complication. On Bisset's face even a deadpan looks good; it adds to her high-fashion glaze. But everybody else walks through this blankly, too. It's a bummer. Directed by Luigi Comencini; written by Age and Scarpelli. In Italian. (Fine Arts.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-20.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 20.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema.)

Where the Red Fern Grows—An Ozark boy and his coon dogs in the thirties. With Stewart Petersen, James Whitmore, and Beverly Garland, directed by Norman Tokar. (Guild.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the romantic passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

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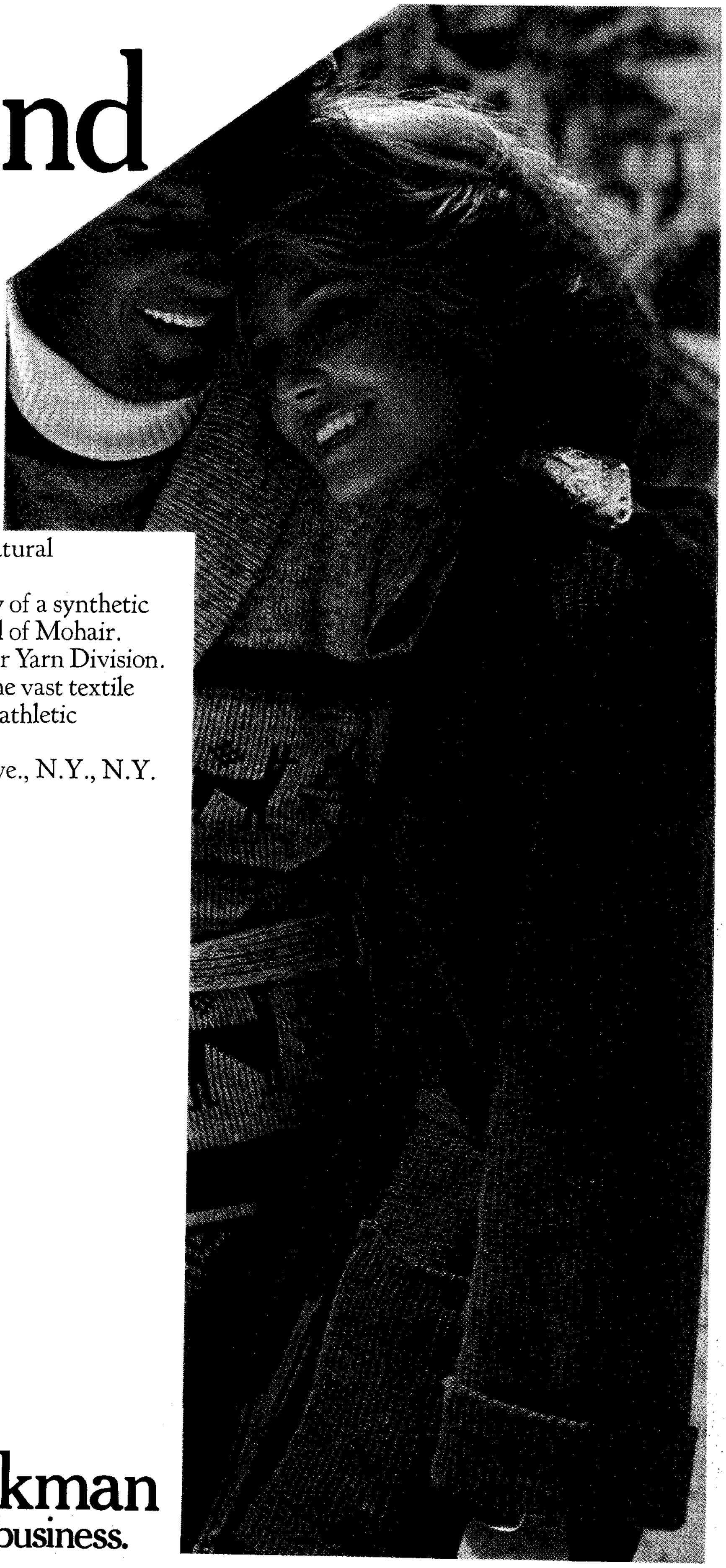

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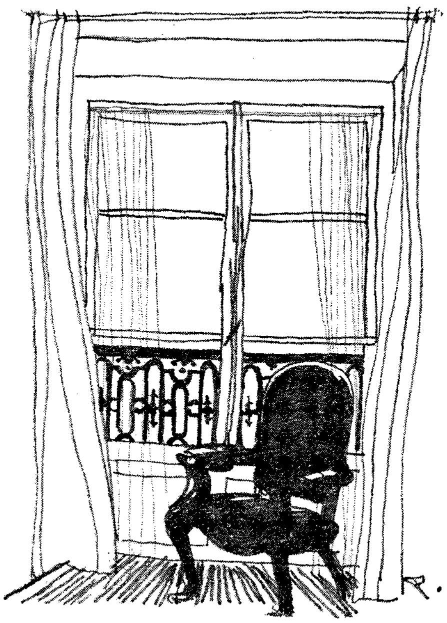
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent days, we've been thinking now and again about the passenger pigeon—a bird that no longer exists. Our thoughts were stirred by a booklet entitled "A Passing in Cincinnati," sent to us not long ago by a friend in the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. The booklet, one of three Bicentennial "historical vignettes" published by the Department of the Interior, describes the existence and disappearance of the passenger pigeon, which was a bluish-gray bird similar to the mourning dove. Man destroyed the passenger pigeon. Man shot, trapped, and netted the passenger pigeon into extinction. Man ate passenger pigeons by the hundredweight, shot them for marksmanship practice—or just for the hell of it—by the thousand. Killing these birds off entirely was, in a way, a remarkable feat, given their onetime numbers. Back in 1810, the booklet tells us, an ornithologist calculated the number of passenger pigeons in a flock he was observing at more than two and a quarter billion. Three years later, John James Audubon calculated the number of passenger pigeons in a flock *he* was observing at more than a billion. The number of passenger pigeons estimated to exist in America around 1850 was about nine billion. On August 2, 1851, the Plattsburgh *Republican*, in upstate New York, estimated that a million eight hundred thousand passenger pigeons had been sent to market that year from a nesting site in the area. On November 28, 1855, the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* reported that a poultry dealer in New York City had received rail shipments of eighteen thousand passenger pigeons in a single day. On June 3, 1868, the Milwaukee *News* reported the shipping of five thousand passenger pigeons to Buffalo, New York, where they were to be used for the pleasure of trapshooters. In 1874, an observer in Michigan estimated that in one four-week period twenty-five thousand passenger pigeons were shipped daily from a single nesting area in the state. In 1876—the nation's Centennial Year—a colony of passenger pigeons in Michigan was reported to cover an area twenty-eight miles long and from three to four miles wide. Just thirty-eight years later—on September 1, 1914—Martha, the last known surviving passenger pigeon, died, a mateless captive in the Cincinnati Zoo, and her body was shipped to the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, where the mounted corpse is still to be seen: an astonishing and beautiful species reduced to a museum piece.

"There will always be pigeons in books and in museums, but these are effigies and images, dead to all hardships and to all delights," the Wisconsin naturalist Aldo Leopold said in 1947—thirty-three years after Martha died—speaking at the dedication of a monument that the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology had erected to the passenger pigeon on a bluff where the Wisconsin River joins the Mississippi. "Book-pigeons cannot dive out of a cloud to make the deer run for cover, nor clap their wings in thunderous applause of mast-laden woods. They know no urge of seasons; they feel no kiss of sun, no lash of wind and weather; they live forever by not living at all. Our grandfathers . . . were less well housed, well fed, well clothed than we are. The strivings by which they bettered our lot are also those which deprived us of pigeons. Perhaps we now grieve because we are not sure, in our hearts, that we have gained by the exchange." He went on to say, "Because our sorrow is genuine, we are tempted to believe that we had no part in the demise of the pigeon. The truth is that our grandfathers, who did the actual killing, were our agents. They were our agents in the sense that they shared the conviction, which we have only now begun to doubt, that it is more important to multiply people and comforts than to cherish the beauty of the land in which they live."



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Conference

JUST when we thought big Bicentennial events were pretty much behind us, along came the Smithsonian Institution with a whopping international conference in Washington—put on in conjunction with the American Council of Learned Societies and the American Studies Association—which was entitled "The United States in the World" and was attended by about three hundred professors and assorted other intellectuals, from more than forty countries. The week-long lyceum got under way informally with a cocktail party at the Hirshhorn Museum, where S. Dillon Ripley, who presides regally over the Smithsonian, welcomed the participants while all but embracing Gaston Lachaise's massive bare-breasted sculpture "The King's Bride." (It stands in the main-floor lobby of the museum, which had been outfitted for the occasion with a registration desk, a podium, a microphone, and a bar.) Mostly what Mr. Ripley

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Richter

said was "Can you hear me?" Circulating among the guests, we chatted briefly with the Soviet agricultural economist Marina Menshikova, who remarked that while last year's wheat crop at home had assuredly been a disaster, this year's promised to be much better. Professor Daniel Aaron, of Harvard, whose subjects are American literature and history, and who was on hand representing the American Council, confided to us that some of the speakers promised to be great, some not so great. He introduced us to Professor Ignacy Sachs, who teaches economics in Paris. "One of the great ones," Aaron whispered. "The professor from Siam will be controversial," he went on. "The Pakistani will be controversial. Architecture and jazz will be good. There are some marvellous Indians here and a wonderful Turk and a terrific Japanese and a stupendous Israeli, all of whom are guys I know." So much for Harvard indifference. We moved along to Elspeth (Mrs. Walt W.) Rostow, who reported that she is now Dean of the Division of General and Comparative Studies at the University of Texas, in Austin, where her husband teaches. "It looks as though the governor weren't going to reappoint Lady Bird Johnson to the Board of Regents, on the ground that she's too radical," Mrs. Rostow said. Nearby, Jean Gimpel, the eminent London-based medievalist, was taking a firm stand on some of the problems to be considered in the ensuing deliberations. "Art is finished," he was saying. "Technology is all."

The conference began officially the following morning, in the Eisenhower Theatre of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, with a fanfare—Josquin des Prés's "King's Fanfare," no less—by the Smithsonian Tower Band, as seven men in academic dress marched majestically onto the stage. Dillon Ripley, swathed in blue and gold, served as m.c. "What is this conference all about?" he asked. "Each of you will find your own answers this week, or perhaps that question may not be answered at all." The principal orator was Daniel J. Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress, who dwelt on the succession of a Republic of Technology to what he called the Republic of Letters. With a few sideswipes at such as "the boob tube," Dr. Boorstin declared, "Technology is a way of multiplying the need for the unnecessary." At lunch immediately afterward, at the top of the building, Mr. Gimpel was sputtering. "That was absolute nonsense, what he said," the medievalist told us. "If it hadn't been for technology, we'd have had to walk up here instead of taking the elevator."

The conference was divided into three "tracks"—Science and Technology, Politics and Society, and Arts and the Media. We elected to ride along—until we had to return home and continue our preparations for the Tercentennial—on Track II, and that afternoon Politics and Society produced some fireworks, set off by the first speaker: the Pakistani Eqbal Ahmad, a fellow of the Transnational Institute, in Amsterdam, which, among other things, sponsors studies in the economic relations between the industrialized nations and the Third World. Dr. Ahmad was deeply shaken by the assassination in Washington only six days earlier of his close friend Orlando Letelier, of Chile, and before discussing his paper, "Political Culture and Foreign Policy: Notes on American Interventions in the Third World," he dedicated himself to a Third World excoriation of the United States, saying, inter alia, that Mr. Letelier had been "killed by the same Fascist junta and secret police which your government brought into power," and that if after Vietnam the rules of the Nuremberg Trials had been invoked, "people like Henry Kissinger and Robert McNamara, instead of opening conferences like this, would be standing trial for crimes against humanity." He concluded by saying that while he saw some hope for America in the future, "capitalism is going through a very major crisis, and I hope it will collapse."

"Most foolish beginning to a conference I've ever heard," a Swiss editor muttered to us.

There followed a good deal of spirited and sometimes acerb debate, in the course of which an Israeli inquired why, in attacking imperialism in his paper, Dr. Ahmad hadn't mentioned Soviet imperialism. The chairman of the session, Professor Bozkurt Güvenç, of Hacettepe University, in Ankara, declared the question irrelevant, whereupon Professor Norman MacKenzie, of the University of Sussex, rose, cried "Shame! Shame!," and asked, "Sir, are you presiding over the Stockholm Peace Conference or are we in the United States?"

After that crackling moment, the proceedings on Track II moved along at a much milder pace, although the following morning, during a session on education, Professor Güvenç rose, in his turn, and took stern exception to some remarks by an Egyptian professor which he deemed unflattering to the Ottoman Empire. A number of speakers seemed to go out of their way to allude, pro or con, though always with scholarly delicacy, to Dr. Ahmad’s castigation of the United States and its economic system. Professor W. H. G. Armytage, of the University of Sheffield, for instance, stressed the point that one of America’s greatest contributions to British education had been the generosity of, among others, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. A savant from India put in a nostalgic plug for McGuffey’s Readers. An educator born in Egypt who said he had subsequently worked in forty-five countries attacked behaviorism. “Humanize American education!” he said with passion. “Stop thinking of your children as if they were rats in mazes!” An Israeli said, “Never has there been a country so sensitive to not being popular as the United States. Americans always want to conciliate, and if they’re accused of something they react with guilt and try to conciliate the accuser.”

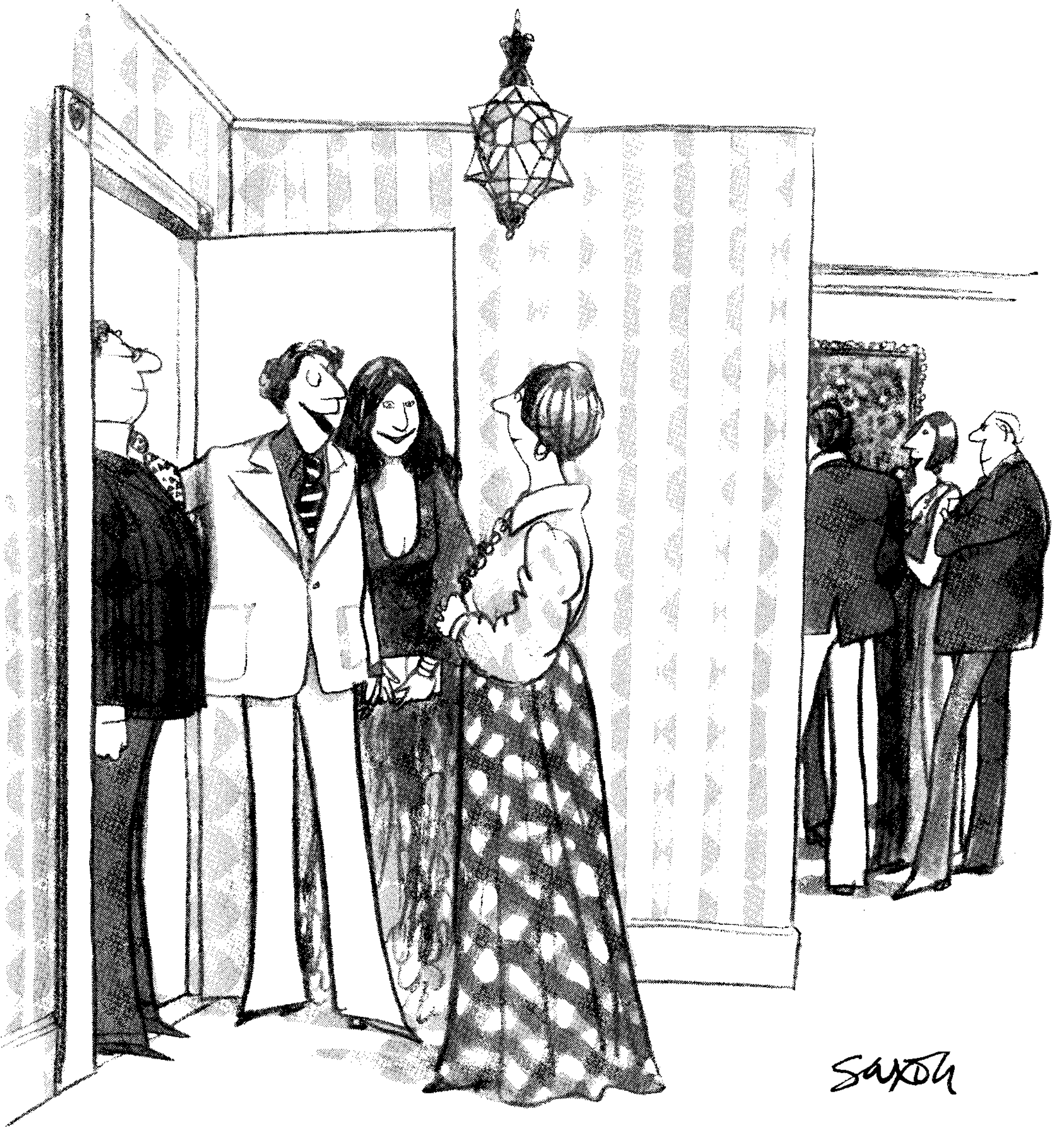
At lunch, we ran into an acquaintance who had spent the morning at a Track III examination of the impact abroad of American books, magazines, and newspapers, including “the aesthetic and social influences of American newspaper strips and comic books in France.” “It was inconclusive,” our friend said. “A Yugoslav told me afterward, ‘If I go home and say I devoted a morning in the company of distinguished global scholars to a discussion of comic strips and say the session was good, they’ll say, “We don’t believe you,” and if I say it was bad, they’ll say, “What did you expect?”’ ”

Spirits

THESE days, when the New York City idea sometimes seems to be falling apart around the fringes—and some people might even say at the center—Mort Berkowitz is a good, reassuring sort of person to have around. Born and bred here, Mr. Berkowitz, a tall, athletic-looking man in his late thirties, is as single-minded and fanatical an advocate of New York City as one could hope to meet. He goes along with none of the dire judgments about the life and fate of the city which one has been hearing recently. And even if he could be induced to agree that a certain amount of erosion has been taking place, he would be sure to add quickly that it is by no means irreversible. Mr. Berkowitz, who is high-strung, seems to be endowed with inexhaustible verbal energy, and he seems to talk about nothing but New York City. It is fair to say that he lives and breathes it. He is one of the live wires of the Citizens Committee for New York City, a sort of resistance movement that was organized last year to wage a grass-roots struggle for the city’s survival, and it was in connection with Mr. Berkowitz’s work for the committee that we first ran into him. That was last May, when he helped organize a veritable congress of New York City block associations, at Hunter College—a gathering he described at the time as “one of the biggest conferences by and for New Yorkers ever held.”

If you had such a person as Mr. Berkowitz living in your neighborhood, it would be foolish not to put him in charge of your block association, and the people who live on West Eighty-fourth Street between Broadway and Riverside Drive are no fools. We discovered this last Saturday noon, when we ran into Mr. Berkowitz at the intersection of West End Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street. As president of the Eighty-fourth Street block association, he was presiding over what we had been told would be an Edgar Allan Poe Festival. We had gone there expecting to witness Poe-style extravaganzas and other tributes to the memory of Poe, but when we arrived we found we had joined a grand old block party that was merely named after Poe. Leave it to Mr. Berkowitz to put the best possible face upon a New York City affair.

Still, the affair was not without its reminders of the great nineteenth-century poet and short-story writer. When we asked Mr. Berkowitz why he had



“We brought along someone who needs no introduction.”

named the party after Poe, he pointed to a building (called the Alameda) near the corner of Broadway and Eighty-fourth, and said that Poe had lived on that site in the eighteen-forties and had written "The Raven" there. He said that there was a plaque on the front of the building testifying to that fact, and that it had cost the association seventy-five dollars just to have the plaque cleaned up and polished. Obviously, the sensible thing was to name your block party after such a distinguished man who had had such a distinguished association with your street.

Standing there on the corner, we ran our eyes along Eighty-fourth, up to Broadway and down to Riverside: two blocks' worth of strollers, balloons, flags, bunting, and the sound of music. Both sides of the street were lined with booths and bazaars selling antiques, leather goods, jewelry, clothing, paintings, prints, and used books, and ice cream, cakes, and other foods. Occultists and mystics were out reading palms, analyzing handwriting, and drawing up horoscopes. Festive and relaxed and neighborly.

Mr. Berkowitz surveyed the scene himself, turned to us, and said excitedly, "I love this. Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it New York! Yet people keep saying that the spirit of New York is dead. And look at all the things our block association has done. Look at the trees we've planted. Look at the vapor lights we've had put up. Look at the street—how clean it is."

Taking leave of Mr. Berkowitz, we strolled up to the corner of Eighty-fourth and Broadway. A brass quintet (two trombones, two trumpets, and a French horn) was playing John Philip Sousa and Scott Joplin, and we stood listening for a while. Suddenly—out of nowhere, it seemed, but actually out of a cluster of people he had brought along—Mr. Berkowitz appeared, held up his hands before the ensemble, and shouted, "Stop! The Mayor is here!" Startled, the musicians broke off in the middle of their sentence. Who but Mr. Berkowitz could have got the Mayor of New York to show up at his block party? For the Mayor was certainly there. He was making a few quiet remarks, some of them at his own expense—as when, in reference to his height, he said something about being able to see eye to eye with the children. In a more serious vein, he praised the spirit of the day's event, saying it was "one of the keys to maintaining the morale of our great city." Mr. Berkowitz then presented the Mayor with a framed citation. He called it an Edgar—the day's second reminder of Poe.

After the Mayor departed, we walked down to Riverside, where we had a third, and last, reminder of Poe. At two o'clock precisely, a handsome and gregarious-looking man appeared on the porch of a brownstone, strung a little microphone around his neck, and waited for a crowd to gather. He was dressed up in the style of the nineteenth century—three-piece black suit, wing-tip white collar, red string tie. "In case you all would like to know," he said when he was satisfied with the size of his audience, "I am Edgar Allan Poe." Actually, as his neighbors well knew, he was Engle Conrow, a Shakespearean actor who lives on the block. Behind him was a curtain, intended to represent Poe's famous "chamber door," and on a ledge above the curtain was a replica of a black bird, perched on a bust of the Greek goddess of wisdom. Mr. Conrow reminded his audience that in the eighteen-forties, before the upper West Side was built up, Edgar Allan Poe probably took a footpath down the very block where they were now standing, on his way to sit by the Hudson and commune with the Muses. Having said that, Mr. Conrow drew himself up and delivered an animated recitation of "The Raven."

At the corner of West End, where we had met Mr. Berkowitz some two hours earlier, we found him again and said goodbye, but not before he had looked up at the tall West Side apartment buildings and told us, "I have a theory that in big cities like ours there is a correlation between the height of buildings and the lack of communication. The higher the buildings, the greater the isolation among people. Well, one of the things a block association does is break down these barriers, bring the people together. I bet there are many famous West Side people here today. Estelle Parsons lives in one of these buildings. Godfrey Cambridge used to live in one. James Earl Jones has an apartment nearby. And Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson live in the neighborhood. This is a great day for our block. It may be one of the best things we've ever organized."

Truffaut, Part V

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT'S visit to the Fourteenth New York Film Festival, which opened with the showing of his nineteenth movie, "Small Change," was also the occasion of our fifth talk with him since 1960, when, at the age of twenty-eight, he made his initial visit to the city, in connection with his first feature-length movie, the now famous "400 Blows." By this time, Truffaut, at forty-four, feels like a kind of relative, so we started by picking him up at Kennedy Airport on his arrival, via T.W.A., from Paris, and bringing up to date our chart of Truffaut statistics.

General appearance: Practically the same as it was sixteen years ago. Hair a mite more iron gray. Horn-rimmed glasses worn almost constantly. Complexion showing hardly any exposure to fresh air or sunshine. Midriff with perhaps a *hint* of a paunch.

Use of the English language: Terrific. Proved the effectiveness of the intensive course in English that he took in the U.S.A. just before our last talk, in 1973, when he practiced his grammar by watching the Watergate hearings on television and memorizing key phrases like "To ze best of my recollec*tion* at zis point in time." He reads books in English. ("I read 'Ze Final Days,'" he told us. "*Extraordinaire!* I also read 'I Remember Eet Well,' by Vin*cente* Minnel*li*. But I cannot read ze novels in English. Ze *vocabulaire!* Ver-ree difficult.")

Use of an interpreter: During public appearances and during long interviews, as a time-saver. Accompanying him this time was his longtime interpreter and colleague Mrs. Helen Scott, who did the English subtitles for "Small Change."

His daughters: Laura, now seventeen, is very serious, wants to be a professor of literature, and has just finished reading Simone de Beauvoir's "Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter." Eva, now fifteen, wants to be a fashion designer. Both girls have parts in "Small Change."

Interest in clothes: His main concern is still wearing shoes that don't hurt his feet. He has them made to order. He was wearing a Francesco

“May I interject a note of caution?”

• •

Smalto suit of oatmeal-colored linen, made in Italy. (Explanation, given to us with an almost wicked grin: “My Cardin period ees *over*. When Cardin bought a theatre and renamed eet Espace Pierre Cardin, I objected. Ver-ree pre-ten-tious. Ver-ree stupid. I would not wear Cardin to ze best of my recollec*tion* from zat point in time.” And from zis point in time we will drop the accent.)

Interest in, and judgment about, food: Nil. (“T.W.A. food very good. Very good chicken.”)

Watching television in France: “Our television is cultural, our films are frivolous. The opposite of television here. I do not like the color television. I have on my television set a gadget for turning off the color.”

Self-appraisal compared to the way he felt ten years ago: “I feel the pressure of not having much time ahead of me when I am not pleased with my work. I have so many films in my mind to make. It becomes urgent to make progress.”

Compared to self in 1960: “I was more timid. I was more worried.”

Practical differences in his working life between then and now: “Lately, it has been much easier to obtain the money for the films. All they ask is ‘How much does the kid want this time?’ ”

Freedom to make whatever he wants to make the way he wants to make it: The same as it has been all along—complete. “But I have the advantage of giving them the scripts in French, and they do not read French.”

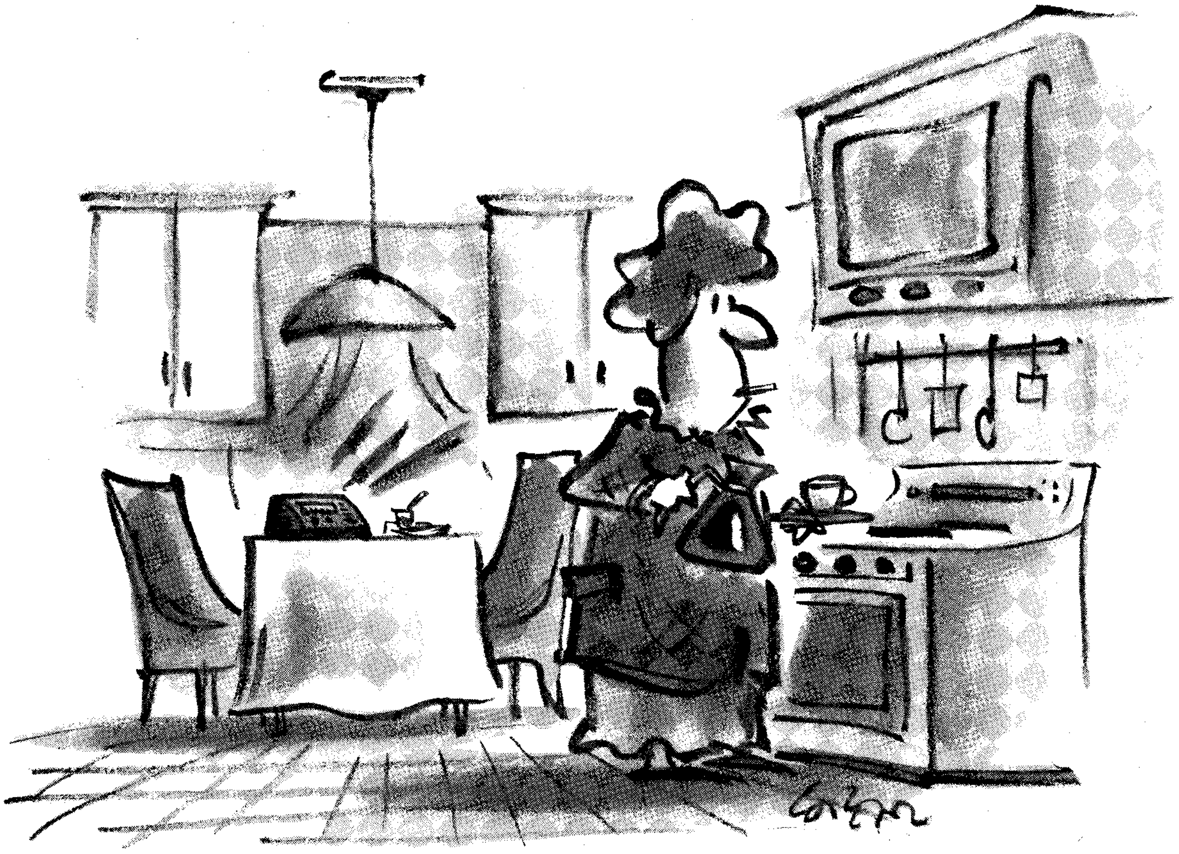
How he thinks about each new film he makes: “It is one more stone in the wall.”

How much his films cost to make: “Small Change” cost about seven hundred thousand dollars, which is seven times as much as “The 400 Blows” cost. About one-twelfth of the cost of “Jaws.” About one-twentieth of the cost of “The Godfather, Part II.”

How many movies he has seen since 1973, when he told us he had seen, since he was eleven, four thousand nine hundred and fifty: Five hundred more.

How many movies he has directed since then: Two more—“Small Change” and “The Story of Adèle H.”

How he happened to get into Steven Spielberg’s movie so far entitled “Close Encounters of the Third Kind” as an actor, playing the part of a French scientist, a specialist in U.F.O.s, for which he will have to go to Benares, India, in January, and for which he has already had to go to Mobile, Alabama, and Gillette, Wyoming, where some of the movie has been shot: Spielberg telephoned him in Paris and told him he liked the way Truffaut wore an old-fashioned wristwatch and always wore a necktie. “I told Spielberg, ‘I am not an actor. I can only play myself.’ He said, ‘Good.’ The picture started filming on May fourteen, and, oh, my goodness, it still is not finished. I wanted it clear they could fire me if I am not good. I never asked any questions. I made it a point not to bother Spielberg. Jeanne Moreau once told me, ‘On every picture, you must love everybody except the one who becomes the scapegoat.’ I followed Jeanne Moreau’s advice. I made Julia Phillips, the producer, my scapegoat. Every time I find some-



"After sports and the weather, we'll be back again with all the news all the time, day after day, year after year, forever and ever."

• •

thing not to my liking, I say I am sure it is the fault of Julia Phillips."

Where he goes for a vacation: Only to the Beverly Hills Hotel. He sits by the Beverly Hills Hotel pool and reads. He finds the place calm and appealingly quiet. He never goes *into* the pool. He does not swim. He does not play tennis. He does not go to the beach. He does not go to parties. He does go to visit Jean Renoir, who lives in Beverly Hills, and who recently finished writing an autobiographical novel, entitled "Friends, I Have Just Become 100 Years Old," and they talk endlessly about movies and people involved with movies. And he does visit the Larry Edmunds Cinema & Theatre Bookshop, on Hollywood Boulevard. ("It is the best shop for film. *Fantastique!*")

Interest in going back to Mobile, Alabama, or to Gillette, Wyoming: Nil. "I might as well go to Cherbourg as to Mobile. The countryside near Gillette is beautiful, but compared to French countryside you think you are on the moon."

Interests outside of movies: Nil.

Interest in movies: Still all-consuming.

Patience and seriousness with which he meets questions from interviewers: Incredible. Question from Joseph Gelmis, of *Newsday:* "How do you renew the man so that the artist can function?" Answer: "One works with what happens to one in the first twelve years of life, and this base is inexhaustible."

What he did this time in New York: He watched "Small Change" at the Film Festival, attended an opening-night party, and had a press conference and half a dozen interviews.

After we had met him and driven with him to his hotel, he did not come out for forty-eight hours. When he did come out, we took a taxi with him and Mrs. Scott to Cinemabilia, a bookshop and gallery at 10 West Thirteenth Street, where Truffaut wanted to look for new books about movies.

"You should see the pileup of film books at his home and in his office!" Mrs. Scott said in the taxi. "But he knows where everything is."

"It is a good collection, yes?" Truffaut said mildly.

"He's a compulsive file-keeper," Mrs. Scott said. "He has everything arranged on shelves and in drawers, *alphabetically*. When he comes over to my flat in Paris, he goes around fixing up *my* books alphabetically."

Truffaut shot into Cinemabilia like a retriever. He didn't waste any time on small talk. He concentrated completely on the business at hand. Quickly, he picked up the new issue of Andy Warhol's magazine *Interview*, because it contained an article on Jeanne Moreau. He also took *Film Fan Monthly*, issue of June, 1968, because it had a list of Alfred Hitchcock's films for TV; "A Standard Glossary for Film Criticism," by James Monaco; the new issues of *American Film* and *Women & Film;* "The Name Above the Title," by Frank Capra; "Harlow," by Irving Shulman; "Don't Say 'Yes' Until I Finish Talking," by Darryl Zanuck; and greeting cards that had still photographs from old movies on the front. "Nice," Truffaut said, taking five "Design for Living" with Fredric March, Gary Cooper, and Miriam Hopkins, An Ernst Lubitsch Production, cards, and three "River of No Return" starring Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe cards. He flipped through a bin of vintage-movie stills, mostly of "The Little Rascals," but passed them up. He glanced without interest at a book entitled "Focus on 'Shoot the Piano Player' " and passed it up, along with a dozen other books about him or his movies. He autographed a paperback edition of the script of his movie "The Wild Child" for the bookshop owner, and then, looking disappointed, he retraced his steps and glanced over the stock again. "Nothing new," he said.

"Film students were in here a few days ago and bought practically everything," the proprietor of the bookshop said.

Truffaut had accumulated what looked to us like an enormous load of stuff, but he still looked somewhat disappointed. On the ride back to his hotel, however, he immediately started paging through the books and magazines, and seemed to feel better. We dropped him at the entrance. Before going through the revolving door, he turned around, held his load of books aloft in a kind of farewell wave, and lifted his head to them in triumph.

CONFESSIONS OF A BURGLAR

(FOLLOWING ARE EXCERPTS FROM THE SOON TO BE PUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF VIRGIL IVES, WHO IS CURRENTLY SERVING THE FIRST OF FOUR CONSECUTIVE NINETY-NINE-YEAR SENTENCES FOR VARIOUS FELONIES. MR. IVES PLANS ON WORKING WITH CHILDREN WHEN HE GETS OUT.)

SURE I stole. Why not? Where I grew up, you had to steal to eat. Then you had to steal to tip. Lots of guys stole fifteen per cent, but I always stole twenty, which made me a big favorite among the waiters. On the way home from a heist, I'd steal some pajamas to sleep in. Or if it was a hot night, I'd steal underwear. It was a way of life. I had a bad upbringing, you might say. My dad was always on the run from the cops and I never saw him out of disguise till I was twenty-two. For years, I thought he was a short, bearded man with dark glasses and a limp; actually, he was tall and blond and resembled Lindbergh. He was a professional bank robber, but sixty-five was the mandatory retirement age, so he had to get out. Spent his last few years in mail fraud, but the postal rates went up and he lost everything.

Mom was wanted, too. Of course in those days it wasn't the way it is now, with women demanding equal rights, and all. Back then, if a woman turned to crime the only opportunities open to her were blackmail and, once in a while, arson. Women were used in Chicago to drive getaway cars, but only during the drivers' strike, in 1926. Terrible strike. It lasted eight weeks, and whenever a gang pulled a job and ran out with the money they were forced to walk or take a cab.

I had a sister and two brothers. Jenny married money. Not an actual human being—it was a pile of singles. My brother Vic got in with a gang of plagiarists. He was in the middle of signing his name to "The Waste Land" when the feds surrounded the house. He got ten years. Some rich kid from a highfalutin family who signed Pound's "Cantos" got off on probation. That's the law for you. Charlie—that's my youngest brother—he's been a numbers runner, a fence, and a loan shark. Never could find himself. Eventually he was arrested for loitering. He loitered for seven years, till he realized it was not the kind of crime that brought in any money.

The first thing I ever stole was a loaf of bread. I was working for Rifkin's Bakery, where my job was to remove the jelly from doughnuts that had gone stale and transfer it to fresh goods. It was very exacting work, done with a rubber tube and a scalpel. If your hands shook, the jelly went on the floor and old man Rifkin would pull your hair. Arnold Rothstein, who we all looked up to, came in one day and said he wanted to get his hands on a loaf of bread but he absolutely refused to pay for it. He hinted that this was a chance for some smart kid to get into the rackets. I took that as a cue, and each day when I left I put one slice of rye under my coat, until after three weeks I had accumulated a whole loaf. On the way to Rothstein's office, I began to feel remorse, because even though I hated Rifkin his wife had once let me take home two seeds from a roll when my uncle was dying. I tried to return the bread, but I got caught while I was trying to figure out which loaf each slice belonged to. The next thing I knew, I was in Elmira Reformatory.

Elmira was a tough joint. I escaped five times. Once I tried to sneak out in the back of a laundry truck. The guards got suspicious, and one of them poked me with his stick and asked me what the hell I was doing lying around in a hamper. I looked him right in the eye and said, "I'm some shirts." I could tell he was dubious. He kept pacing back and forth and staring at me. I guess I got a little panicky. "I'm some *shirts*," I told him. "Some denim work shirts—blue ones." Before I could say another word, my arms and legs were manacled and I was back in stir.

I learned everything I knew about crime at Elmira: how to pick pockets,

"I'm not being purposely obtuse. I'm bombed."

DEATH IN A PLANE

I awaken for death.
I shave, dress, put on my shoes.
It is my last day—a day
not broken by one premonition.
Everything happens as usual.
I head for the street. I am going to die.

I shall not die now. A whole day
unfolds before me.
What a long day it is! And in the street
what a lot of steps I take! And what a lot of things
have accumulated in time! Without paying much attention
I keep on going. Faces
crowded into a notebook!

I visit the bank. What good
is the money if a few hours later
the police come and take it
from the hole that was my chest?
But I don't see myself wounded and bloody.
I am clean, spotless, bright, summery.
Nevertheless, I walk toward death.
I walk into offices, into mirrors,
into hands that are offered, into eyes
that are nearsighted, into mouths that smile or simply talk.
I do not say goodbye, I know nothing, I am not afraid:
death hides
its breath and its strategy.

I lunch. What for? I eat a fish in a sauce of gold and
    cream.
It is my last fish on my last
fork. The mouth distinguishes, chooses, decides,
swallows. Music passes through the sweets, a shiver
from a violin or the wind, I don't know. It isn't death.
It is the sun. The crowded trolleys. Work.
I am in a great city and I am a man
in a cogwheel. I am in a rush. I am going to die.
I ask the slow ones to clear a path for me. I don't look
at the cafés rattling with coffee cups and conversation,
I don't look at the shaded wall of the old hospital.
Or at the posters. I am in a rush. I buy a paper. It's a rush
even if it means death!

The day already come around to its midpoint does not
    tell me
that I too have begun to come to an end. I am tired.
I want to sleep, but the preparations. The telephone.
The bills. The letters. I do a thousand things
that will create another thousand, here, there, in the
    United States.
I'll do anything. I make dates
that I shall never keep, I utter words in a trance,
I lie, saying, "Until tomorrow." But tomorrow won't be.

I decline with the afternoon, my head aches, I defend
    myself,
hand myself a pill: at least
the water drowns what hurts,
the fly, the buzzing . . . but nothing I will die from:
    death cheats,
cheats like a soccer player,
chooses like a cashier,
carefully, among illnesses and disasters.

Still it isn't death, it is the shadow
over tired buildings, the interval between
two races. Heavy business slows down,
engineers, executives, laborers are finishing up.
But cabdrivers, waiters, and a thousand other
nighttime workers are getting started. The city
changes hands.

I go home. Again I clean up.
So my hair will be neat
and my nails not bring to mind the rebellious child of
    long ago.
The clothes without dust. The plastic suitcase.

• •

how to crack a safe, how to cut glass—all the fine points of the trade. For instance, I learned (and not even all professional criminals know this) that in the event of a shootout with the cops, the cops are always allowed the first two shots. It's just the way it's done. Then you return fire. And if a cop says, "We have the house surrounded, come out with your hands up," you don't just shoot wildly. You say, "I'd prefer not to," or "I'd rather not at this particular time." There's a right way to do these things, but today . . . Well, why go into all that?

FOR the next few years of my life I was the best damn burglar you ever saw. People talk about Raffles, but Raffles had his style and I had mine. I had lunch with Raffles' son once. Nice guy. We ate at the old Lindy's. He stole the pepper mill. I stole the silverware and napkins. Then he took the ketchup bottle. I took his hat. He got my umbrella and tiepin. When we left we kidnapped a waiter. It was quite a haul. The original Raffles began as a cat burglar. (I couldn't do that, because the whiskers make me sneeze.) He'd dress up in this beat-up cat suit and dart over rooftops. In the end, he was caught by two guys from Scotland Yard dressed as dogs. I suppose you've heard of the Kissing Bandit? He'd break into a joint and rob the victim, and if it was a woman he'd kiss her. It was sad the way the law finally nailed him. He had two old dowagers tied up and he was prancing in front of them singing "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?" when he slipped on a footstool and fractured his pelvis.

Those boys made all the headlines, but I pulled off some capers that the police never did figure out. Once, I entered a mansion, blew the safe, and removed six thousand dollars while a couple slept in the same room. The husband woke up when the dynamite went off, but when I assured him that the entire proceeds would go to the Boys' Clubs of America he went back to sleep. Cleverly, I left behind some fingerprints of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was President then. Another time, at a big diplomatic cocktail party, I stole a woman's diamond necklace while we were shaking hands. Used a vacuum cleaner on her—an old Hoover. Got her necklace and earrings. Later, when I opened the bag I found some false teeth there, which belonged to the Dutch Ambassador.

My most beautiful job, though, was when I broke into the British Museum. I knew that the entire floor of the Rare Gems Room was wired and the slightest pressure on it would set off an alarm. I was lowered in upside down by a rope from the skylight, so I wouldn't touch the ground. I came

I lock up my room. I lock up my life.
The elevator locks me up. I am calm.

For the last time I look at the city.
I can still turn back, put off death,
not take that car. Not go.
I can turn and say, "Friends,
I forgot a paper, there's no trip,"
I can go to the casino, read a book.

But I take the car. I point out the place
where something is waiting. The field. Searchlights.
I pass by marble, glass, chrome.
I climb some steps. I bend. I enter
death's interior.

Death arranges seats to make the wait
more comfortable. Here one meets
those who are going to die and do not know it.
Newspapers, coffee, chewing gum, cotton for the ear,
small services daintily surround
our strapped-in bodies.
We are going to die, it is not only
my single and limited death,
twenty of us will be destroyed,
twenty of us will die,
twenty of us will be smashed to bits, and right now.

Or almost now. First the private,
personal, silent death of the individual.
I die secretly and without pain
to live only as a piece of twenty,
and in me incorporate all the pieces
of those who are silently dying as I am.
All of us are one in twenty, a bouquet
of vigorous breath about to be blown apart.

And we hang,
coldly we hang over the loves
and business of the country.

Toy streets disappear,
lights dim, hills dissolve,
there is only a mattress of clouds,
only a cold oxygen tube grazes my ears,
a tube that is sealed: and inside
the illumined and lukewarm body we live
in comfort and solitude, quiet and nothingness.

So smooth in the night is this machine and so easily does it cut
through increasingly larger blocks of air
that I live
my final moment and it's as if
I had been living for years,
before and after today,
a continuous and indomitable life
where there are no pauses, lapses, dreams.

I am twenty in the machine
that purrs softly
between starry pictures and the remote breaths of earth,
I feel at home thousands of metres high,
neither bird nor myth,
I take stock of my powers,
and I fly without mystery,
a body flying, holding on to pockets, watches, nails,
tied to the earth by memory and muscular habit,
flesh soon to explode.

Oh, whiteness, serenity under the violence
of death without previous notice,
careful despite the unavoidable closeness
of atmospheric danger,
a shattering blast of air, splinter of wind
on the neck, lightning
flash burst crack
broken we tumble
straight down I fall and am turned into news.

—CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Mark Strand.*)

• •

through neat as you please, and in a minute I was hovering over the famous Kittridge Diamonds in their display case. As I pulled out my glass cutter a little sparrow flew in through the skylight and landed on the floor. The alarm sounded and eight squad cars arrived. I got ten years. The sparrow got twenty to life. The bird was out in six months, on probation. A year later, he was picked up in Fort Worth for pecking Rabbi Morris Klugfein into a state of semiconsciousness.

WHAT advice would I give the average homeowner to protect himself against burglars? Well, the first thing is to keep a light on in the house when you go out. It must be at least a sixty-watt bulb; anything less and the burglar will ransack the house, out of contempt for the wattage. Another good idea is to keep a dog, but this is not foolproof. Whenever I was about to rob a house with a dog in it, I threw in some dog food mixed with Seconal. If that didn't work, I'd grind up equal parts of chopped meat and a novel by Theodore Dreiser. If it happens that you are going out of town and must leave your house unguarded, it's a good idea to put a cardboard silhouette of yourself in the window. Any silhouette will do. A Bronx man once placed a cardboard silhouette of Montgomery Clift in his window and then went to Kutsher's for the weekend. Later, Montgomery Clift himself happened to walk by and saw the silhouette, which caused him great anxiety. He attempted to strike up a conversation, and when it failed to answer for seven hours Clift returned to California and told his friends that New Yorkers were snobbish.

If you surprise an intruder in the act of burglarizing your home, do not panic. Remember, he is as frightened as you are. One good device is to rob *him.* Seize the initiative and relieve the burglar of his watch and wallet. Then he can get into your bed while you make a getaway. Trapped by this defense, I once wound up living in Des Moines for six years with another man's wife and three children, and only left when I was fortunate enough to surprise another burglar, who took my place. The six years I lived with that family were very happy ones, and I often look back on them with affection, although there is also much to be said for working on a chain gang.

—WOODY ALLEN

THE PSYCHIC JOURNEY

I

IT happened like this. I stood one hot day uptown on Broadway before a fenced-in plot of grass and began to throw food to the pigeons. The pigeons knew me, and ordinarily when they saw me with my bag of seed they surrounded me. The police had told me it was forbidden to feed pigeons outdoors, but that was as far as they went. One time a huge cop even came up to me and said, "Why is it everybody brings food for the pigeons and no one stops to think that they might need a drink? It hasn't rained in New York for weeks, and pigeons are dying of thirst." To hear this from a policeman was quite an experience! I went straight home and brought out a bowl of water, but half of it spilled in the elevator and the pigeons spilled the rest.

This day, on my way to the fenced-in plot I noticed the new issue of *The Unknown* at a newspaper stand and I bought a copy, since the magazine was snatched up in my neighborhood almost as soon as it appeared. For some reason, many readers on uptown Broadway are interested in telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, and the immortality of the soul.

For once, the pigeons did not crowd around me. I looked up and saw that a few steps away stood a woman who was also throwing out handfuls of grain. I started to laugh—under her arm she carried a copy of the new issue of *The Unknown*. Despite the hot summer day, she was wearing a black dress and a black, broad-brimmed hat. Her shoes and stockings were black. She must be a foreigner, I thought; no American would dress in such clothes in this weather, not even to attend a funeral. She raised her head and I saw a face that seemed young—or, at least, not old. She was lean and swarthy, with a narrow nose, a long chin, and thin lips.

I said, "Competition, eh?"

She smiled, showing long false teeth, but her black eyes remained stern. She said, "Don't worry, sir. There will be more pigeons. Enough for us both. Here they are now!" She pointed prophetically to the sky.

Yes, a whole flock was flying in from downtown. The plot grew so full that the birds hopped and fluttered to force their way to the food. Pigeons, like Chassidim, enjoy jostling each other.

When our bags were emptied, we walked over to the litter can. "After you," I said, and I added, "I see we read the same magazine."

She replied in a deep voice and a foreign accent, "I've seen you often feeding the pigeons, and I want you to know that those who feed pigeons never know need. The few cents you spend on these lovely birds will bring you lots of luck."

"How can you be sure of that?"

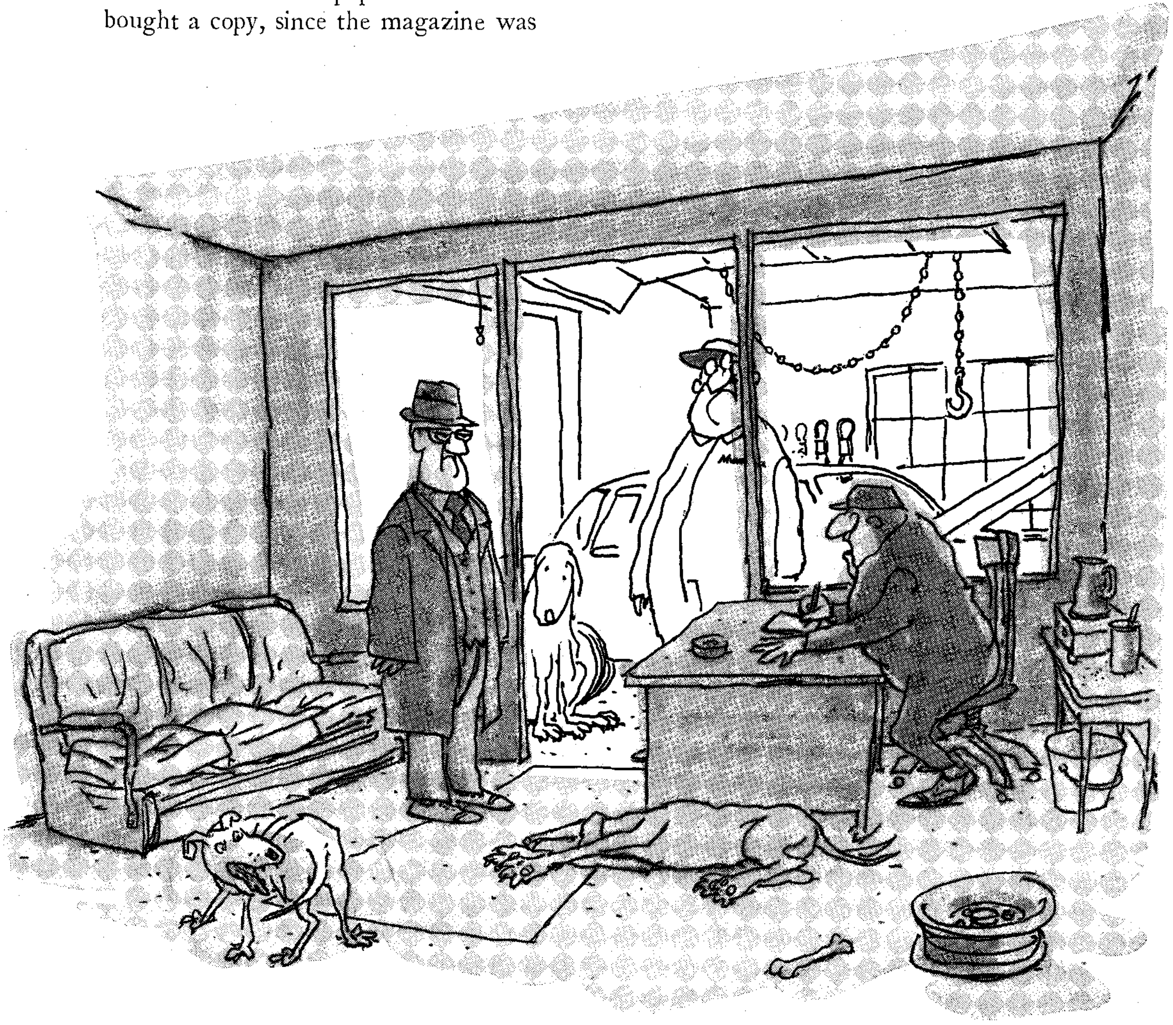
She began to explain, and we walked away together. I invited her to have a drink with me and she said, "Gladly, but I don't drink alcoholic beverages, only fruit juices and vegetable juices."

"Come. Since you read *The Unknown*, you're one of my people."

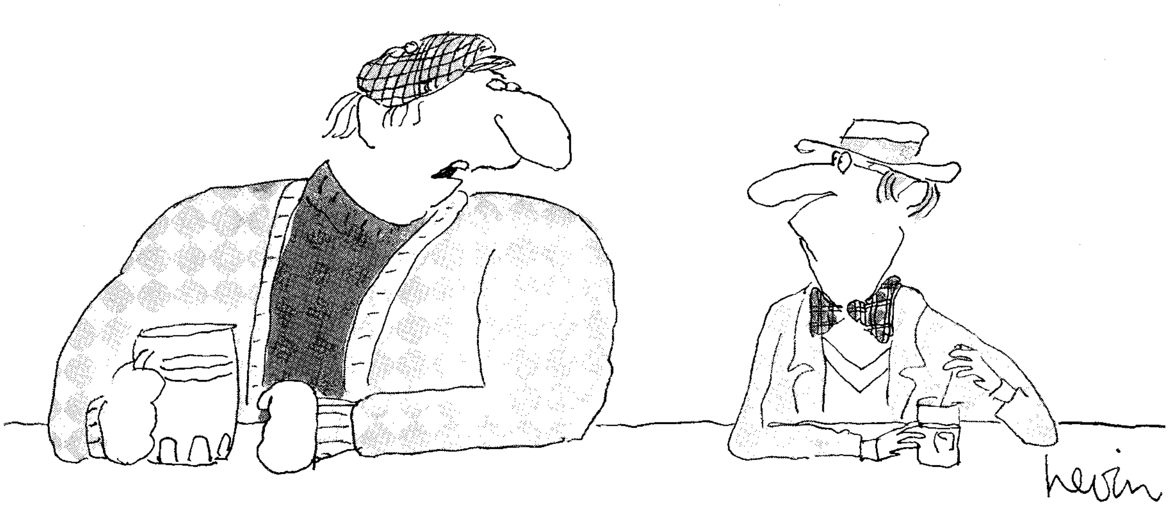
"Yes, my greatest interest is in the occult. I read similar publications from England, Canada, Australia, India. I used to read them back in Hungary, where I come from, but today for believing in the higher powers over there you go to jail. Is there such a magazine in Hebrew?"

"Are you Jewish?"

"On my mother's side, but for me separate races and religions don't exist, only the one species of man. We lost the sources of our spiritual energy, and this has given rise to a disharmony in our psychic evolution. The divisions are the result. When we emit waves of brotherliness, reciprocal help, and peace, these vibrations create a sense of identification among all of God's creatures. You



"She's going to run you a bit of money this time. Your entire ignition system has undergone what our chief mechanic, Mr. Murchison, terms a 'core meltdown.'"



"I like a Gershwin tune. How about you?"

saw how the pigeons flew in. They congregate around the Central Savings Bank on Broadway and Seventy-third Street, which is too far for pigeons to see what's happening in the Eighties. But the cosmic consciousness within them is in perfect balance and therefore . . ."

We had gone into a coffee shop that was air-conditioned, and we sat down in a booth. She introduced herself as Margaret Fugazy.

"It's remarkable," she said. "I've observed that you always feed the pigeons at one o'clock when you go out for lunch, while I feed them in the mornings. I fed them as usual this morning. All of a sudden a voice ordered me to feed them again. Now, at six o'clock pigeons aren't particularly eager to eat. They're starting to adjust to their nightly rhythm. The days are growing shorter and we're in another constellation of the solar cycle. But when a voice repeats the same admonition over and over, this is a message from the world powers. I came out and found you too about to feed the pigeons. How is it you were late?"

"I also heard a voice."

"Are you psychic?"

"I was only fooling."

"You mustn't fool about such things!"

After three-quarters of an hour, I had heard a lot of particulars. Margaret Fugazy had come to the United States in the nineteen-fifties. Her father had been a doctor; her parents were no longer living. Here in New York she had grown close to a woman who was past ninety, a medium, and half blind. They had lived together for a time. The old lady had died at the age of a hundred and two, and now Margaret supported herself by giving courses in Yoga, concentration, mind stimulation, biorhythm, awareness, and the I Am.

She said, "I watched you feeding the pigeons a long time before I learned that you're a writer and a vegetarian. I started reading you. This led to a telepathic communication between us, even if it has been one-sided. I went so far as to visit you at home several times—not physically but in astral form. I would have liked to catch your attention, but you were sound asleep. I leave my body usually around dawn. I found you awake only once and you spoke to me about the mysteries of the cabala. When I had to go back I gave you a kiss."

"You know my address?"

"The astral body has no need of addresses!"

Neither of us spoke for a time. Then Margaret said, "You might give me your phone number. These astral visits involve terrible dangers. If the silver cord should break, then—"

She didn't finish, apparently in fear of her own words.

II

ON my way home at one o'clock that morning, I told myself I could not risk getting mixed up with Margaret Fugazy. My stomach hurt from the soybeans, raw carrots, molasses, sunflower seeds, and celery juice she had served me for supper. My head ached from her advice on how to avoid spiritual tension, how to control dreams, and how to send out alpha rays of relaxation and beta rays of intellectual activity and theta rays of trance. It's all Dora's fault, I brooded. If she hadn't left me and run off to the kibbutz where her daughter Sandra was having her first baby, I'd be together with her now in a hotel in pollen-free Bethlehem, New Hampshire, instead of suffering from hay fever in polluted New York. True, Dora had begged me to accompany her to Israel, but I had no intention of sitting in some forsaken kibbutz near the Syrian border waiting for Sandra to give birth.

I was afraid walking the few blocks from Columbus Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street to my studio apartment in the West Eighties, but no taxi would stop for me. Riding up in the elevator, I was assailed by fears. Maybe I had been burglarized while I was away? Maybe out of spite for not finding any money or jewelry the thieves had torn up my manuscripts? Had Margaret bewitched me? I opened the door and was struck by a wave of heat. I had neglected to lower the venetian blinds and the sun had baked the apartment all day. No one had cleaned here since Dora left, and the dust started me sneezing. I undressed and lay down, but I couldn't fall asleep. My nose was stuffed up, my throat was scratchy, and my ears felt full of water. My anger at Dora grew, and in fantasy I worked out all kinds of revenges against her. Maybe marry this Hungarian miracle worker and send Dora a cable announcing the good tidings.

Day was dawning by the time I dropped off. I was wakened by the phone ringing. The clock on the bedside table showed twenty past ten. I picked up the receiver and grunted, "*Nu*?"

I heard a deep female voice. "I woke you, eh? It's Margaret, Margaret Fugazy. Morris—may I call you Morris?"

"You can even call me Potiphar."

"Oh, listen to him! What I want to say is that this morning a sign has been given that our meeting yesterday wasn't simply some coincidence but an act of fate, ordained and executed by the hand of Providence. First let me tell you that after you left me I was deeply worried about you. You promised me to take a cab but I knew—don't ask me how—that you didn't. Just before daybreak I found myself in your apartment again. What a mess. The dust! And when I saw

"And always hang out with high-energy people."

• •

your pale face and heard your choked breathing I decided that you absolutely cannot remain in the city. On the other hand, it would not be good that our relationship should start off with a long separation. Well, early this morning an old friend of mine called—Lily Wolfner, also a Hungarian. I hadn't heard from her in over a year, but last night before going to sleep I suddenly thought about her and this to me is always a signal I will soon be hearing from that individual. Precisely at nine my phone rang, and I was so sure I answered with 'Hello, Lily.' Lily Wolfner is a travel agent. She arranges tours to Europe, Africa, Japan, and Israel, too. Her tours always have a cultural program. The guides are psychologists, psychiatrists, writers, artists, rabbis. I was twice the guide of such tours interested in psychic research, and some other time I'll tell you of my remarkable experiences with them.

"I said, 'Lily, what made you think of me?' and she told me she had a group that wanted to combine a visit to the State of Israel on the High Holidays with an advanced course in awareness. She offered me the job as guide. I don't remember how, but I mentioned your name to her and the fact that you had promised to give me an esoteric insight into the cabala. I beg you, don't interrupt me. As soon as she heard your name, she became simply hysterical. 'What? He really exists? He lives right here in New York City and you had supper with him?' I'll cut it short—she proposed that we both be guides for this tour. She'll accede to your every demand. These are rich women, many of them probably your readers. I told her I'd speak with you, but first she had to check with the women. A half hour didn't go by when she called me back. She had already reached her clients and they were as excited by the idea as she was. My dear, one would have to be blind not to see the hand of destiny in all this. Lily is a businesswoman, not some mystic, but she told me that you and I together would make a fantastic pair! I want you to know that in the past months I've faced deep crises in my life—spiritual, physical, financial. I was closer to suicide than you can imagine. When I came up next to you yesterday, I knew somehow that my life was in your hands, strange as this may sound. I beg you therefore and plead on my knees—don't say no, because this would be my death sentence. Literally."

Margaret had not let me get a word in edgewise. I wanted to tell her that I wasn't a specialist in the cabala and that I had no urge to wander around Israel with a flock of women who would try to combine sightseeing with mysticism, but somehow I hesitated, bewildered by my own weakness.

Margaret exclaimed, "Morris, wait for me. I'm coming to you!"

"Astrally?" I asked.

"Cynic! With my body and soul!"

III

WHO said it—perhaps no one: every person's drama is a melodrama. I both performed in this melodrama and observed it as a spectator.

I sat in an air-conditioned bus speeding from Haifa to Tel Aviv. We had spent Rosh Hashanah in Jerusalem. We had visited Sodom, Elath, Safad, the occupied regions around the Suez Canal and the Golan Heights, a number of kibbutzim. Whenever we stopped, I lectured about the cabala and Margaret gave advice on love, health, and business; on how to use the subconscious for buying stocks, betting on horses, finding jobs, husbands; on how to meditate. She spoke about the delta of the brain waves and the resonance of the Tantrist personality, the dimensions of the Shambala and the panorama of cybertronic evocations. She conducted astrochemical analyses, showed how to locate the third eye, the pineal eye, revealed the mysteries of Lemuria and Mt. Shasta. I attended séances at which she hypnotized the ladies, most of whom went to sleep—or at least pretended to. She swore that my mother had revealed herself to her and urged her to keep an eye on me; I had been born a Sagittarian and a Scorpio might start a fatal conflict with me.

I was enmeshed in a situation that made me ashamed of myself. Thank God, until now I hadn't met Dora or anyone else I knew, but the tour was to be in Israel almost another full week. It could easily happen that someone might recognize me. Also, the group had become quarrelsome—disappointed in the hotels, the meals, the merchandise for sale in the gift shops—and increasingly critical of its guides. Many had turned cool toward Margaret and her lessons, and their enthusiasm for the cabala had diminished. One woman suggested that my interpretation of the cabala was too subjective and was actually a kind of poetic hodgepodge.

According to schedule, we were to stop over a few days in Tel Aviv to give the women time to shop. They would observe Yom Kippur in Jerusalem and on the next day fly from Lod Airport for America. I had intended to surprise Dora at the end of the tour, and before leaving New York I had demanded from Lily Wolfner an open ticket so that I would not have to return with the group. I told her I had some literary business to take care of in Israel. To avoid complications, I had not mentioned this to Margaret.

Following breakfast on the day before the group was to go to Jerusalem to pray at the Wailing Wall, I had to reveal my secret. I wanted to remain in Tel Aviv for the holiday, at the very hotel where we were now registered. I was weary from the constant travelling and the company of others, and I yearned for a day by myself.

I had been prepared for resentment, but not for the scene that Margaret kicked up. She wept, accused Lily Wolfner and me of hatching a plot against her, and threatened me with retributions by the higher powers. A mighty catastrophe would befall me for my duplicity.

Suddenly she cried, "If you stay in Tel Aviv I'm staying too! I don't have to pray at the holy places on Yom Kippur. My job is finished as much as yours is!"

"You must go along with the group; otherwise you'll forfeit your ticket," I pointed out to her.

"The morning after Yom Kippur I'll take a taxi to Lod straight from here."

When the women heard that their two guides would be in Tel Aviv for Yom Kippur, they made sarcastic remarks, but there was no time for lengthy explanations; the bus was waiting in front of the hotel. Margaret assured the women that she would meet them at the airport early on the following day, and she saw them off. I was too embarrassed even to apologize. I had done damage not only to my own prestige but to the cabala's as well.

Afterward, I showed Margaret my contract, which stated that my job had ended the night before; I had every right to stay on in Israel for as long as I wanted.

Margaret refused to look at it. "You've got some female here," she pronounced, "but your plans will come to naught!" She pointed a finger at me, and I sensed that she was trying to bring the powers of evil down upon me. Baffled by my own superstition, I tried to soothe her with promises, but she told me she had lost all trust in me and called me vile names. When she finally went off to unpack her things, I used the time trying to call the kibbutz near the Golan Heights where Dora was staying. I wasn't able to make the connection.

So many guests had gone to Jerusalem that no preparations for the pre-holiday feast were being made at the hotel. Margaret and I had to find a restaurant. Although I am not a synagogue-goer, I do fast on Yom Kippur.

"I will fast with you," Margaret announced when I told her. "If God has chosen to castigate me with such humiliations, I have surely sinned grievously."

"You say you're half a Gentile, yet you carry on like a complete yenta," I chided her.

"I'm more Jewish in my smallest fingernail than you are in your whole being."

We had in mind to buy provisions to fill up on before commencing our fast, but by the time we finished lunch the stores were closed. The streets were deserted. Even the American Embassy, which stood not far from the hotel, appeared festively silent. Margaret came into my room and we went onto the balcony to gaze out to sea. The sun bowed to the west. The beach was empty. Whatever intimacy had existed between Margaret and me had been severed; we were like a married couple that has already decided on a divorce. We leaned away from each other as we watched the setting sun cast fiery nets across the waves.

Margaret's swarthy face grew brick-red, and her black eyes exuded the melancholy of those who estrange themselves from their own environment and can never be at home in another. She said, "The air here is full of ghosts."

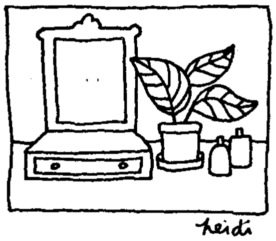
IV

THAT evening we stayed up late over the Ouija board, which told one black prophecy after another. From sheer boredom, or perhaps once and for all to end our false relationship, I confessed to Margaret the truth about Dora. She was too weary to make a scene all over again.

The next morning we went for a walk—along Ben-Yehuda Street; on Rothschild Boulevard. We considered going into a synagogue, but those we passed were packed with worshippers. Men stood outside in their prayer shawls. Around ten o'clock we returned to the hotel. We had talked ourselves out, and I lay down to read a book on Houdini, who I had always considered possessed mysterious powers despite the fact that he opposed the

spiritists. Margaret sat at the table and dealt tarot cards. From time to time she arched her brows and gave me a dismal look. Then she said that because of my treachery she had had no sleep the night before, and she left to go to her room. She warned me not to disturb her.

In the middle of the day I heard a long-drawn-out siren, and I wondered at the military's conducting tests on Yom Kippur. I had had nothing to eat since two the afternoon before and I was hungry. I read, napped, and indulged in a bit of Day of Atonement introspection. All my life I had chased after pleasure, but my sweethearts became too serious and acquired the bitterness of neglected wives. This last journey had degraded and exhausted me. Not even my hay fever had been alleviated.



I fell asleep and wakened after the sun had set. According to my reckoning, the Jews in the synagogues would be concluding the services. One star appeared in the sky and soon a second and then a third, when it is permitted to break the fast. The door opened and Margaret slithered in like a phantom. We had fasted not twenty-four hours but thirty. Margaret looked haggard. We took the elevator down. The lobby was half dark, the glass door at the entrance covered by a black sheet. Behind the desk sat an elderly man who didn't look like a hotel employee. He was reading an old Yiddish newspaper. I went over to him and asked, "Why is it so quiet?"

He looked up with annoyance. "What do you want—that there should be dancing?"

"Why is it so dark?"

The man scratched his beard. "Are you playing dumb or what? The country is at war."

He explained. The Egyptians had crossed the Suez Canal, the Syrians had invaded the Golan Heights. Margaret must have understood some Yiddish, for she cried, "I knew it! The punishment!"

I opened the front door and we went out. Yarkon Street lay wrapped in darkness; every window was draped in sheets. Far from the usual gay end of Yom Kippur in Tel Aviv, when restaurants and movie houses are jammed, it was more like the night of the Ninth Day of Ab in some Polish shtetl. Headlights of the few cars that moved by slowly were either turned off or covered with blue paint. We walked the few steps to Ben-Yehuda Street hoping to buy food, but the stores were closed. We went back to my room and Margaret discovered a radio set into the night table. The news was all of war; civilian communication had been suspended. The armed forces had been mobilized. The broadcaster appealed to the people not to give in to panic. I found a bag of cookies and two apples in my valise, and Margaret and I broke our fast. Margaret had engaged a taxi to take her to Lod Airport at five this coming morning, but would the taxi come? And would there be a plane leaving for America? Based on the news from the Golan front, I had a feeling that the kibbutz where Dora was now lay in Arab hands. Who knew if Dora was alive? There was a possibility that the Syrians or Egyptians would reach Tel Aviv tomorrow. Margaret urged me to go with her to Lod if the taxi showed up, but I wasn't about to while away my days and nights at an airport where thousands of tourists would have congregated from every corner of the land.

Margaret asked, "And to perish here would be better?"

"Yes, better."

We listened to the radio until two o'clock. Margaret seemed to be more shocked by what she called my base conspiracy than by the war. Her only comfort, she told me, was the fact that she had known it in the depths of her soul. She now forecast that Dora and I would never meet again. She even maintained that this war was one of the calamities Providence had prepared for me. Since time is an illusion and all events are predetermined, she argued, judgment often precedes the transgression. Her life was filled with examples—enemies prevented from accomplishing their evil aims by circumstances her guardian angel had arranged months or years in advance. Those who did succeed in hurting her were later killed, maimed, or afflicted with insanity. Before going to her room, Margaret said she would pray that I be forgiven. She kissed me good night. She hinted that though the Day of Atonement was over, the doors of repentance were left open to me.

I had fallen into a deep sleep. I opened my eyes as someone shook my shoulder. It was dark, and for a moment I didn't know where I was or who was waking me.

I heard Margaret say in a solemn voice, "The taxi is here!"

"What taxi? Oh!"

"Come with me!"

"No, Margaret, I'm staying here."

"In that case, be well. Forgive me!"

She kissed me with rusty lips. Her breath smelled of the fast. She closed the door behind her and immediately became a thing of the past. Only after she had gone did I realize the motives behind my decision. I didn't have a reservation, as she had, but an open ticket. Besides, I had told the women of the tour that I would be staying on; it would not be right in their eyes or mine to flee like a coward. Once, Dora and I had toyed with the notion that we were stranded together on a sinking ship. The other passengers screamed, wept, and fought to get to the lifeboats, but she and I lingered in the dining hall with a bottle of wine. We would relish our happiness and go under rather than push, scramble, and beg for a bit of life. Now this fantasy had assumed a tinge of reality.

It was dawn. The sun had not yet risen, but several men and women were performing calisthenics on the beach. In the dim light they looked like shadows. I wanted to laugh at these optimists who were developing their muscles on the day before their deaths.

I thrust my hand into the pocket of my jacket hanging on the chair and tapped my passport and traveller's checks. I had had no special reason to bring along a large amount of money, but I had—more than two thousand dollars in traveller's checks and a bankbook besides. No one had stolen them, and I went back to bed to catch up on my sleep. I had a number of acquaintances in Tel Aviv and some who could even be described as friends, but I was determined to show myself to nobody. What could I say I was doing here? When I had arrived? It would only entangle me in new lies. I turned on the radio. The enemy was advancing and our casualties were severe. Other Arab nations were preparing to invade.

I tried again to put through a call to Dora's kibbutz and was told that this was impossible. The fact that the telephone and electricity were working and that there was hot water in the bathroom seemed incredible.

I rode in the elevator down to the lobby. The day before, it had been my impression that the hotel was empty, but here were men and women conversing among themselves in English.

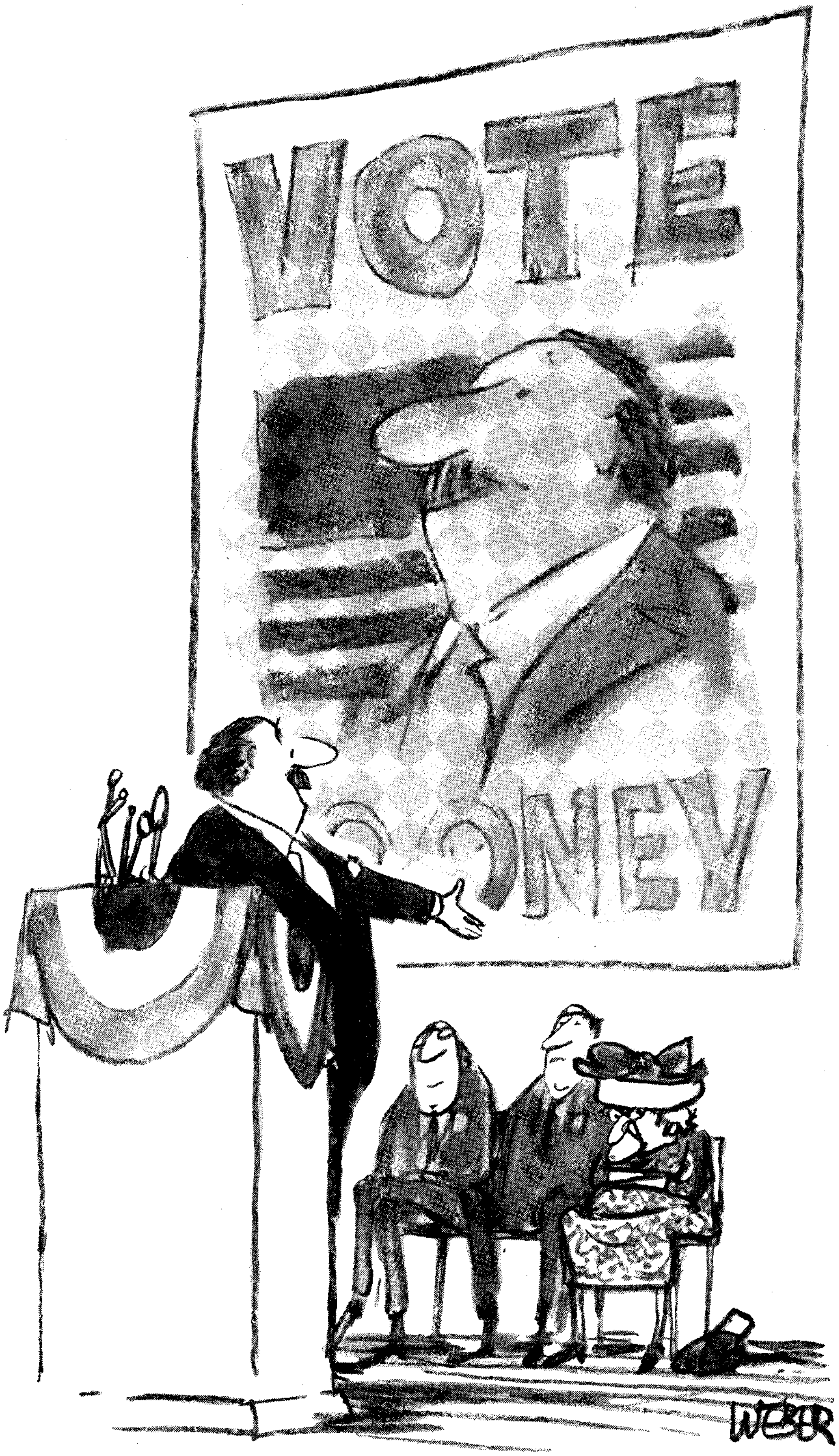
All the male employees of the hotel had been called up and their places had been taken by women. Breakfast was being served in the dining room. Bakeries had baked rolls during the night—they were still warm from the oven. I ordered an omelette, and the waitress who brought it to me said, "Eat as long as the food is there." Even though the day was bright, I imagined that layers of shadows were falling from above as at the beginning of a solar eclipse. I did not approach the other Americans. I had no urge to speak to them or listen to their comments. Besides, they talked so loudly I could hear them anyhow—at Lod Airport, they were saying, people hovered outside with their luggage and no help was available. I could see Margaret among them, murmuring spells, conjuring up the spirits of revenge.

After breakfast I strolled along Ben-Yehuda Street. Trucks full of soldiers roared by. A man with a white beard, wearing a long coat and a rabbinical hat, carried a palm branch and a citron for the Sukkoth holiday. Another old man struggled to erect a Sukkoth on a balcony. Emaciated newspapers had been printed during the night. I bought one, took a table at a sidewalk café, and ordered cake with coffee. All my life I had considered myself timid. I was constantly burdened with worries. I was sure that if I were in New York now reading about what was happening in Israel I would be overcome by anxiety. But everything within me was calm. Overnight I had been transformed into a fatalist. I had brought sleeping pills from America; I also had razor blades I could use to slit my wrists should this situation become desperate. Meanwhile I nibbled at the cake and drank the thick coffee. A pigeon came up to my chair and I threw it a crumb. This was a Holy Land pigeon—small, brown, slight. It nodded its tiny head as if it were assenting to a truth as old as the very land: If it is fated to live, you live, and if it is fated to die, it's no misfortune either. Is there such a thing as death? This is something invented by human cowardice.

The day passed in walking aimlessly, reading the book about Houdini, sleeping. The supermarket on Ben-Yehuda Street had opened and was crowded with customers. Waiting lines stretched outside; housewives were buying up everything in sight. But I was able to get stale bread, cheese, and unripe fruit in the smaller stores. During the day, peace seemed to reign, but at night the war returned. Again the city was dark, its streets empty. At the hotel, guests sat in the bar watching television in tense silence. The danger was far from over.

About eleven I rode up to my room and went out onto the balcony. The sea swayed, foamed, purred the muffled growl of a lion that is sated briefly but may grow ferocious any moment. Military jets roared by. The stars seemed ominously near. A cool breeze was blowing. It smelled of tar, sulphur, and Biblical battles that time had never ended. They were all still here, the hosts of Edom and Amalek, Gog and Magog, Ammon and Moab—the lords of Esau and the priests of Baal—waging the eternal war of the idolaters against God and the seed of Jacob. I could hear the clanging of their swords and the din of their chariots. I sat down in a wicker chair and breathed the acrid scent of eternity.

Sirens wailing a long and breathless warning wakened me from a



"Mama, come on up here and say hello."

doze. The sound was like the blast of a thousand rams' horns, but I knew that the hotel had no shelter. If bombs fell on this building there would be no rescue. The door to my room opened as if by itself. I went in and sat on my bed, ready to live, ready to die.

V

EIGHT days later, I flew back to the United States. The following week Dora arrived. How strange, but on Yom Kippur Dora had escaped with her daughter and the newborn baby to Tel Aviv, and they had stayed in a hotel on Allenby Road only a few blocks from my hotel. The circumcision had been performed the day before Sukkoth. I told Dora that I had spent a few weeks as writer-in-residence at some college in California. Dora had the habit of questioning me closely whenever I returned from a trip, probing for contradictions. She believed that my lectures were nothing but a means to meet other women and deceive her. This time she accepted my words without suspicion.

I went back to feeding the pigeons every day, but I never met Margaret. She neither called nor wrote, and as far as I knew she did not visit me astrally.

Then one day in December when I was walking with Dora on Amsterdam Avenue—she was looking for a secondhand bookcase—a young man pushed a leaflet into my hand. Although it was cold and snow was falling, he was coatless and hatless and his shirt collar was open. He looked Spanish to me or Puerto Rican. Usually I refuse to accept such leaflets. But there was something in the young man's appearance that made me take the wet paper—an expression of ardor in his black eyes. This was not just a hired distributor of leaflets but a believer in a cause. I stopped and glanced down to see the name Margaret Fugazy in large letters above her picture as she might have looked twenty years ago. "Are you lovelorn?" I read. "Have you lost a near and dear relative? Are you sick? Do you have business trouble, family trouble? Are you in an inextricable dilemma? Come and see Madame Margaret Fugazy, because she is the only one who can help you. Madame Margaret Fugazy, the famous medium, has studied Yoga in India, the cabala in Jerusalem, specializes in ESP, subliminal prayers, Yahweh power, UFO mysteries, self-hypnosis, cosmic wisdom, spiritual healing, and reincarnation. All consultations private. Results guaranteed. Introductory reading $2."

Dora pulled my sleeve. "Why did you stop? Throw it away."

"Wait, Dora. Where has he gone?" I looked around. The young man had disappeared. Was he waiting just for me?

Dora asked, "Why are you so interested? Who is Margaret Fugazy? Do you know her?"

"Yes, I do," I answered, not understanding why.

"Who is she—one of your witches?"

"Yes, a witch."

"How do you know her? Did you fly with her to a Black Mass on a broomstick?"

"You remember Yom Kippur when you went to the Golan kibbutz? While you were there I flew with her to Jerusalem, to Safad, to Rachel's Tomb, and we studied the cabala together," I said.

Dora was used to my playful chatter and absurdities. She chimed in, "Is that so? What else?"

"When the war broke out the witch got frightened and flew away."

"She left you alone, eh?"

"Yes, alone."

"Why didn't you come to me? I am something of a witch myself."

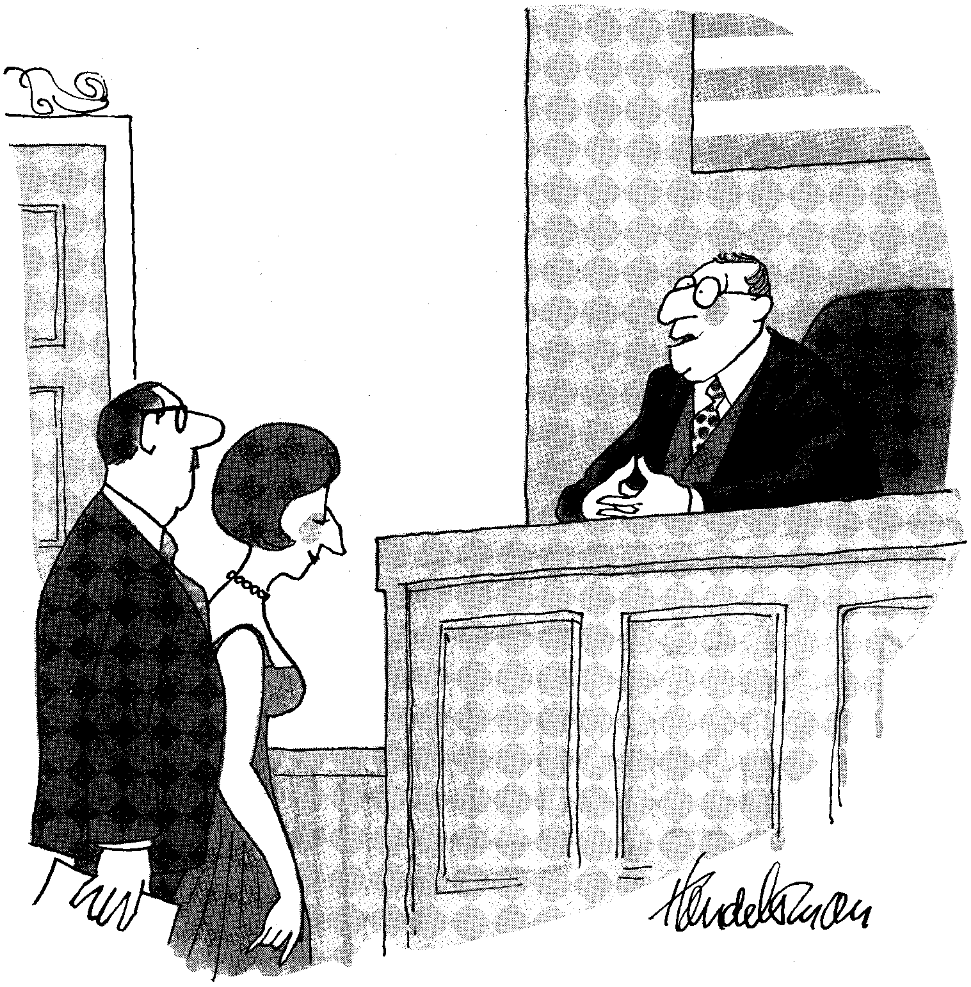
"You too had vanished."

"You poor boy. Abandoned by all your witches. But you can get her back. She advertises. Isn't that a miracle?"

We stood there pondering. The snow fell dry and heavy. It hit my face like hail. Dora's dark coat turned white. A single pigeon tried to fly, flapping its wings but falling back. Then Dora said, "That young man seemed strange. He must be a sorcerer. And all this for two dollars! Come, let's go home—by subway, not by psychic journey."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)



"In all conscience, I must declare a mistrial. The Court appears to have fallen in love with the party of the first part."

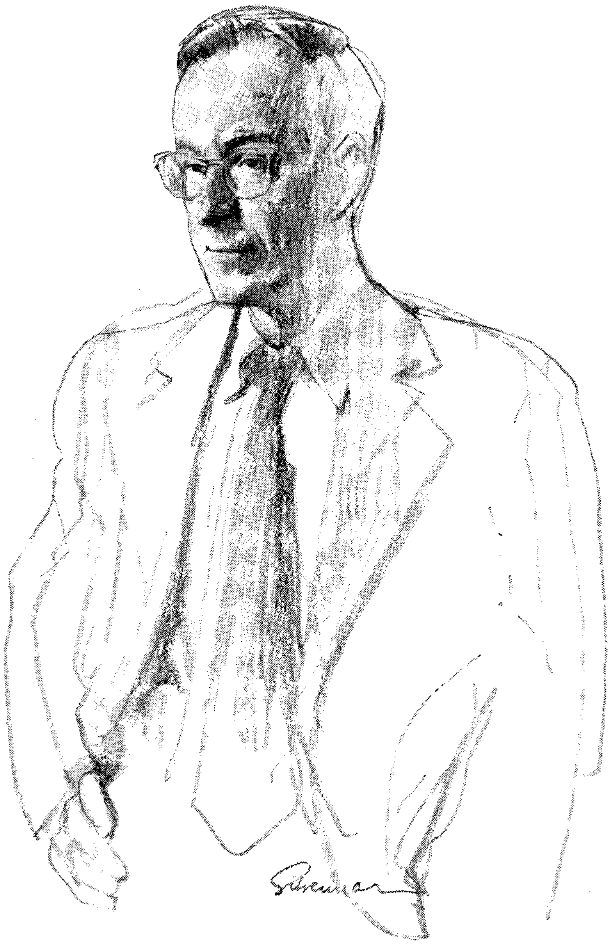
•

Restaurant Business, a Bill Publication that is celebrating its 75th anniversary, has changed its name a number of times during its history. And a list of those names not only shows what has happened to eating out over the year but should send a child up the spine of any gourmet.—*The Times.*

And that's no way to enjoy a good meal.

PROFILES

YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GO OUT AND RAISE THE SCRATCH



ROBERT G. GOELET, the eighth president of the American Museum of Natural History, is a modest, shy, boyish, self-possessed man of fifty-three who has managed to stay out of the limelight cast by a notable position in a number of good works, the inheritance of a dread New York name, and a commanding responsibility for the running of one of the city's oldest family real-estate fortunes. The pages of *Who's Who*, where one might expect to find him between Charles Raymond Goeldner, director of the business-research division of the University of Colorado, and Jack Gordon Goellner, director of the Johns Hopkins University Press, have had to get along without Goelet, and his speeches at the annual meetings or other ceremonial occasions of institutions that he heads, or has headed, are remarkable for their brevity. Besides the Museum, he is president of the New-York Historical Society and the French Institute/Alliance Française, an ex-president (and continuing trustee) of the New York Zoological Society, and an ex-treasurer (and former director) of the National Audubon Society. The Zoological Society, whose board he joined in 1951 and of which he was named president in 1966, came to take up so much of his time—as president, he would light out for its Administration Building in the Bronx two mornings a week—that he resigned as its chief in June of 1975, when he was tapped for the Museum, in order to give *it* most of his institutional time, and also to avoid a possible conflict of interest in the area of fund-raising.

Goelet is something of a novelty in his latest presidential post. Its first occupant, in the early eighteen-seventies, was John D. Wolfe, a retired hardware merchant who had invested wisely in Manhattan real estate. The second president, Robert L. Stuart, started out in his father's candy shop and went on to become a sugar refiner of such consequence as to enable his widow, a lady of adamantine rectitude, to leave more than four million dollars to worthy outfits; the Museum's policy of staying open on Sundays, initiated ten years after his death, caused her to revoke bequests in her will so that not a penny went to Central Park West. The Museum's third president, Morris K. Jesup, an errand boy for a firm of locomotive manufacturers at the age of twelve, developed into a railroad banker with a fortune that enabled him and his wife to enrich the Museum with almost seven million dollars, by gift or bequest. The fourth president, Henry Fairfield Osborn, son of a railroad president, was a vertebrate paleontologist of great repute. The fifth president was F. Trubee Davison, the son of a Morgan partner. The sixth and seventh presidents, Alexander M. White and Gardner D. Stout, were both investment bankers. Except for Osborn, none of these men was predominantly scientific-minded. Stuart had a big collection of seashells, but he did not pick them up on the beach himself, and his most thoughtful accumulations were paintings and religious books, including four hundred and forty editions of the Bible. Jesup was fond of trees, more for their economic usefulness than anything else, and he gave a lot of them to the Museum, which eventually got rid of them, but he never went on an expedition or personally collected a tree; he was, according to a biographer, a man "more widely concerned with good works than with scientific works." Davison and White were country gentlemen who liked to *look at* trees; the former's chief interest in natural history centered on elephant-hunting safaris in Africa. Mr. Stout is an enthusiastic bird-watcher and amateur ornithologist, who is an authority on shorebirds.

Mr. Stout's successor, the incumbent, has a passion for natural history in all its phases. He is overwhelmingly curious about birds and insects, and he is also knowledgeable about plants, fossils, geology, and all kinds of animals. He is largely self-educated in these fields. Although he presides over a staff, or faculty, of a hundred and thirty-one Ph.D.s at the Museum (many of its curators and research associates also hold appointments at Columbia, New York University, and such), he is not a doctor himself; the only scientific course he ever took was an undergraduate one in entomology at Harvard. He has read extensively about nature (he is a slow but voracious reader), and he has studied it, by observation, in many parts of the world, including the Gaspé Peninsula (gannets, fossil fish), the Westman Islands, off Iceland (skuas, puffins, and volcanoes), the Adirondacks (barred owls and pitcher plants), and especially South America. He has made fourteen trips to Argentina, three of them to Patagonia in the company of William G. Conway, the Zoo's director. There the two men observed, and took thousands of feet of film of, sea lions, elephant seals, cormorants, Magellanic penguins, black-necked swans, roseate spoonbills, and a vast number of other birds. In the nineteen-sixties, they put together a movie of Argentine wildlife, with a Spanish sound track, that has been shown on Argentine television and used in schools there. In this country, under the title "From the Pampas to Patagonia," it has been exhibited, with an English sound track and with Conway as narrator, at the annual members' meeting of the Zoo.

Goelet has collected bees for the

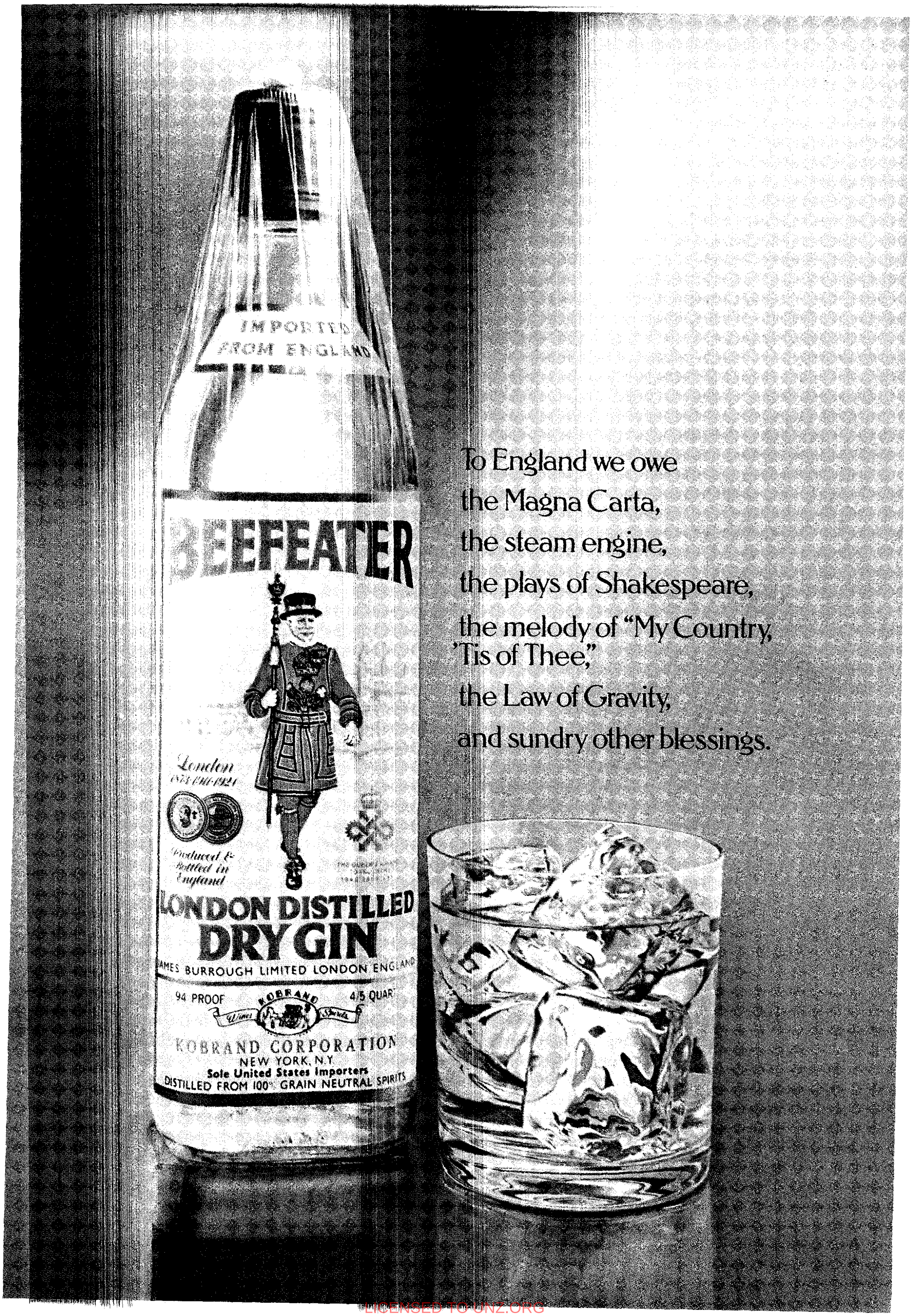
"It makes me nervous to watch shows where you have to worry about whether or not they're popular enough to survive."

• •

Museum of Natural History on some islands off the coast of Colombia, and he has supplied the Zoo with bullfrogs and painted turtles for its ponds and streams, mosses and ferns for its World of Birds, and shells for the beach scene in its Aquatic Bird House. As an Audubon Society director for eighteen years, he surveyed the Society's sanctuaries in Maine, Texas, Florida, California, South Carolina, and elsewhere. Some of his friends look on him as a scientist manqué, but the generality of his interests would probably have kept him from becoming a professional in the highly specialized world of natural science. (Dr. Frederick H. Rindge, of the American Museum's Department of Entomology and custodian of its immense study collections of lepidoptera, has devoted a lifetime to the revision and overall classification of the genera of the New World geometrids, a family of medium-sized moths whose caterpillar is the measuring worm, or looper.) A large portion of the library in Goelet's house on Sutton Place is given over to the literature of natural history—including complete runs of *The Ibis* and *The Auk*, ornithological journals first published in 1859 in London and in 1884 in New York, respectively—but he has not contributed to this literature himself. No monographs bear his signature, no birds or beasts have been named after him, and his time, on the whole, has been spent less in the field than in the Park Avenue offices of the Goelet Estate, whose collections contain such choice pieces of real estate as the land under the Lever Building, on Park Avenue, and the square block on Forty-second Street between Lexington and Third. In 1956, after five years of negotiation, this latter property, then a hodgepodge of small restaurants, bars, and nondescript buildings, was turned into a building of one million three hundred thousand square feet—ranking, in space, third in the city—and eventually leased to the Mobil Oil Corporation. The Goelet Estate, which is run by Robert, his brother Frank (Francis), and Mr. Anonymous, a senior partner in Shearman & Sterling, the Goelets' lawyers since 1902, does not rent property idly. "The Estate agreed to give us a leasehold for sixty years if we would give them the right sort of building, if we could get it financed, and if we would fill it with the right sort of tenants," the builder has said. "Very choosy, the Goelets." Goelet terrain also abounds in the Lincoln Center area and points east, west, north, and south. "I tried to persuade Bobby to become a working ornithologist or entomologist years ago," an old friend of his has said, "but I think his being a Goelet interfered."

ALL right, what is a Goelet? A Goelet (pronounced "G'lett") is a descendant of Jacobus Goelet, who came to New York from Amsterdam in 1676, when he was ten years old. Jacobus's family were French Huguenots who had emigrated from La Rochelle in 1621. An only child, he was brought here by his widowed father, Francis, who placed him in the care of Frederick Philipse (whose family had brought *him* here from Holland in 1647, and who had prospered in the slave-importation business and in speculation in wampum) while Francis returned to Amsterdam to wind up his affairs there. Francis was never heard of again; presumably he was lost in a shipwreck. "Jacob became a schoolteacher and a seller of Bibles," Robert Goelet says. "I think in Holland the family sold quills." Jacob had a book-and-stationery shop, The Sign of the Bible, in what is now Hanover Square. One of his twelve grandchildren (four of whom died in infancy), Peter, had a hardware shop in Hanover Square; he was Robert G.'s great-great-great-grandfather, and he laid the foundations of the family affluence. "The Astors, Goelets, Schermerhorns, and Rhinelanders in New York had had the good fortune in the early nineteenth century to hitch their family carriages to the rising star of Manhattan real estate," Dixon Wecter writes in "The Saga of American Society," and he continues:

> The Goelets . . . derive from Peter Goelet, ironmonger during and after the Revolution, who also had the good judgment to buy several acres on what were then the northern fringes of the young city. He had two sons, Peter and Robert, who alike married daughters of a rich Scotch merchant of New York and director of the United States Bank, Thomas Buchanan. These Goelets became a byword for parsimony, and transmitted



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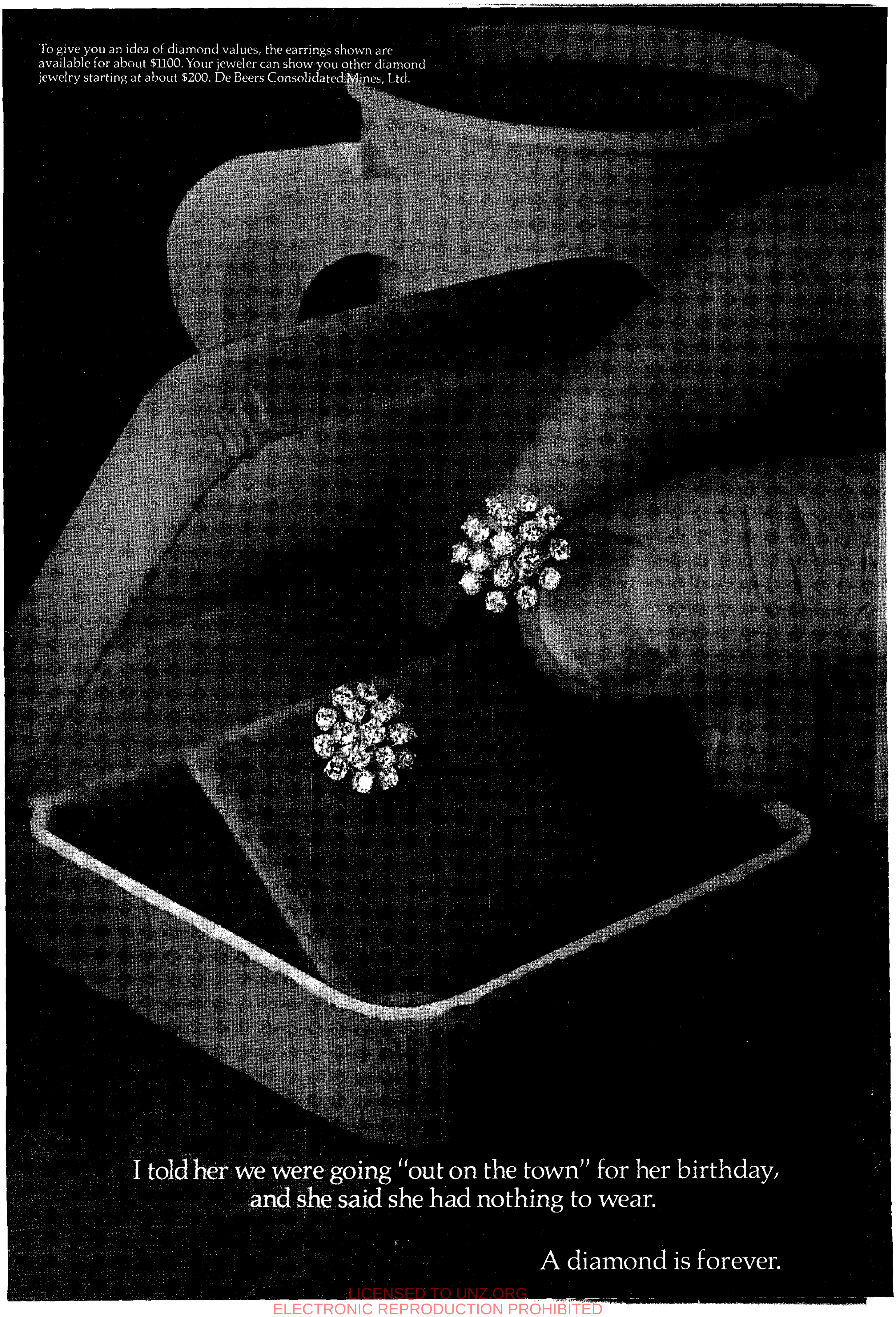

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I told her we were going "out on the town" for her birthday, and she said she had nothing to wear.

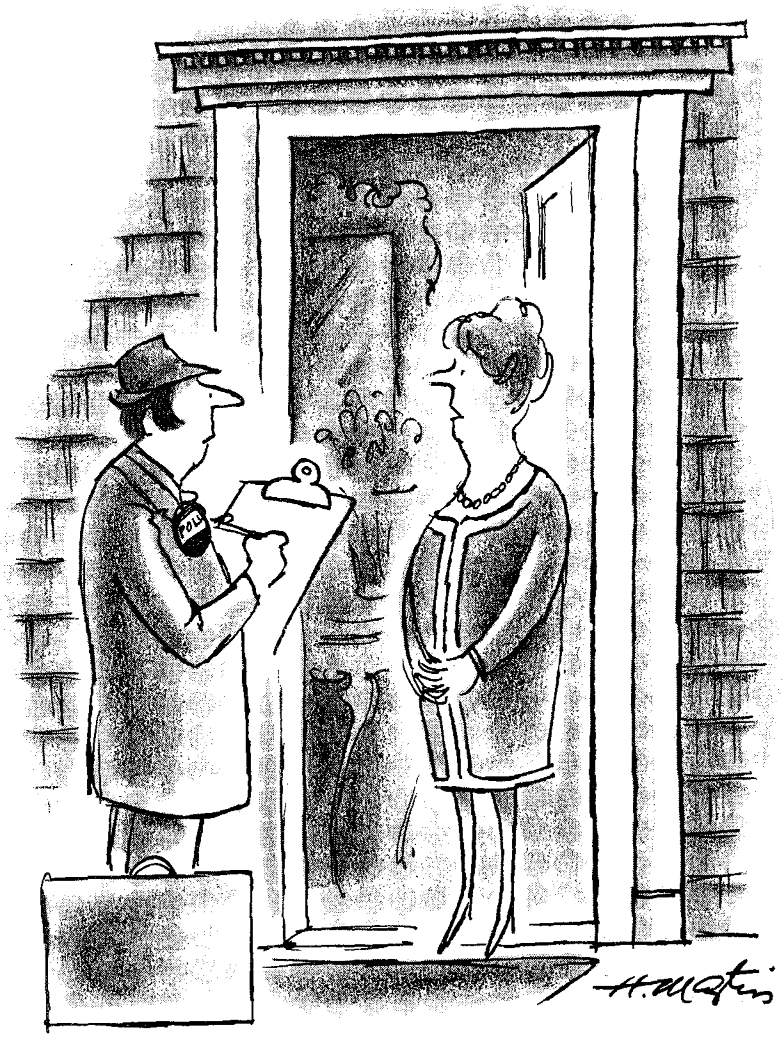
their habits to the third generation—even though from 1850 to 1870, with the great migration uptown, their tract of land reaching from the present Union Square to 47th Street and Fifth Avenue advanced their fortune to well over a hundred million. This [third] generation consisted of Peter, a bachelor who died in 1879 at the age of seventy-nine, who had mended his own clothes, saved the backs of envelopes for his stationery, kept a cow which he milked with his own hands, but allowed himself the sole extravagance of buying and breeding exotic birds, such as peacocks, pheasants, and storks; and his younger brother Robert, whose two sons, Robert and Ogden, born in 1841 and 1846 respectively, received all the colossal inheritance. They at last welcomed the social tradition, ordered steam yachts, sent their sons to Harvard, and began to entertain at Newport. The two branches of the family are now represented [the Wecter book was published in 1937] by Robert Goelet, director of many corporations and cousin of younger Vanderbilts . . . and by Robert Walton Goelet [this would be our Robert Goelet's father], owner of railroads, hotels, and real estate, who in 1921 married Anne Marie Guestier, heiress of the famous wine-makers of France.

The day after the peacock-breeding Peter's death, the *Times* wrote:

> The family from which Mr. Goelet sprung was one of the oldest and most respected in the City. For 160 years it has produced cautious, conservative businessmen, frugal and industrious in their habits, and preferring the slow and steady accumulation of solid wealth to the glittering fantasies of speculation. It was never known of a Goelet that he invested his honestly earned profits in a questionable or unsafe enterprise, and the result has been the amassing by steady, methodical steps of one of the largest fortunes in America.

Small wonder that the roseate spoonbills and the bees have been runners-up to the investment of honestly earned profits by today's Robert Goelet! The eldest of Robert Walton's three sons—the youngest is John, and they have a sister, Beatrice (Mrs. Hayward F. Manice)—he is president and director of the Goelet Realty Company; vice-president and a director of the Goelet Estate Company; chairman of the board of the Rhode Island Corporation, a family holding company; and the fifth Goelet on the board of the Chemical Bank, which was co-founded by the cow-milking Peter in 1824. He is a cousin of the tenth Duke of Roxburghe and other titled folk, and he is connected with Gallatins and Gerrys, but he is not given to tribal—or economic—boasts. "We're all descended from a ten-year-old kid," he says. "We still have real estate, but in a small way. My father died when I was seventeen, and we had to sell a lot of property to pay the inheritance taxes. He left the Ritz to Harvard [Mr. Goelet owned not only the Ritz-Carlton's land but the hotel itself, which he built in 1907, at a cost of five million dollars], and his executors sold the Racquet and Tennis Club to the club. [Goelet joined the Racquet when he was twenty-one, and he also belongs to the Links and the Brook. "I belong to the Racquet because they have a barber," he says. "The Brook is near at hand, and I use the Links for business."] My father was bequeathed the Fulton Fish Market, but we sold it to the South Street Seaport. Basically, we still have four or five pieces, which we let out on ground leases, with escalating renewal clauses that allow for changes in the real-estate market. And we have some stocks and bonds."

Goelet, whose preferred adjective for the family fortune is "respectable," spends a good many hours every week attending to this respectability in an office that employs fifteen people. His career as a Goelet has long kept him in town most of the year, but this urban tether has not diminished his concern with Mother Nature. On Sutton Place he lives in a double house, forty feet wide, that looks out on the East River across a lawn and garden shared by the other residents on the block. The garden contains a venerable plane tree, a couple of crab-apple trees, a smattering of hawthorn, and so on. The house was originally two houses, which were remodelled and conjoined by the late Page Cross. There was a difference in their floor levels that sometimes ran to seven feet, and the business of putting them together took four years; each of the now united structures has its own kitchen, elevator, stairway, and air-conditioning plant. French windows in the double-width dining room of this marvel, which looks deceptively small from the outside (since each house has a different façade and its own entrance), open onto the community garden; the effect is that of a country place. A few years ago, Dean Amadon, the senior ornithologist at the American Museum, spotted four different species of woodpecker there, and Goelet has seen a pheasant in the grass, which he thinks came from



"In our view, the rapid pace of events on both the domestic and the international scene and the continuing uncertainty of the economic climate preclude any expression of voter preference at this particular time. I will say this, however. Both my husband and I will continue to monitor developments across the entire political spectrum, and we look forward confidently to rendering a fair and equitable judgment in November."

Rikers Island. Nature also beckons to him in more unlikely sections of the city. "I saw a black-and-white warbler flying by my office window this morning," he told a luncheon guest the other day. "I saw a luna moth on Seventieth Street two years ago, and I once saw a duck hawk trying to catch a pigeon in the middle of Park Avenue. Duck hawks used to nest on some of the top ledges of the St. Regis Hotel. I've flushed a woodcock in an excavation on Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue—a site that used to be part of the Buchanan property—and on foggy fall nights I like to go up to the top of the Empire State Building; you hear those migrating birds way up above. I like to hear the cries of birds above the hum of traffic. When I first came to live in New York, after college, in 1947, to go to work for the Estate, you could still see bald eagles flying over the Palisades. I recently counted ninety-six canvasbacks flying up the Hudson. There's been an incredible explosion of herring gulls. They're now really a plague, muscling out the terns. The increase in gulls is the result of poor garbage disposal. Conversely, the strike of the fishermen in Gloucester a while back caused the population of gulls there to drop incredibly. I've seen whales off Long Island, and, of course, in Stilton cheese you see the tunnels made by cheese skippers, the larvae of the cheese fly.

"I have a weakness for insects," Mr. Goelet continued, as his Spanish butler passed a selection of wormless cheeses. "I even welcome, in a way, the dermestid beetles you find under carpets. I like the way houseflies buzz around. Delightfully disgusting. It's really too bad how most people swat things without waiting to see what they are. Some years ago, in the safe-deposit vaults of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust, where I was attending to some bonds, a flea lit on the back of my hand. I asked the guard if a dog had been there, and he said yes, a very rich lady had been down there cutting coupons." Goelet has a strong interest in parasites, which started when he began to study the fleas that batten on the occupants of birds' nests.

Goelet's middle initial stands for Guestier, which he pronounces in the French fashion. "My mother's family were in partnership with the Bartons, down the pike," he says. "From the late seventeen-hundreds on. Barton & Guestier. Wine merchants. My Bordeaux uncles were still running the business after the Second World War, but now the firm is part of the Sea-

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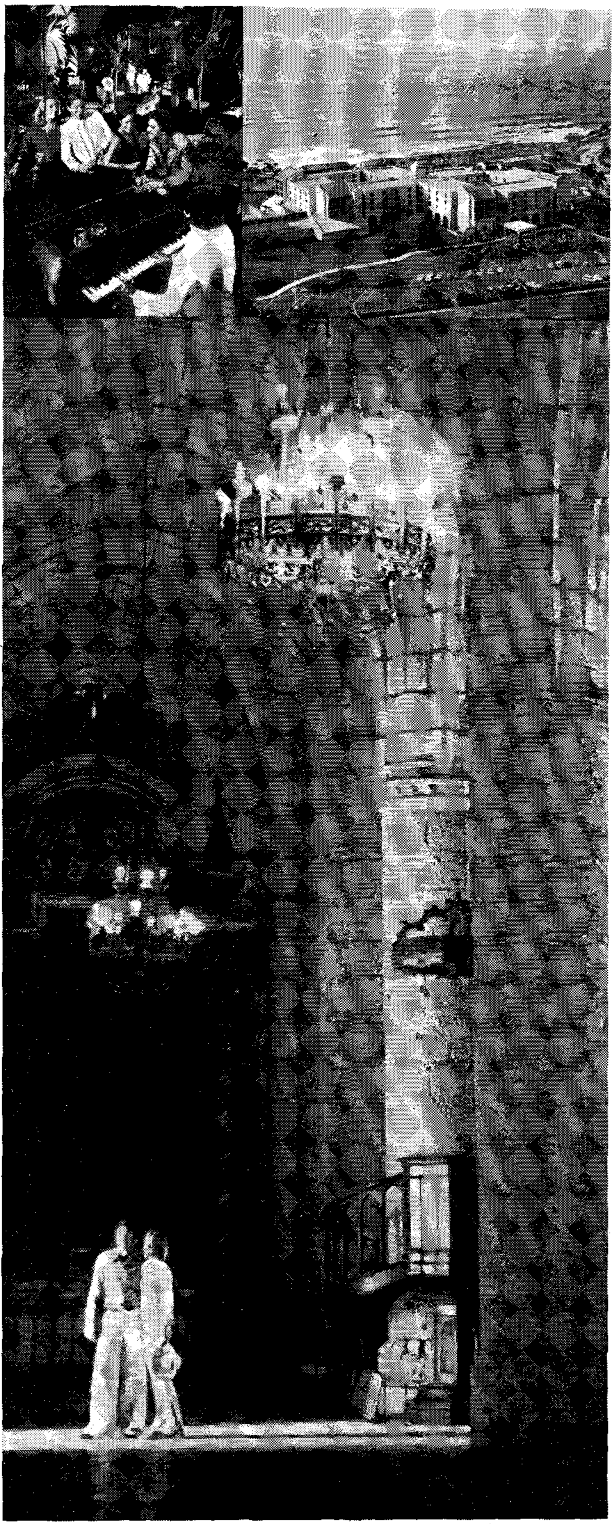

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gram outfit. The business used to be very good. I think my uncles made a terrible mistake. They tried to straddle between good wines and blended wines. Really a shame. I tried to dissuade them, but they paid no attention to me—I was too young. Now the firm is selling blended wines. I have a slight wine cellar. I'd rather drink white, unless it's a very good red. I keep trying out new white wines. But I'm just as happy out hiking with a sandwich."

Goelet likes to hike along Jones Beach and the beaches of Robert Moses State Park, off season, and around Palisades Park and Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park. Two of his friends, the Constantine Sidamon-Eristoffs (she is a vice-president of the Museum and a sister of Howard Phipps, Jr., who succeeded Goelet as head of the Zoo), have a country place in the vicinity, near Highland Falls, and Goelet sometimes stays with them weekends. "An hour from New York and you're out in the wilds," he says. "A quilted jacket and a picnic lunch—sandwiches, a bottle of wine, and an adequate supply of salt. A whole day hiking and looking at birds. It really does recharge the batteries." He drives to these regenerations, and others farther afield, such as the Gaspé and the Adirondacks, in a seasoned Mercedes, whose trunk contains a folding boat, paddles, flippers, a wet-suit, snowshoes, an axe, a pick, a shovel, a winch, boxes of signal flares, hip boots, and half a dozen pairs of sneakers.

The well-equipped hiker is a tall, slender, brown-eyed, brown-haired, clean-shaven, conservatively tailored man with an alert, inquiring expression behind very large round eyeglasses. For fifty-two years, he was a bachelor. "If you don't have a family, you have more time for your interests," he said three or four months ago, but last month he married Alexandra Gardiner Creel, a divorcée whose family owns Gardiners Island. Mrs. Goelet, who has a master's degree from the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, shares her husband's interest in natural history, and once found a luna-moth cocoon, which isn't easy, as the winter quarters of this great saturniid, a thin and papery shelter spun among tree foliage, falls to the ground and is generally hidden by dead leaves. Goelet does not go in for small talk, and he tends to be sparing of words when not with old friends or with people who share his interests. In the company of the latter, he is given to a kind of freemasonry. At the Zoo, which he used to visit frequently, sometimes go-

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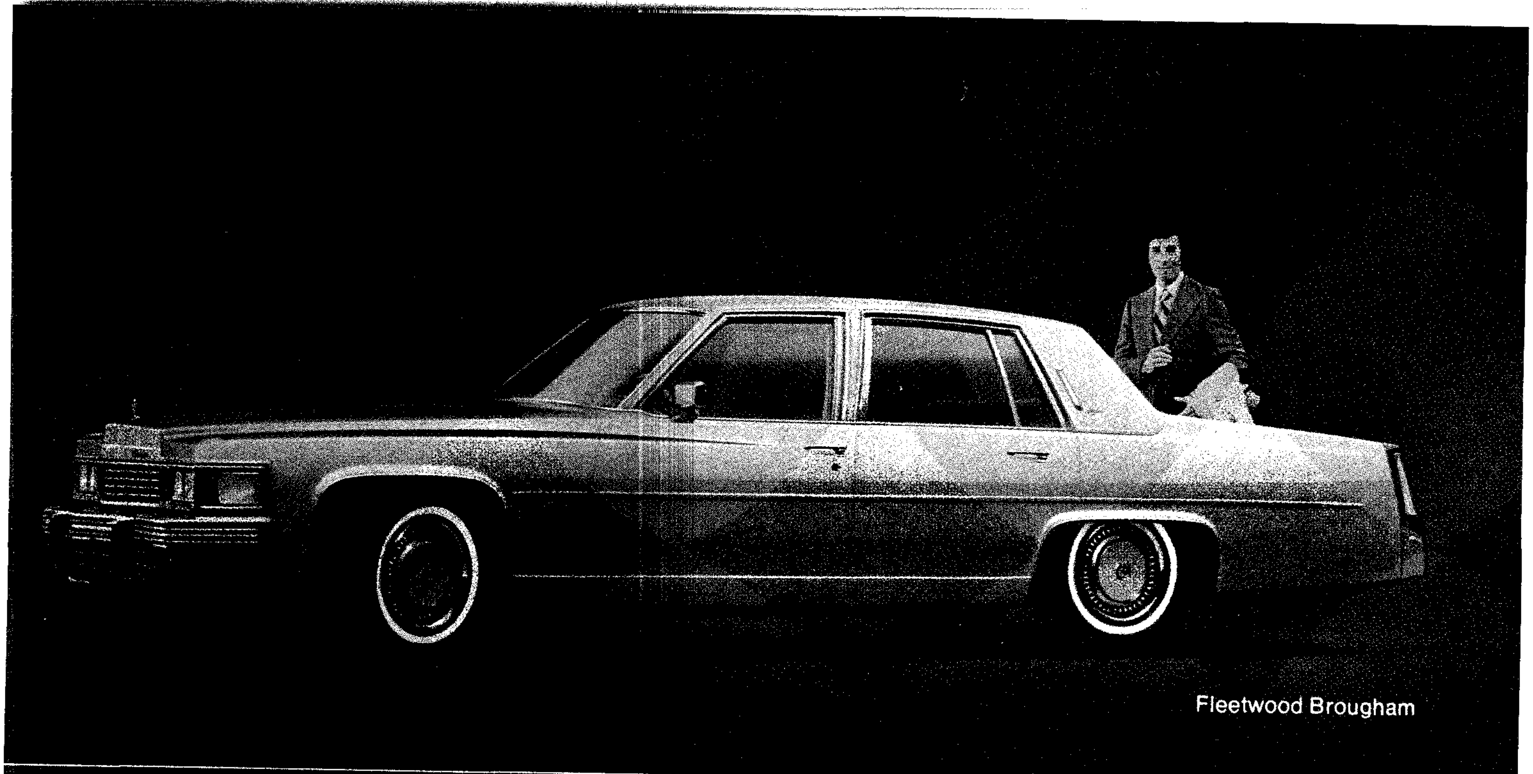
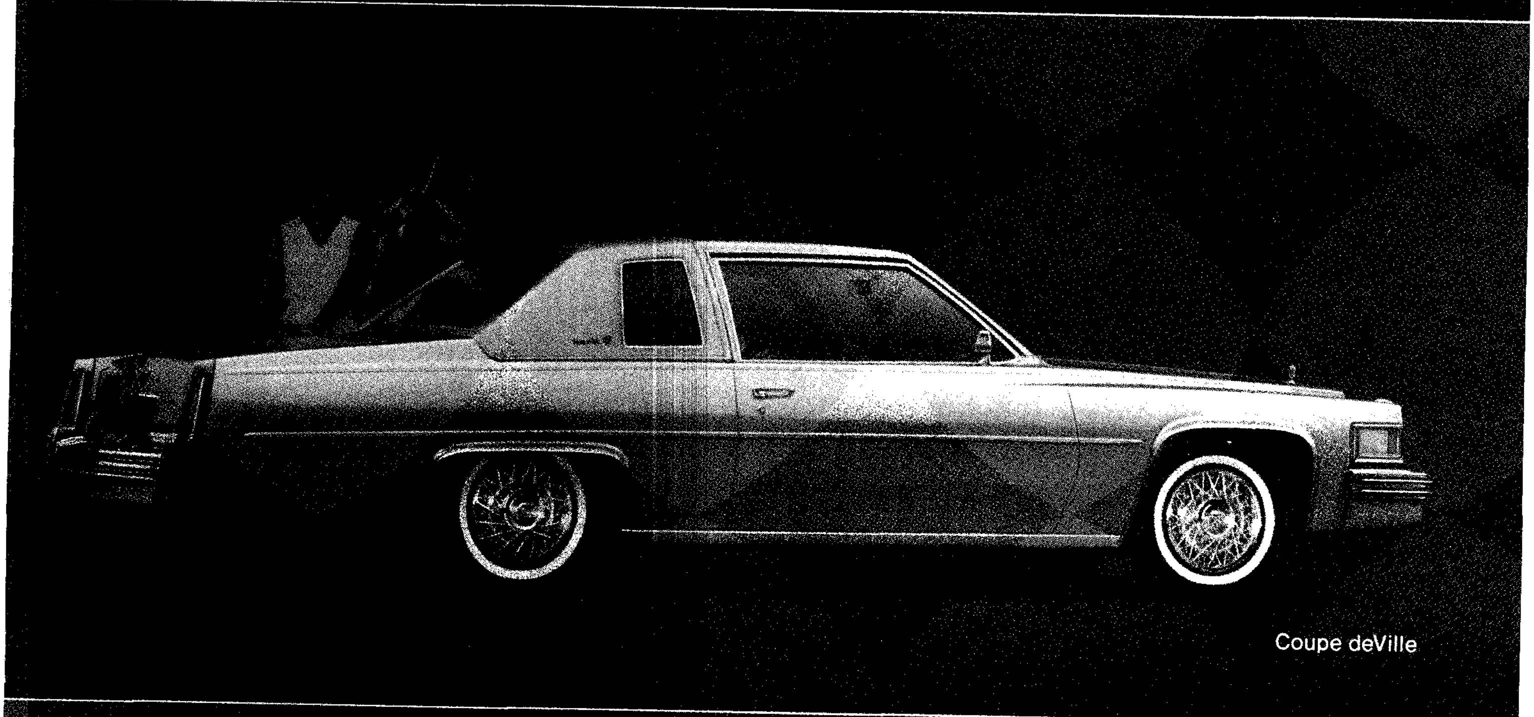


Fleetwood Brougham



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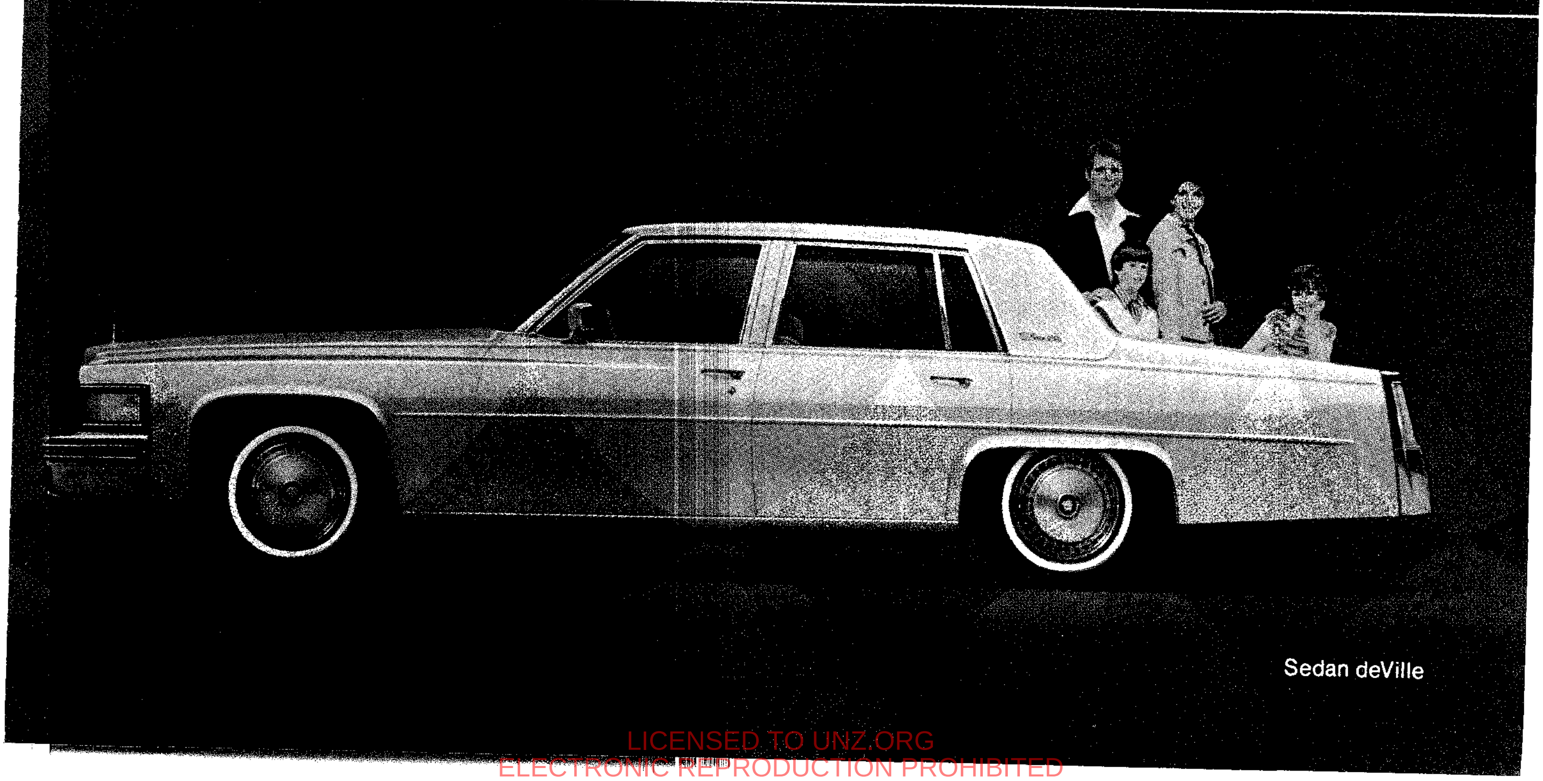
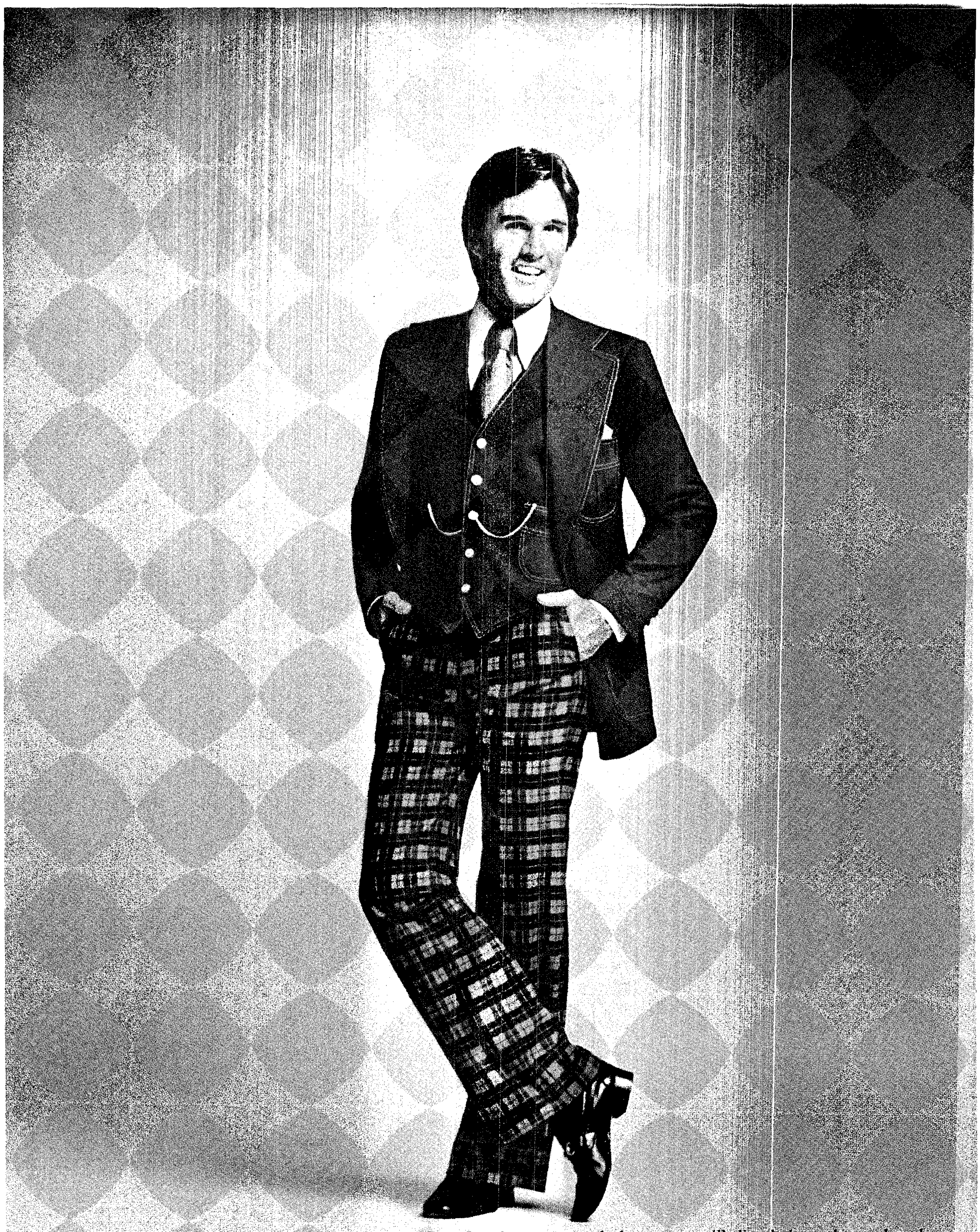


Sedan deVille



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ing there alone on a Sunday, he would strike up conversations with other tourists. He sometimes took them behind the scenes, to their astonishment, since they didn't know who he was. His interests, besides natural history and an odd enthusiasm for the works of E. Phillips Oppenheim (his shelves contain a hundred and thirty Oppenheim novels, and he sometimes hunts for the missing twenty or thirty in secondhand-book shops here and in London), include early New York history, early New York engravings, early New York silver, Colonial architecture, and blue-and-white Canton china. He is a connoisseur of silver and prints, and has given many examples to the New-York Historical Society, of which he has been a trustee since 1961 and president since 1972. "The Society is one of the neatest and tidiest places in town," he says. "We used to have an adequate endowment, but we're no longer rich. In the museum world today, you've simply got to go out and raise the scratch." The French Institute, a Franco-American-friendship body that gives courses in French for adults and is the coördinating agency for Alliances Françaises all over the country, is also, in a way, a legacy from Goelet's father, whose trustee friends persuaded the son to go on the board in 1951; he rose, Goelet-like, to the presidency. "Not exactly my bag, I must admit," he says, "but a worthwhile job."

Goelet has a rather old-fashioned, reserved manner, with an underlying sociability. He is given to bursts of irreverence that may take the form of mimicry or impersonation. "He will suddenly be a Spaniard on the telephone," a friend has said. "Once when he was staying at my house in the country, someone called up whom I wanted to avoid. Bobby took the call. He was the perfect French butler. 'Monsieur is on ze road. . . . He may never be back.' He'll call you up and you think you've got the Chinese laundry. You can't be stuffy with Bobby."

Goelet does not permit his high spirits to evaporate on state occasions. His brand of humor often discomfits—nay, tends to alienate—his more conservative fellow-trustees. Some of them are getting used to it, but not many. Some feel that he is improving, but this is probably wishful thinking. He, in turn, is sometimes bored by their speeches, and does not hesitate to tell them so. Last spring, at a black-tie, champagne New-York Historical Society event, he got up and said, in a hoarse, sinusy voice, "I will be neces-

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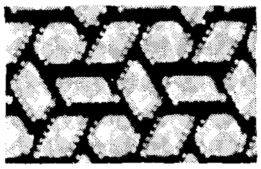
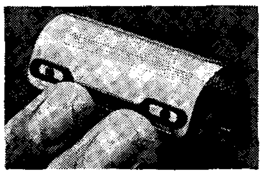
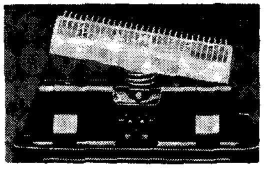


Foil thinness.

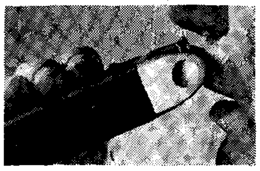


2 It's what determines how close a shave you get. And the Eltron 660 shaver provides extreme closeness. Because it has the thinnest electro-formed foil imaginable. Yet it is miraculously strong and flexible.

Cutter block.
3 Thirty-six hardened steel blades are set at a special angle to remove whiskers effortlessly. The cutter block is mounted on springs to follow the contours of your face.



Narrow shaving head.
4 The thinner the shaving head, the easier to get up under the nose and around the lips and chin. And the Eltron 660 shaver has the narrowest foil shaving head you can buy. And almost the entire head can shave you at any angle because the super thin foil is curved tightly around the cutter blades.



Quality.
5 The Eltron 660 shaver and its elegant traveling companion, the cordless rechargeable Eltron Intercontinental, have a full 3 year warranty.

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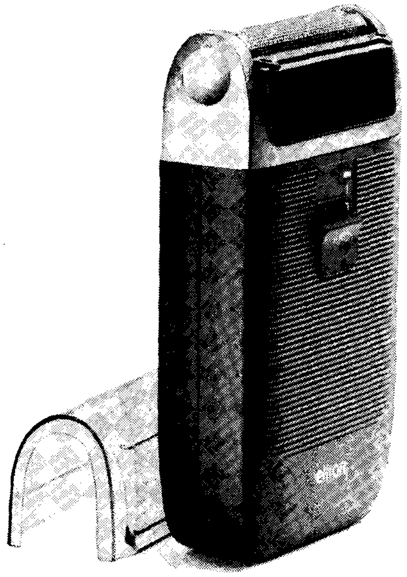

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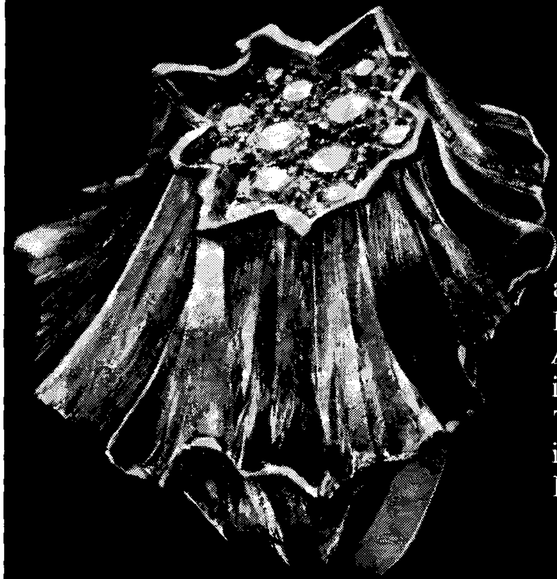

where artistry transforms a ring into an 18-karat gold volcano. Appropriately, erupting into a field of diamonds. The ring, $1240. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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sarily brief. My nose-and-throat man is here, and he has advised voice rest. On May 1st, Jim Heslin [Dr. James J. Heslin, the Society's skillful director] will celebrate his twenty years with the New-York Historical Society. We were going to give him a gold watch, but it got hocked." He then sat down, in a rather large silence. Despite this sort of thing, his manners are noticeably good. There is something of the well-behaved little boy about him. He holds doors open for women, and at social functions, either as host or guest, he sees to it that their drinks are kept filled. "I rather enjoy dinner parties," he says. "Not charity benefits. Not the cocktail-party circuit—I'd rather cut my throat." For years, he has had a resourceful and imaginative cook, the wife of his butler, and as a bachelor he would give a dinner party every week or so—from eight or ten people up to sixty or seventy. For big affairs, he generally borrowed a bartender from the Racquet Club, and his manservant would recruit a platoon of waiters from among his Hispanic friends. "Bob has always entertained beautifully," a regular at these occasions has said. "A constant stream of Argentines and Colombians and visitors from France. Many of them naturalists." Mrs. Goelet is a charming and easy hostess, and their friends expect the dinner parties to continue. To celebrate their marriage, which took place quietly on Gardiners Island, the new couple gave a dinner party on Sutton Place for a hundred and ten people. The dining room was expanded by a tent on the lawn.

GOELET was born in France—in Amblainville, near Méru—at a family shooting place called Sandricourt, which comprises a respectable château and ten thousand acres. His father, who in a more relaxed era listed himself as "Capitalist" in *Who's Who in New York* and who is listed as a financier in the *National Cyclopædia of American Biography*, lived in a style that is virtually unknown today. Houseguests at Sandricourt were driven to the shoots in two charabancs, one pulled by four white horses, one pulled by four black horses; the beaters were conveyed in trucks; birds fell by the thousand. A shoot was preceded by an early, lavish lunch, and was followed by champagne and sandwiches and—after an interval for hot baths and a change of clothes—by a late, lavish dinner. Goelet *père* also maintained a house in Paris; a fishing camp

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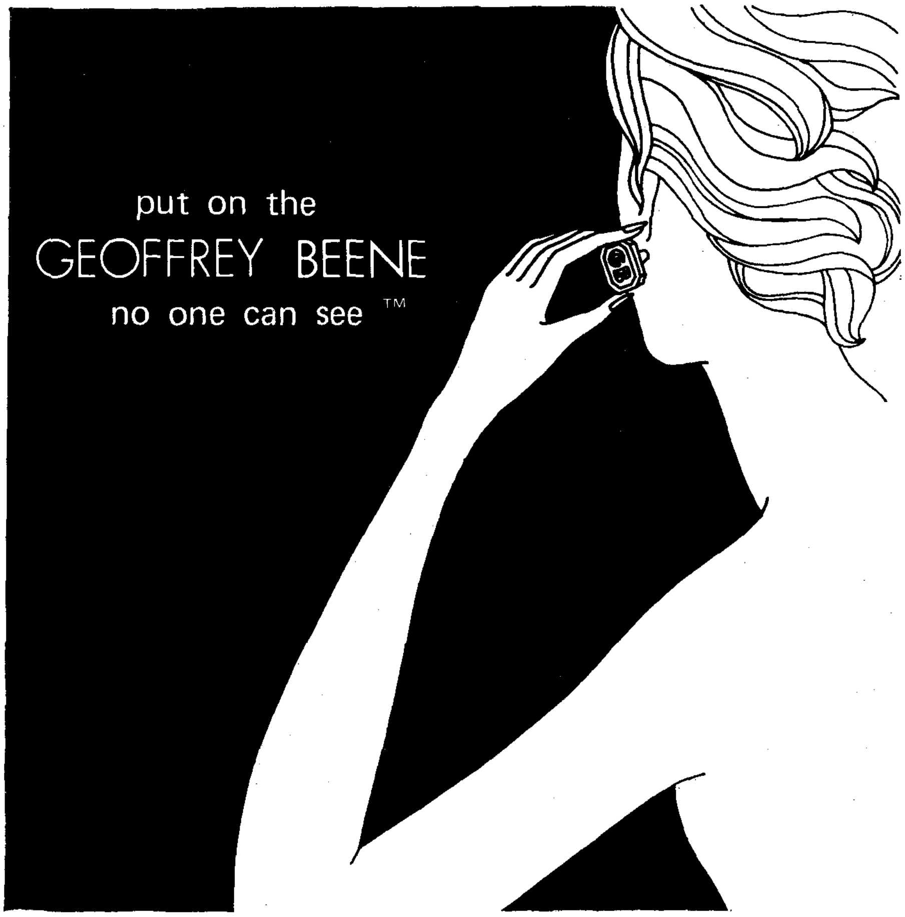
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on the Restigouche River, in New Brunswick; a Stanford White "cottage" in Newport, which someone once described as "the biggest example of bastard Edwardian in the country;" and a house at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. He ran the family estate mostly from afar. "Father compressed his business activities into short periods," his son says. "He did more on the telephone than most men do in their offices. He spent the greater part of the year shooting a variety of things. He shot quail in the spring at a couple of clubs in South Carolina and Georgia. Then to New York and work for six weeks. After that, salmon fishing on the Restigouche. Then he'd spend some time in Newport, with my mother and the children. He went chamois shooting near Innsbruck, in Austria; grouse shooting on a rented moor in Scotland; and partridge and pheasant shooting in France, on our place. That is what he liked to do, and that is what he did. A whole group of his friends did the same thing. He had a steam yacht, the Nahma, which he gave to the government in the First World War, so I never saw it."

Robert did some shooting at Sandricourt when he was eight, nine, and ten years old, after which he gave it up for good. He was sent to boarding school in Normandy, three miles from the Château de Clères, where he used to visit the château's proprietor, Jean Delacour, and his famous bird-and-animal park. Delacour, who, as a research associate in ornithology, has for thirty-three years had a room at the American Museum, which he uses several months a year, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday here last month; Goelet gave a dinner party for him. "As children," Goelet says, "when our parents were in America, my sister and brothers and I would sometimes stay in Bordeaux, where our Guestier grandmother had a house. I still have a number of first cousins in Bordeaux." His family brought him to the United States when he was twelve. He went to the Brooks School, in Massachusetts, and spent six years there before Harvard. He occasionally wonders what effect his European upbringing had on him, and has come to the conclusion that its most notable effect is that he has never seen, or had the urge to see, a baseball game.

Pearl Harbor was attacked soon after he got to college, and at the end of his sophomore year he joined the Navy air force. "I had a tour of the United States at the expense of the taxpayer," he says. "I collected insects

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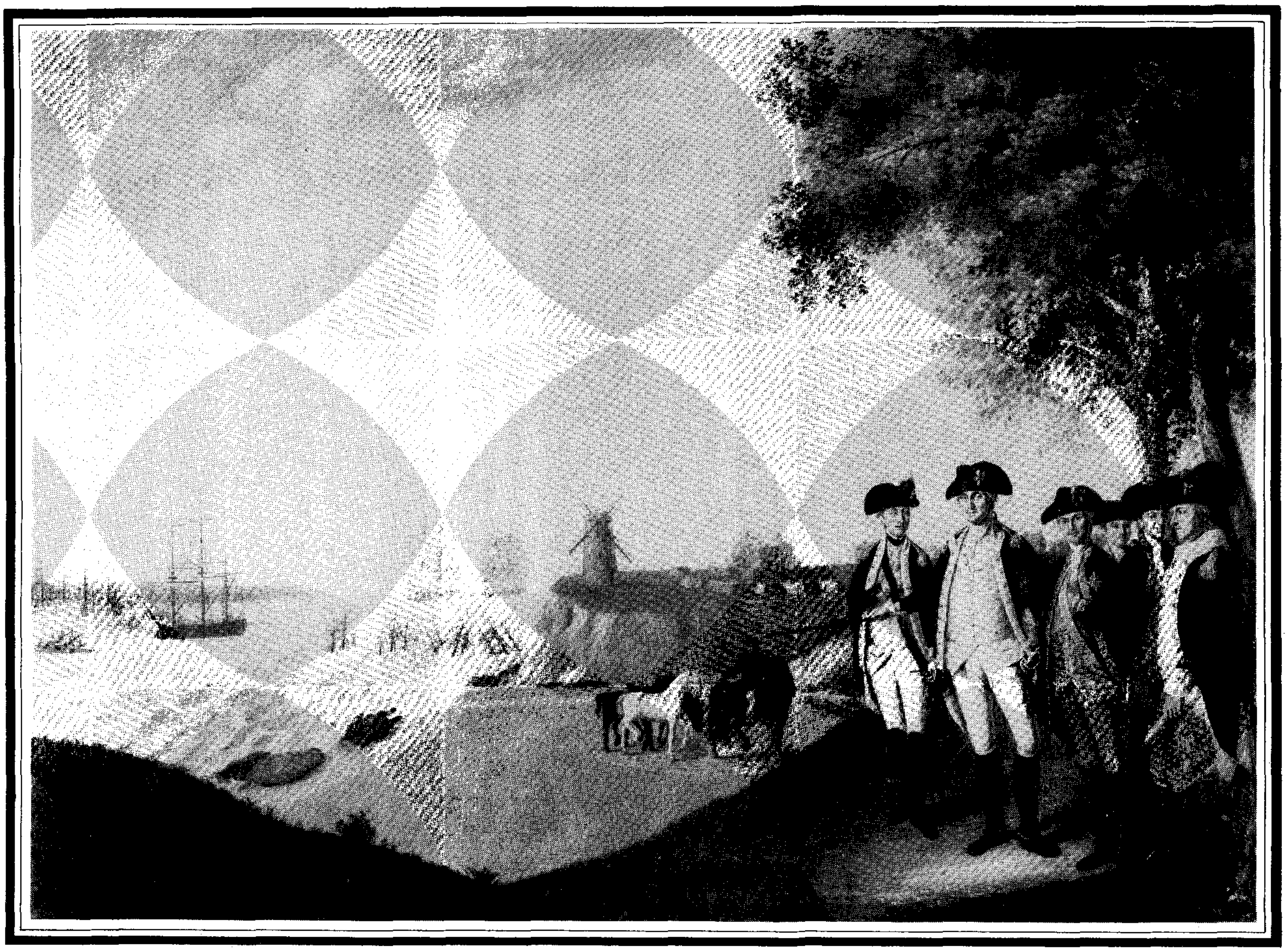

In June this year in London, Christie's auctioned this fine painting by James Peale of Washington and his Generals at Yorktown, 1781 for £180,000 ($320,220). This was an auction record price for a work by an American artist.

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in Corpus Christi, Texas, and Jacksonville, Florida, where I flew dive-bombers. Ichneumons, wasps, and mantispids, which are like mantises but with solid, rather than folding, wings. Unfortunately, a mouse got to them." He ended up in a replacement center in Michigan, and in 1946 returned to Harvard for a year, to graduate. His subsequent career as a working Goelet was brightened by his extra-business concerns. "I gradually drifted into the Audubon, the Zoo, and the American Museum," he says. He drifted onto the Zoological board through real estate. "I used to visit the Zoo periodically. I found there was no place to park my car, so I spoke to a man on the board. I volunteered the services of some people who were running a couple of parking lots for us. They helped improve parking at the Zoo. I backed into the board through parking lots, like the club member who complains about food and gets on the House Committee. Fair Osborn was president of the Zoo. I'd disagree with him about things. I told him the Zoo was badly in need of overhaul and on the verge of obsolescence. I said he needed to go out on a fund drive. I felt he was too involved with the Conservation Foundation [Osborn was also president of this] to do complete justice to the Zoo. Money that might have gone to the Zoo was going to Conservation."

Fairfield Osborn eventually went out on a fund drive (for the Zoo) in 1961. One morning during its early planning stages, he called up Goelet. "I need a pacesetting gift," he said. "I'd like you to give it."

GOELET: How much do you have in mind?

OSBORN: I'd be very disappointed if it were small.

GOELET: What is small?

OSBORN: Well, twenty-five or thirty-five thousand.

GOELET: Mmm.

The next morning, Goelet picked up the telephone and pledged one hundred thousand dollars.

Goelet's exposure to the flora and fauna of South America started with a 1946 visit to the farm near Bogotá of a Colombian brother-in-law of one of his French cousins. Presently, during trips of five or six weeks that generally took place over the Christmas and New Year's holidays, "when there's no business in New York anyway," he came to concentrate on Argentina. He familiarized himself with many of the seven hundred and fifty kinds of local birds, partly by looking at their skins in museums and partly by looking at *them*, and he picked up a kind of schoolboy Spanish. He made a lot of friends, many of them owners of *estancias*. His favorite region was Patagonia, despite its heavy population of sheep. One of the few animals Goelet doesn't like is the sheep. He is convinced that sheep are stupid. "Every time a plane flies over them, no matter how often, they panic," he says. "They have a short memory." He introduced Conway, who, though director of the Zoo, is basically an ornithologist, to the avian pleasures of Patagonia; their three joint trips took place in 1960, 1964, and 1969. "Many of the places Bill Conway and I went to had the great charm of being unattractive to tourists," Goelet said recently. "There is something terribly moving about Patagonia. Fossil bones are just weathering out of the ground there. I have a weakness for fossils. You can drive three hundred kilometres in a day without seeing another human being. We travelled with our own tents and cooking stoves. Some of the places we went are being ruined for wildlife. Natural habitats are being destroyed. Deserts are being created in all the Central American countries. Tropical rain forests are being chopped down to raise one or two crops of corn on soil that is then washed away by the rains. An appalling thing to see. The charm of Argentina is to me like the charm of the West to many Americans. I don't go to Argentina anymore. I haven't been there for seven years. The political situation has added to the uncertainties of travel."

The director of the Zoo is a great Goelet fan. "I got to know him in 1956, when I was curator of birds," Conway has said. "Bobby was a trustee. He had a serious interest in birds. In 1958, I wanted to go to a conference of the International Council for Bird Preservation in Helsinki. It was an expensive trip, and the Zoo didn't have any money for it. Fair Osborn mentioned it to Bobby one day at a meeting here, and when he got home he found a check from Goelet for seven hundred and fifty dollars in a pocket of his jacket. Bobby and I began going on hikes together, in the Catskills and in the marshes of Long Island, looking at birds. We once covered fifteen miles in Harriman State Park; Bob has no trouble keeping up. In 1960, I returned from Argentina, where I'd made a movie with the National Geographic Society. Bobby asked me to go back and help him with a movie he'd started on Argentine wildlife. We went down together. I found that

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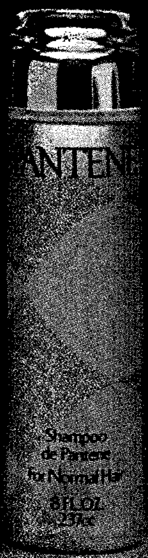

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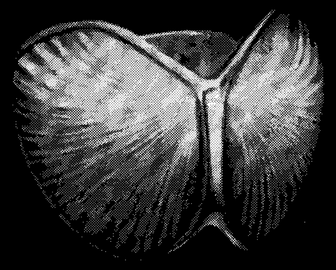
he had an enormously broad circle of friends there, whose *estancias* were made available to us. We went into the pampas and then south to the Lake Chascomús region, where we made movies of the marsh birds. Wildlife there was disappearing rapidly. We felt that a movie about it, in Spanish, could do a great deal to excite interest in it and help protect it. In six weeks, we drove ten thousand miles. The roads are dusty, hot, and treacherous. Bob would drive twelve to sixteen hours, with no relief. [A provincial-government official whom they met took pictures of them, which he subsequently sent along inscribed "To William G. Conway, Director of the New York Zoological Society, and his chauffeur."] At one point, following a road along a river, we ended up on a horse track. We were searching for torrent ducks. They can go up rapids. They can go right up a slow waterfall. We took movies of them. On Valdés Peninsula, we counted twelve hundred and thirty-eight elephant seals, some of them twenty-one feet long and weighing up to six thousand pounds. South, in Punta Tombo, in the province of Chubut, we found a colony of between five and six hundred thousand penguins. The colony was gradually being destroyed by human encroachment. Through Bob's contacts, we got in touch with government officials, and the place became a tourist center. On our second trip, the penguin colony, enlarged under protection, had grown to almost a million. Bobby is a good camper but a lousy cook. He doesn't mind discomfort. We lived out of cans. We sometimes lost track of time. One morning, Bobby got up early to go to Christmas Mass. [As a distaff Guestier, Goelet was brought up a Catholic.] He came back looking disappointed. The church was empty. No Mass. It was the wrong day. Christmas had been the day before." Goelet's indifference to discomfort is sometimes useful in New York. When his houses were being put together, he took a room in a hotel for what he thought would be a few months. The workmen were slow in finishing up, and he finally moved into the house with a sleeping bag. This seemed to expedite matters. "I shamed them into leaving," he says.

Goelet's mother, who has an apartment in the East Sixties and who summers at the Newport house, also has a home in Paris, and the John Goelets and their three sons live at Sandricourt. Mrs. Manice, who is married to a New York architect unaccountably



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*Scheduled for publication in 1977 by Harry N. Abrams Inc.

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842 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

known to his friends as Gump, has three girls and two boys, one of them named Robert Goelet, so R. G. Goelet is the uncle of eight, whose interests in the Estate he watches out for. He pops over to France every now and then to see his relatives, but the country of his youth is so changed that it no longer appeals to him. "Basically, I don't like to travel," Goelet says. "I like to stay two weeks and get the feel of a place. I can't stand living out of a suitcase and zooming past things. I like to go to areas that haven't been modified by man. European cities are too much the same." He and Frank, who is a bachelor, spend a couple of weeks every summer at the family camp on the Restigouche: two lodges connected by a breezeway—one consisting of a living room, dining room, and kitchen, and the other consisting of bedrooms—along with structures for guides, canoes, ice, wood, and so on. Robert doesn't fish much there. For one thing, as Mr. Anonymous, the family lawyer, who is a frequent guest, puts it, "he may waive his turn at one of the pools and give it to a guest who has been skunked three or four days in a row." For another, he prefers to go birding and insect collecting, to sit on the veranda and read about birds and insects, or to clear trails with an axe. He is an urbane and unflappable host. "I once turned over in my canoe with my guide," Mr. Anonymous recalls. "I asked the guide if he was all right, and he said no, he couldn't swim, so I pushed the canoe over to him. It wasn't such a big deal, but I was frozen when I got in. The first thing Bobby said was 'Did you save the rods?' That broke the tension."

For several years, the two New York brothers belonged to a syndicate that fished the Alta River, in Norway—"very swift; you fish from canoe-shaped rowboats with heavy flies, two or three inches long, that sink in the water. I got salmon up to thirty-nine pounds, not a record." And a few years ago they sampled an Icelandic river. More salmon. "A saga was written about the valley there," Goelet says. "You could see house sites dating back a thousand years. I found this rather touching, but the natives didn't seem interested." He and Conway have visited Trinidad for tropical birding in limestone caves, where birds make weird noises in the dark, and Goelet has inspected Tortuguero Beach, in Costa Rica, with Archie Carr, a Museum research associate who is trying to preserve the green turtle, and with James A. Oliver, then director of

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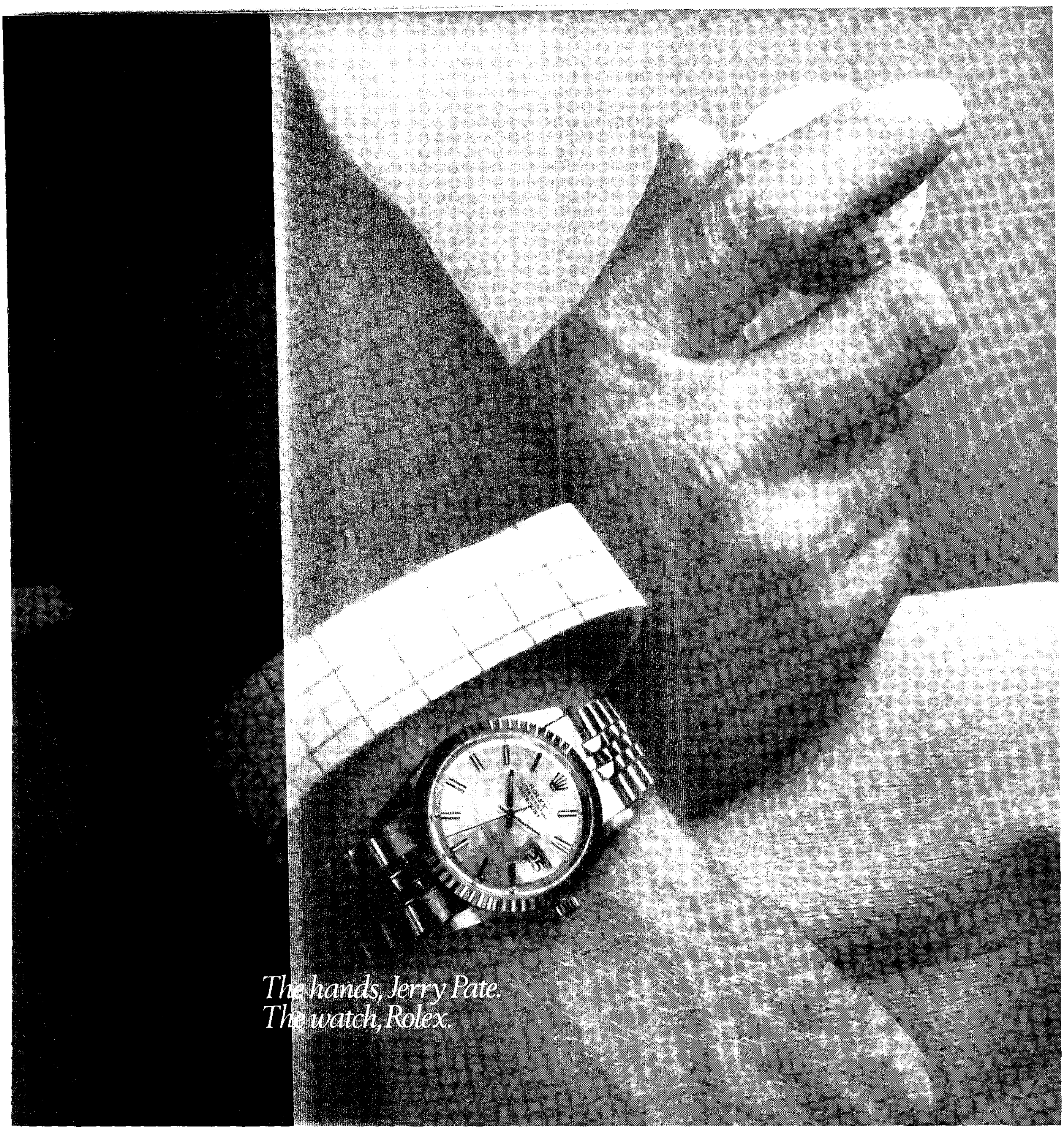

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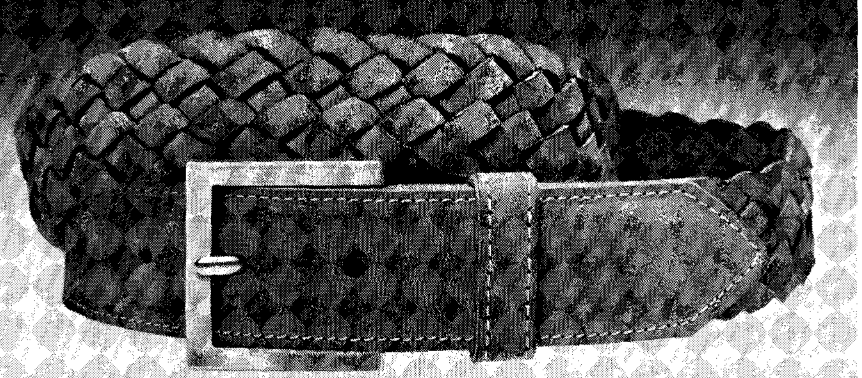

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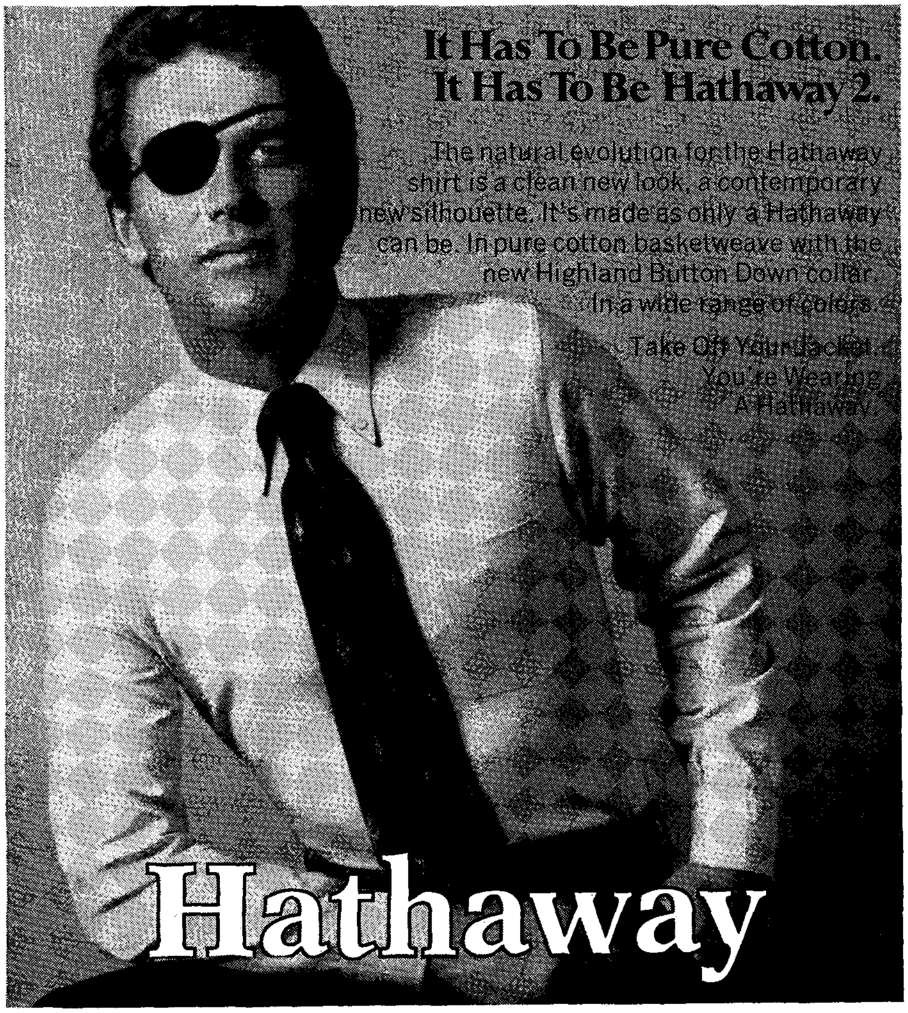

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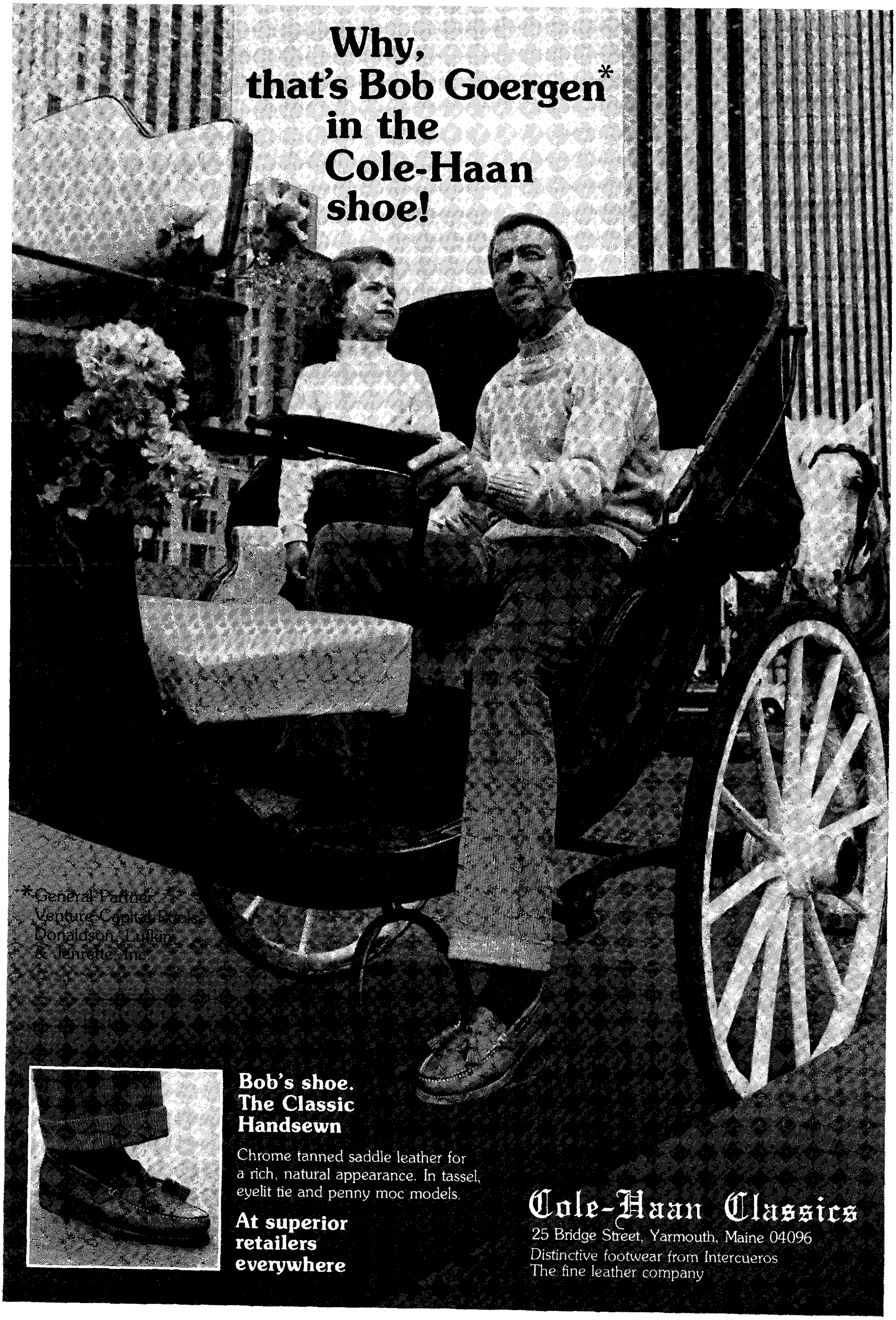
Hathaway

the Museum. "We collected little red poison frogs—tree frogs. Some had blue bellies, some didn't. We brought them back in plastic bags. They kept singing at customs."

GOELET's pervasive and participatory interest in natural history was one of the things that caused the A.M.N.H. trustees' Search Committee to recommend him to the Nominating Committee for the Museum presidency. Another factor was his relative youth and freedom; other youngish trustees might have been available, but it was felt that they were so active in business that they couldn't give the position the desired priority. Another plus, especially at a time of acute local financial stress, was Goelet's clout as a potent landlord and investor, and as a director of the Chemical Bank (deposits: $19,307,675,000), in the sensitive area of fund-raising. The Museum's annual appropriation from the city, which accounts for about a quarter of its revenue, was cut by more than half a million dollars in 1975, and the number of its employees, which had not increased in fifteen years, was this year decreased by forty people—mostly guards, technicians, and mechanics—out of some six hundred. Happily for the Museum, Goelet is an optimist; he responds favorably to a challenge; being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth is apt to make a man feel cheerful. "There's nothing like a period of adversity to generate support," he recently said to an interviewer. "New York's cultural institutions were started by rich people, but, what with today's changes in life, the same group is no longer able to provide the support at comparable levels. It's easier to get private-foundation funding for specific programs that are 'innovative'—to use that dreadful word—than to help meet deficits in ongoing activities. But I am going after the foundations, just as Gardner Stout did with such great success. Another hope of the cultural institution today—perhaps the chief hope—lies in the corporation. Gardner did a tremendous job in this field, and I hope to expand it." ("Bobby will be more organized and more formal in his approach than Gardner," Dr. Thomas Nicholson, the Museum's director, says. "He's more of a team man. But the two men have the same commitment. Fund-raising is a major responsibility of the president, but Trubee Davison and Alec White didn't go along with the idea of a major capital drive. We lost some good decades there. Gardner came in to-



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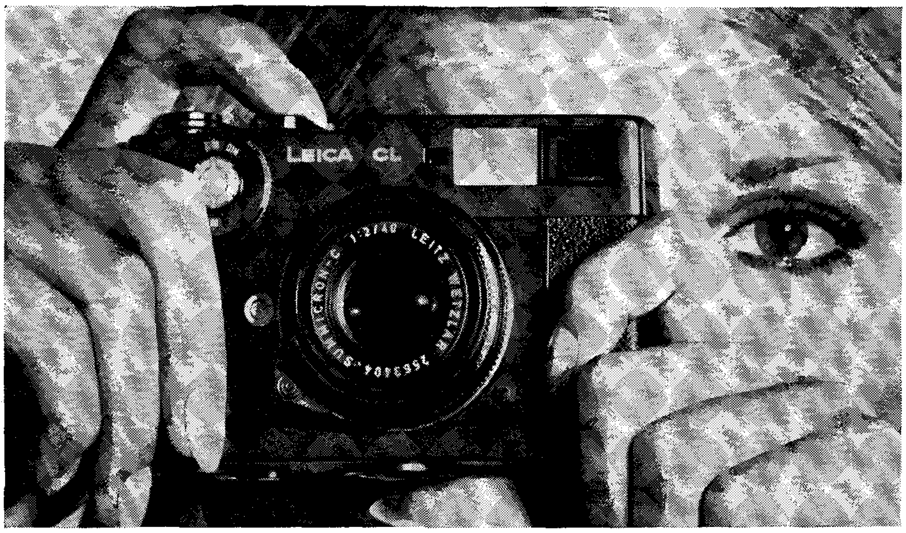
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To his interviewer, Goelet went on, "The community is going to have to come up with the scratch, or the museums' activities will have to be cut back. The corporations really owe it to themselves to support cultural institutions in a more significant way. [The Museum's annual contributions from the business community run to around three hundred and eighty thousand dollars.] I hope to sell this idea to the people running the corporations. I'll go see them myself; I know some of them. Some people think culture is a frill, but it's a hell of an aspect of New York business—the banks, for example, have a distinct interest in the well-being of the city. I want to get a message forth on behalf of the whole cultural constituency—not just the American Museum. So far, the approach has been competitive—one institution vying with another. And the corporations are more inclined to support housing in Bedford-Stuyvesant. What I say is that the overall quality of life should be considered more seriously." Thanks largely to Goelet's powers of persuasion, William F. May, chairman and chief executive officer of the American Can Company, has become chairman of the Museum's fifth annual campaign for corporate support (goal: five hundred thousand dollars), and Mrs. Lila Acheson Wallace, co-founder with her husband of *Reader's Digest*, has given the Museum four hundred thousand dollars for the renovation and air-conditioning of the Museum's auditorium.

Goelet has cut down a bit on his Estate time in order to devote more to the Museum. He spends three days a week there, operating out of a cozy office with a wood-burning fireplace. He meets privately with Nicholson twice a month, and with Nicholson and his senior staff once a week. As a long-time trustee and a member of the board's Science Policy Committee, he naturally knows a lot about the workings of the place, but he is trying to learn more. He lunches once a week (on sandwiches brought up from the cafeteria) with the head of a given curatorial department and members of his or her staff, listening to their plans and problems. The trustees meet three times a year, and he has an appetite for these sessions, which draw upon the collective savvy of about forty people, many of them captains of industry, in matters ranging from fund-raising and investment to housekeeping, employment, tenure, pensions, research, and scientific publication. "The synthesis of what comes out of one of these gatherings is incredibly fruitful," he said not long ago. "The trustees are knowledgeable in their various fields. A smattering of downtown lawyers and bankers, and some very helpful ladies. A mixed bag. A hell of a good board. It will probably take me one or two years to develop the familiarity with the Museum that I had with the Zoological Society. After all, the whole damn thing really goes from soup to nuts—from protozoa up. A permanent record, among other things, of animals that have disappeared. The Museum of Natural History is really a classroom for school groups—it has the largest educational department of any museum in the country. If you can get a kid into the Museum and let him wander around on his own, it's an eye-opener for him. It's a way of travelling around the world—and moving backward and forward in time—without transporting oneself at all. Museums don't have a group of alumni, like colleges, and this is a disadvantage when it comes to raising money, but I think that there's a subliminal effect. People who came to us as children return later on."

Mr. Goelet peered through his large spectacles and went on, "The American Museum is one of three institutions of its kind in the world; the others are the British Museum and the Smithsonian. You can't re-create such collections—a fact that the National Science Foundation has recognized by giving us substantial grants for the maintenance of the collections as national resources. Two million dollars over a period of seven years, for example, for the installation and cataloguing of the irreplaceable study collection of North American fossil mammals in the Childs Frick Wing—specimens going back a hundred and fifty million years."

He thought a moment, and said, "My chief interests—the Museum, the Zoo, and the Audubon Society—have meshed rather well. Thanks to them, I have come to know a bunch of people whom I might not otherwise have known, who are the salt of the earth. The amount of time that I have cheerfully spent on these organizations is really the warp and woof of my life."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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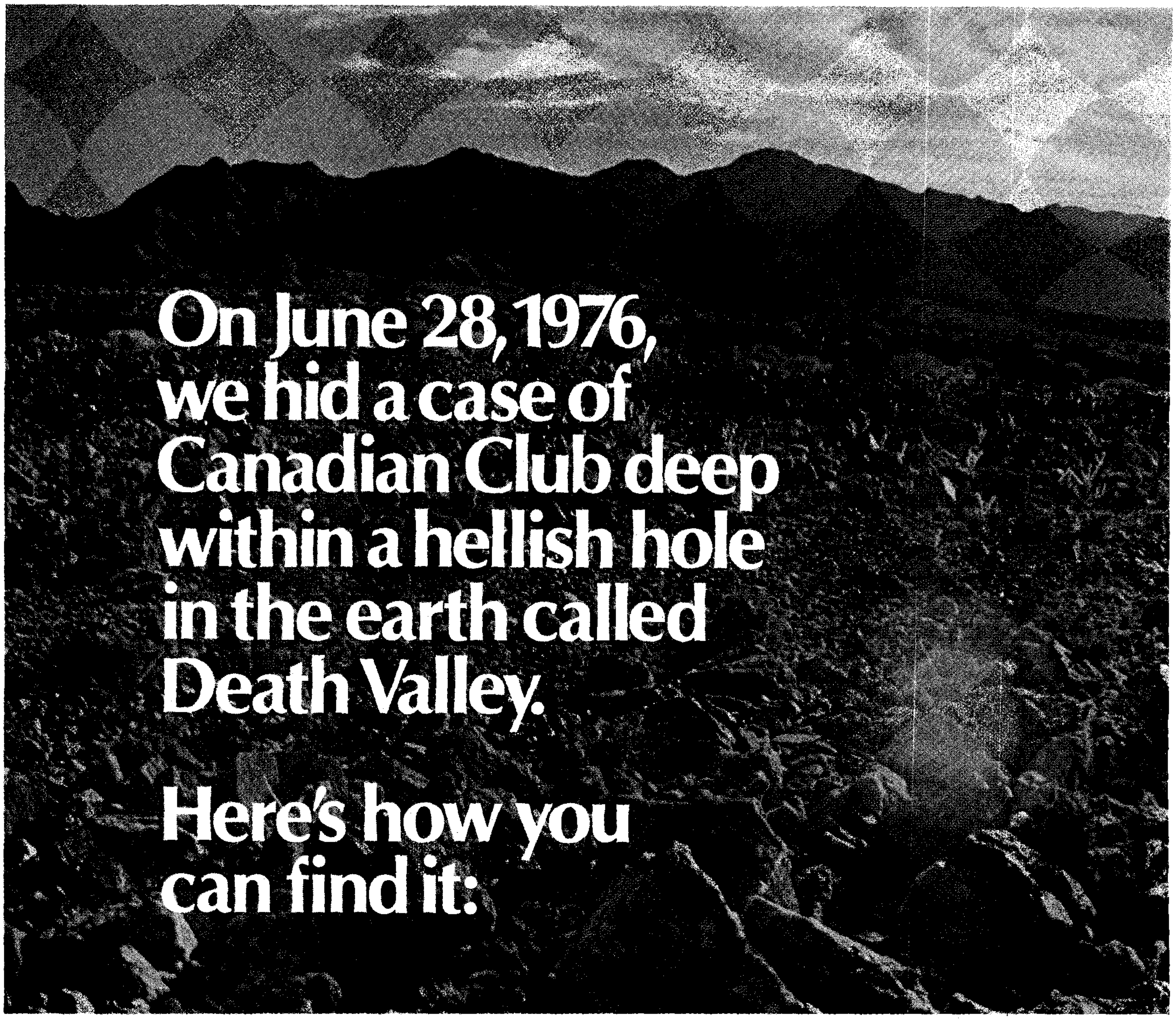

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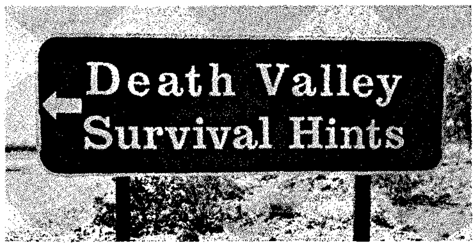

Your Route to the Treasure:
Head south out of Furnace Creek. Past Badwater. Past Devil's Golf Course. Past Dante's View. South of Saratoga Springs, turn right on the road just outside the boundary of the Death Valley National

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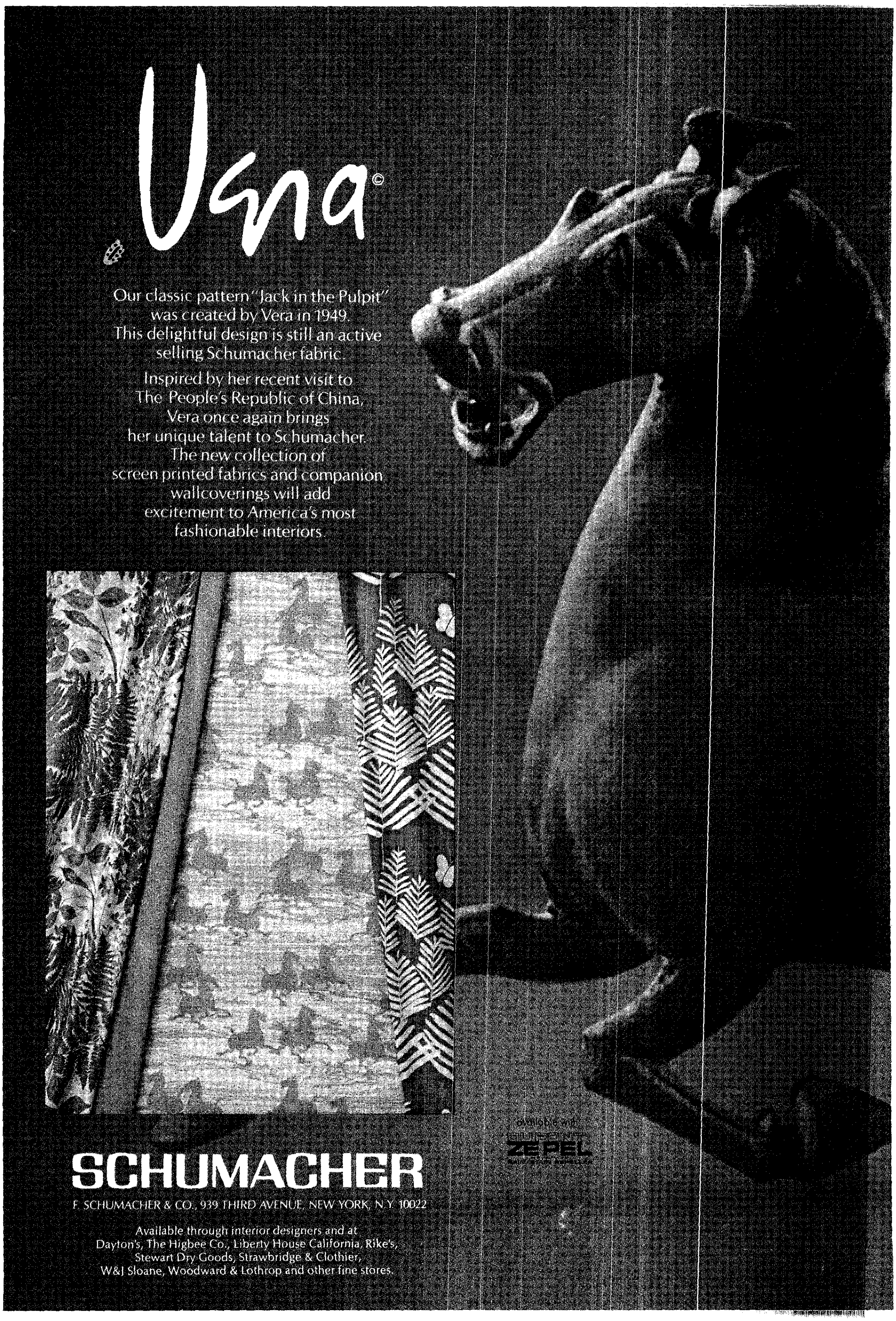

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Cuckoo Clock That Laughs

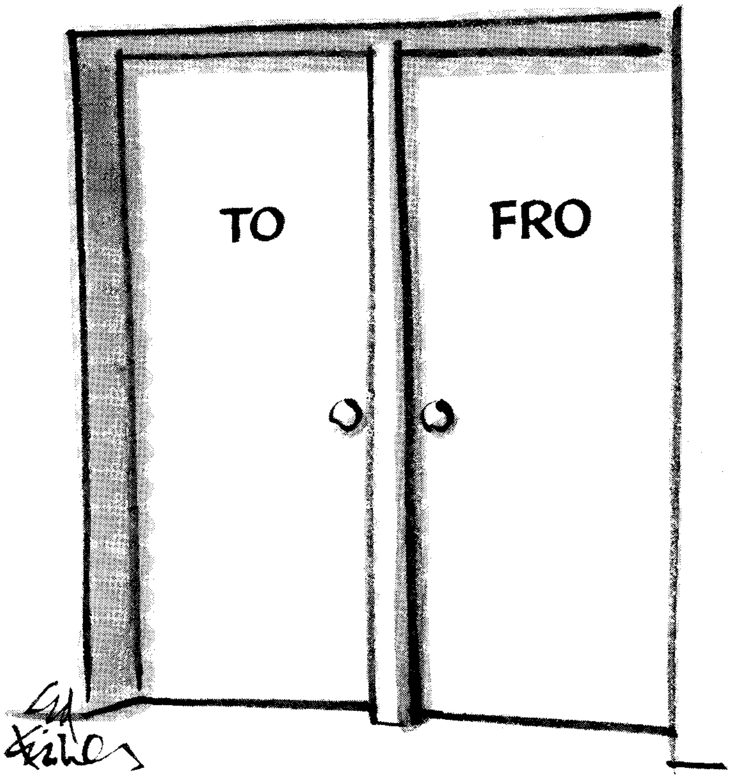
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. Who would have expected the Swiss director Alain Tanner and his co-writer, John Berger, to turn out a bubbleheaded political comedy? Their last collaboration, "The Middle of the World," ended with the words "There is no hope for rebirth," yet "Jonah" leaps about like an Easter bunny. This film is drunk and lit up on the possibilities of rebirth. At the same time, it has a fully developed sense of irony—the laconic kind that informed Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

"Jonah" is set in Geneva, and the statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau (he was born there in 1712, the son of a watchmaker) presides over the film. "Jonah" 's spirit—romantic, Socialist, mystical—suggests that people were changed by the political upheavals of 1968 and that the new ways of thinking go beyond Marx, back to utopians such as Rousseau. That poetic social thinker, with his love of nature and man, didn't believe in original sin; he believed that the roots of evil were in the very existence of society, and that education should save children from contamination. There are eight key characters in "Jonah," all in their twenties or thirties, and all seeking solutions to the problems brought to general consciousness by the events of 1968. Not one of them is a comfortable bourgeois; they're the sort of fantasists and obsessives who were considered marginal before 1968. They were fewer in number in those days and were likely to be called crackpots. Now that bourgeois norms have begun to look disreputable, these eight buggy dreamers aren't social outsiders. They're insiders, though in a precarious, existential way. In the course of the film, the eight become friends and accept each other's oddities without so much as a lifted eyebrow; they band together communally as the metaphorical parents of Jonah, and then disperse.

They're not a band of disciples; there's no faith they share. But each, in a small, self-contained way, is a prophet, or, at least, a prophetic crazy. They're all in this world, but each is also somewhere else, listening to his own different drummer. Snub-nosed, rounded Mathilde (Myriam Boyer), the most physical and the most innocent of them, finds fulfillment in pregnancy and massages people's tiredness away. Her husband, long-jawed Matthieu (played by an actor known as Rufus), a typesetter and union leader laid off in a cutback, goes to work for a produce gardener and sets up a Rousseauist school in a greenhouse. Marcel, the gardener (Roger Jendly), a withdrawn primitive artist, is engrossed in the life of animals, where he finds his answers to human problems. Marguerite, the gardener's rough-spoken wife (Dominique Labourier), a no-frills woman in witches' black, is fastened on organic farming. Big, worldly Max (Jean-Luc Bideau) has given up on organized political activity and works as a proofreader; roulette has become his game. Yet, though he doesn't believe in the revolution, he doesn't not believe, either; he's an agnostic about revolution—he's waiting. Meanwhile, he learns that a bank land swindle is under way and goes to warn the potential victims (and thus meets the farm couple, Marcel and Marguerite). Red-haired Madeleine (Myriam Mezière), a secretary in the dirty-dealing bank, gets Max copies of the documents he needs, though she has her mind fixed on the Tantras. Warm, tubby, intelligent Marco (Jacques Denis), a neighbor of the farm couple, is a high-school history teacher; his unorthodox methods and cloud-built theories please the students but not the administrators, and after he's fired he finds a new vocation working in a home for the aged. He falls in love with Marie (Miou-Miou), a cashier in a supermarket, who doesn't charge him for his liquor and wine. Marie is a French citizen, who must go back across the border each night. She's a border person in other ways, too: she filches food for elderly people on pensions. There may be some simple reason for all these prophets to have names starting with "Ma," or maybe there's no reason at all. (I hope the latter.)

Each of the eight Ma characters is a utopian of some sort, except for the disillusioned former activist, Max. By conventional standards, they are people who will never "amount to anything," and that's the originality of the film—it sees hope and renewal in all their methods, and honors Max, the Marxist turned gambler, as their spiritual ancestor, the man whose activities culminated in the events of 1968, and thus changed their world. The film honors precisely that "lunatic fringe" that the Marxists have always derided. Each of these people is autonomous, looks for his own answers, and acts upon them, and together, the film suggests, they can give birth to a Jonah who will have the acumen to connect their visions.

Tanner juggles all these extraterrestrial travellers, each of them into his own thing—a lunar colony interacting. "Jonah" moves so fast that one's mind races to keep up with what the characters are saying and doing; regarded with Tanner's appreciative detachment, their activities become a form of vaudeville. In movies, nobody has attempted anything quite like this whirling play of ideas. It may draw a little from Renoir's "Rules of the Game" and "The Lower Depths" and some from "La Chinoise" and other Godard films, but



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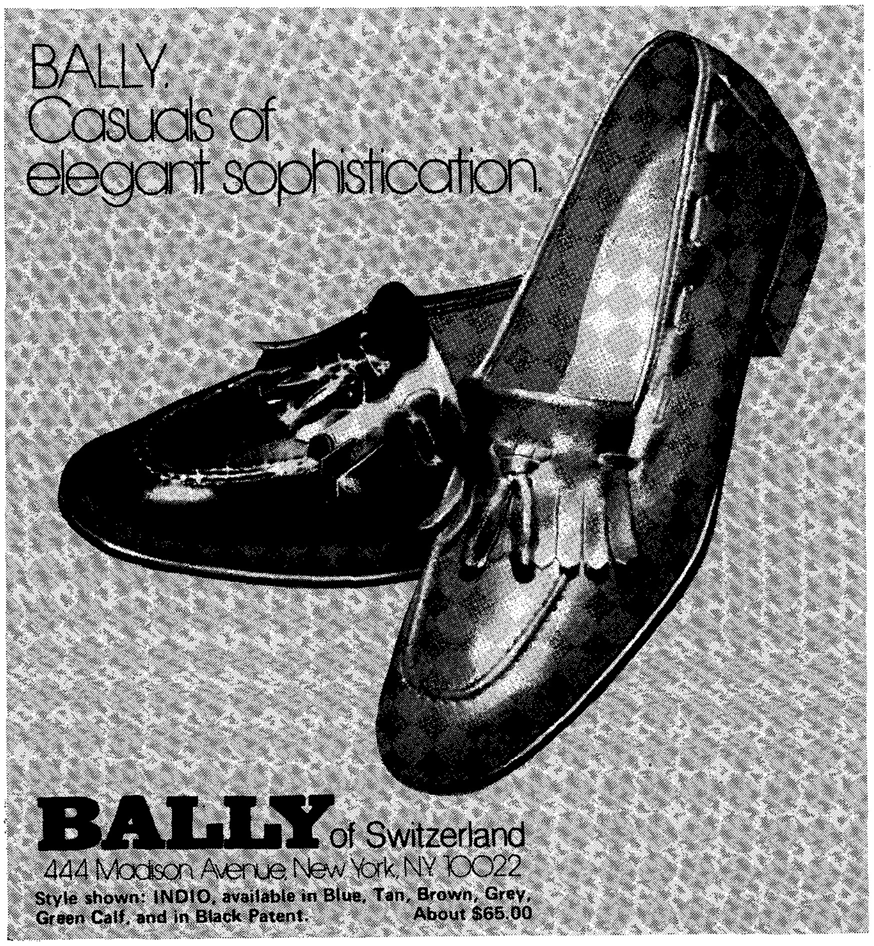
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it's essentially a poetic original, simple and unstressed from shot to shot, with a visual lustre. The colors are softer than in Godard; Tanner is more interested in the erotic qualities that go with different attitudes toward society, and each of the people has very distinctive flesh tones, suggesting sensuous contrasts. The ideas they expound are often woozy, and the history teacher's lecture on time, which is a key to the mechanism of the film, is the wooziest of all—it's impenetrable. I assume that the history teacher as seer is being satirized, and that this is also Tanner's and Berger's self-satire. I can't swear to that; what I take for droll, dry Swiss humor may be intended straight. But this slight perplexity may also be intentional: the film is willing to entertain possibilities for rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It doesn't ask us to believe anything. But we do believe that the *idées fixes* belong to the characters we see—at least, I did, for all except the earth mother, Mathilde. The phoniness of her lines ("I hate empty spaces. . . . Give me a child") seemed the authors' mistake rather than the character's self-view. Apart from this lapse, there's not a word I felt was wasted; I had confidence that Tanner and Berger wanted it just so. The whole film seems to have been conceived in a greenhouse.

"Jonah" doesn't operate on identification with a hero or on suspense. Yet it provides the kind of pleasure that one can generally get only from movies that involve us by those primal means. I hesitate to invoke the word "Brechtian," because, except for a few sixties films by Godard, that has generally meant a didactic pain. But before this nobody has had a Miou-Miou to sing a Brechtian cabaret song. She's the most purely enjoyable person in the movie. This tumble-dried blonde, the Brigitte Bardot the cat dragged in, doesn't look as if she could be an actress, but she certainly is. When this placid creature, with her broad-mouthed fey smile, breaks into a song, she turns on the charm like a scroungy Cinderella, creating instant empathy; yet she distances her character and kids the empathy. That naughty, plummy smile of hers makes her the director's confederate. In "Going Places," a mean, funny film with sequences that had a Henry Miller-like erotic-fantasy quality, Miou-Miou was the abused girl who was so overjoyed when she had her first orgasm that she ran out to tell the news to the men who had called her frigid. It doesn't occur to the women Miou-Miou plays to hide anything; they're spacey right on the surface. In "Jonah," she brings the missing magic to the Brechtian method; her Marie, a bewildered, feathery Pierrette, is as defiantly, forlornly romantic as Cyrano's plume dipped in horse manure. Marie has a friend in France, Old Charles, a retired railroad worker, to whom she brings stolen groceries; he is played by the veteran French character actor Raymond Bussières, familiar from "Casque d'Or" and films by Clouzot and René Clair. Together, Miou-Miou and Bussières act out fantasies in brief set pieces that do what Brechtian numbers are supposed to do, and without didactic jostling.

The whole film is designed as a collection of little routines—the red-haired Tantrist bringing the Marxist gambler to her exotic lair and spinning theories about the loss of semen which might have come right out of "Dr. Strangelove," the history teacher meeting Old Charles and talking of railroads, and so on. They all add up to a vision of changes much like the ones that have taken place in this country, with many of the students who became politicized in the late sixties not retreating to bourgeois values but dispersing into various mystical movements. "Jonah" is so ingeniously constructed that one can enjoy it the way one enjoyed Renoir's egalitarian films of the thirties, relating to each character in turn. Yet the people are cultists and are conceived in Brechtian terms: we see their wheels going round. Tanner's inspiration was in allowing these metaphorical creations to be silly. They're silly, yet they're no sillier than the people I know in Berkeley, who are probably the brightest people I know. In life, bright people can bore one senseless with their talk of crafts and ecology and children who are free to grow, and so it's a giddy surprise to discover how charming they are here on the screen, greening Switzerland with the same lunar poetry they've been using on America. When this genuinely eccentric movie gets its group of eight linked up, the themes of time, history, capital and labor, and education tie together, and Jonah the savior is born out of the whale of the old society. This is an Easter fable, all right, but with a dialectical bunny.

"ALEX & THE GYPSY" is off the beaten track, too, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Whoever had the idea of turning Stanley Elkin's short novel "The Bailbondsman" into a romantic comedy by giving Alex, the bailbondsman (Jack Lemmon), a love affair

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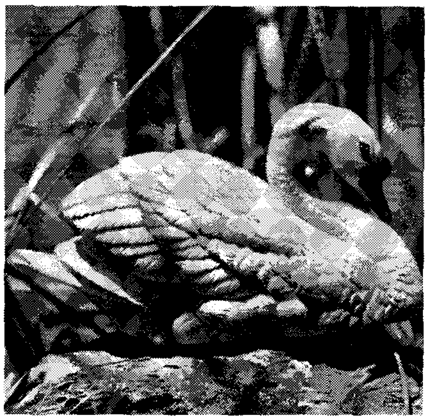

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by Aynsley

with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) doesn't seem to have thought out how this love affair would *play*. Alex is still mostly Elkin's creation. He's one of those revelling-in-their-own-exacerbated-cynicism characters whom authors show off with; he's barely tolerable on the printed page and outright offensive on the screen, where he expresses himself in torrents of cleverness. (Jack Lemmon shouts the words.) According to the plot that the movie adds, Alex and the gypsy used to live together but he didn't know how to be in love; he was so afraid of losing her that he made her miserable, and she left him. Now she's in jail and he risks thirty thousand dollars to bail her out for the four days before her sentencing. Afraid she'll skip, he keeps her locked up with him, and during these four days he is supposed to learn the meaning of love by accepting the gypsy's need of freedom. If Lemmon trusted himself as an actor, and relaxed and did less, we might be able to see the necessary contrasts in Alex's character; in the flashbacks we might even glimpse the happiness that he wrecked, and so there could be some core to the movie—a hint of the paradise lost that he's trying to regain. But Lemmon is always up, and working desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder.

Where was the director, John Korty, on this picture? He allowed James Woods, who plays Alex's neurasthenic clerk, to use his face muscles like a telegrapher's code; and he didn't control Lemmon, who has become a glib actor, sentimental about the characters he plays. Frenzied melancholic mannerisms come so easy to Alex that we don't participate in the suffering. Lemmon needs a director who will unearth his talent by challenging him—forcing him to explain and justify each specific thing he does. Korty used to be his own cinematographer, and his early films "The Crazy Quilt" and "Funnyman" had a nice soft-edge quality, and the characters had air to breathe. Has he picked up such bad habits from working in TV that he thinks making movies means cutting to a close shot each time a person has a line of dialogue? In the cramped, ugly-looking "Alex & the Gypsy," Korty does the things that he seemed promising for not doing. He was never a forceful director but had a plain, uncoercive approach that suggested a principled reticence, and this was the distinguishing mark even of his television films, such as "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman." So it's puzzling to see this slam-the-camera-in-for-a-closeup way of working; the movie gives you the feeling that it was shot in rooms so small the cameraman could never back away.

Geneviève Bujold has such intensity that she might have carried the picture if Korty had just cleared some space around her, but the whole production lacks rhythm as well as visual grace. Somebody should have persuaded the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus, to simplify the structure; the flashbacks come and go so fast that you have to keep track of what the two principals are wearing to know whether you're in the past or the present. There's another clue: Bujold handles her soft gypsy accent easily, but the thick vulgate she's required to speak in the flashbacks sounds like pidgin Greek Creole. So you locate yourself in time by whether the actress is talking funny. Bujold, who has only recently mastered unaccented English, has just come off "Obsession," where she had to play two roles requiring different accents and both opposite the same hangdog, sexless man. Here her role not only is vocally booby-trapped but forces her to demonstrate her heritage by doing a sensual gypsy dance. There isn't an actress on the American screen who could get by with this number. Bujold's strongest scenes come at the beginning, when she's in jail and Lemmon, on the other side of the bars, can't get in her way. All through the film, one wants her to get a chance to show what she can do, as in that great hysterical scene that momentarily brought "Obsession" to life—her turning into a screaming nine-year-old right before one's eyes. But "Alex & the Gypsy" never does set her free.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THE DIFFERENCE

The stream,
and the path beside the stream,

earth-flow,
and water-flow,

water as brown
as earth, brown

as water, a leaf
riding it, and a leaf

lying on the path,
the difference between the path

beside the stream
and the stream.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

The View from Plato's Cave

A RECENT exhibition of photographs at the Susan Caldwell Gallery, in SoHo, gave the spectator a rare feeling of being in the presence of something never done before, and it is a measure of how far photographers have to go these days to produce such an effect that the pictures on view—by the team of Nina Alexander and Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein—were of a terminally ill thirty-nine-year-old woman taken during the last months of her life and after her death. The selection of twenty images (derived from thousands of negatives) included a picture of the woman's standing naked torso as it appeared a few hours after surgery of the breast and abdomen, a study of her face during a seizure of pain, a view of her going down a hall of the hospital in a wheelchair, a closeup of her embracing her teen-age daughter, and, finally, views from above of her corpse on a tray in the morgue and in a wooden casket. The show was prefaced by a laconic wall sign stating, "Nina Alexander and Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein met Toni in 1975. In November, Toni learned that she had an incurable cancer. At Toni's request, Herta began to photograph her on the day of surgery, and continued until her death, two months and a day later. Nina photographed Toni after her death." The enormously enlarged photograph of the incision-slashed torso was the pivotal image of the show; it compelled immediate, stunned attention, and its presence invaded one's perception of the other, less overtly horrifying images. Its horror comes from the fact that it is not a clinical study of a body on an operating table, or a medical-textbook illustration showing a person enduring photography as he does treatment, but a picture of a beautiful young woman posed in a graceful, even slightly vain attitude. She has put a silver necklace around her neck and a bracelet on one wrist. (The other wrist is encircled by a plastic hospital tag.) Her body has the delicate slenderness of a boy's, and the photograph subtly evokes Edward Weston's lovely study of his son Neil's nude torso—it is similarly cropped at the neck and the pubes. The two savage arcs of messy black surgical stitches that rip into the right breast and tear down the abdomen are like obscene marks made on a statue by a vandal. The tense clash of imagery—the brutal yoking of the emblems of pain, pathology, mutilation, and inanition with the attributes of health, wholeness, volition, and grace—is paralleled by a conflict of feeling within the viewer, who is both repelled by and drawn to the image: appalled by the way the woman is exposing what it is "normal" to keep out of sight, and yet fascinated by the details thereby revealed. And, oddly, the closer the viewer looks at the incisions, the less distress he feels; finally, his repugnance recedes and is replaced by something akin to awe for the work of the anonymous surgeon, for the neat and clean way the body has been closed, for the small outward signs of damage.

The transfixing specificity of this image was present in no other work in the show; the other selections moved the viewer not by what they showed but because of what he had been told about the subject's tragic situation. For there is nothing in the picture of the woman's face during a spasm of pain to show that she is afflicted with cancer rather than with menstrual cramps, or in the picture of the embrace with her daughter to indicate that she is going to die rather than leave for a holiday, or even in the pictures of the corpse to make one see that this is real rather than a piece of theatre. The picture story presented here, like those in *Life* and *Look*, requires extra-photographic information by which to convey its meaning; without the introductory message, the pictures make little impression or sense. Only the photograph of the torso illustrates its own meaning, requires no explanation, has no ambiguity, can be nothing but what it manifestly appears to be.

The lonely eminence of this image among its companion works is reflective of a wider dearth. One of the chief paradoxes of photography is that though it seems to be uniquely empowered to function as a medium of realism, it does so only rarely and under special circumstances, often behaving as if reality were something to be avoided at all costs. If "the camera can't lie," neither is it inclined to tell the truth, since it can reflect only the usually ambiguous, and sometimes outright deceitful, surface of reality. The history of the medium is the history of its practitioners' struggle to overcome this disinclination, to provide the missing sense of verisimilitude, to bridge the abyss between the viewer's innocent expectations—aroused by his belief in the authority and authenticity of what a photograph

Joe Mirachi

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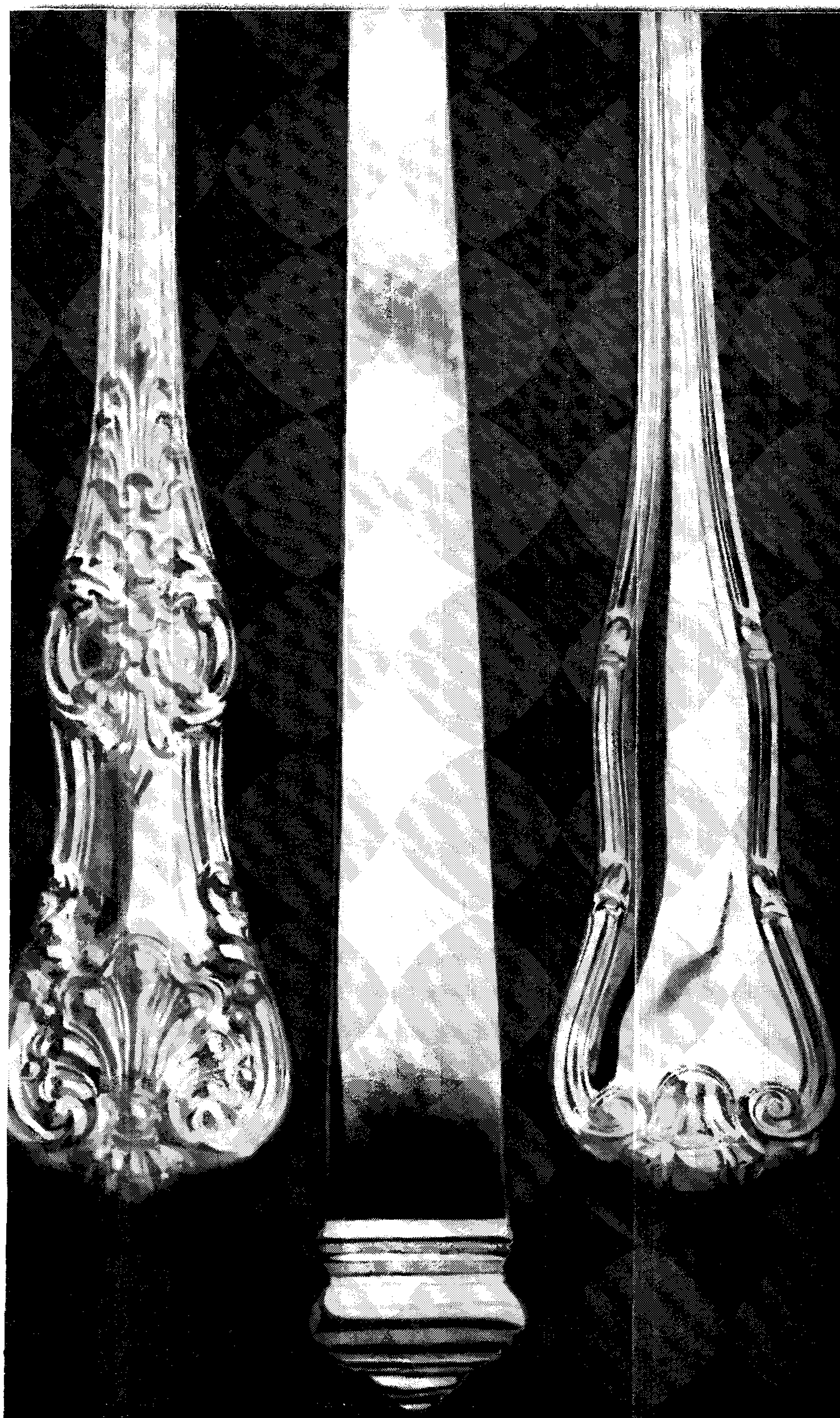

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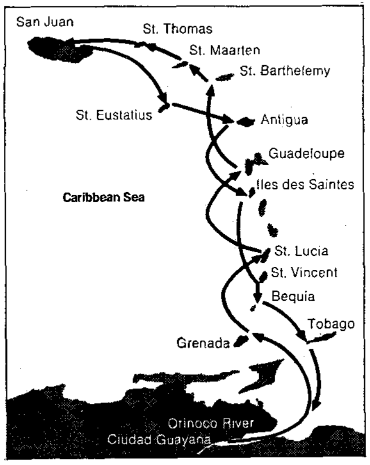

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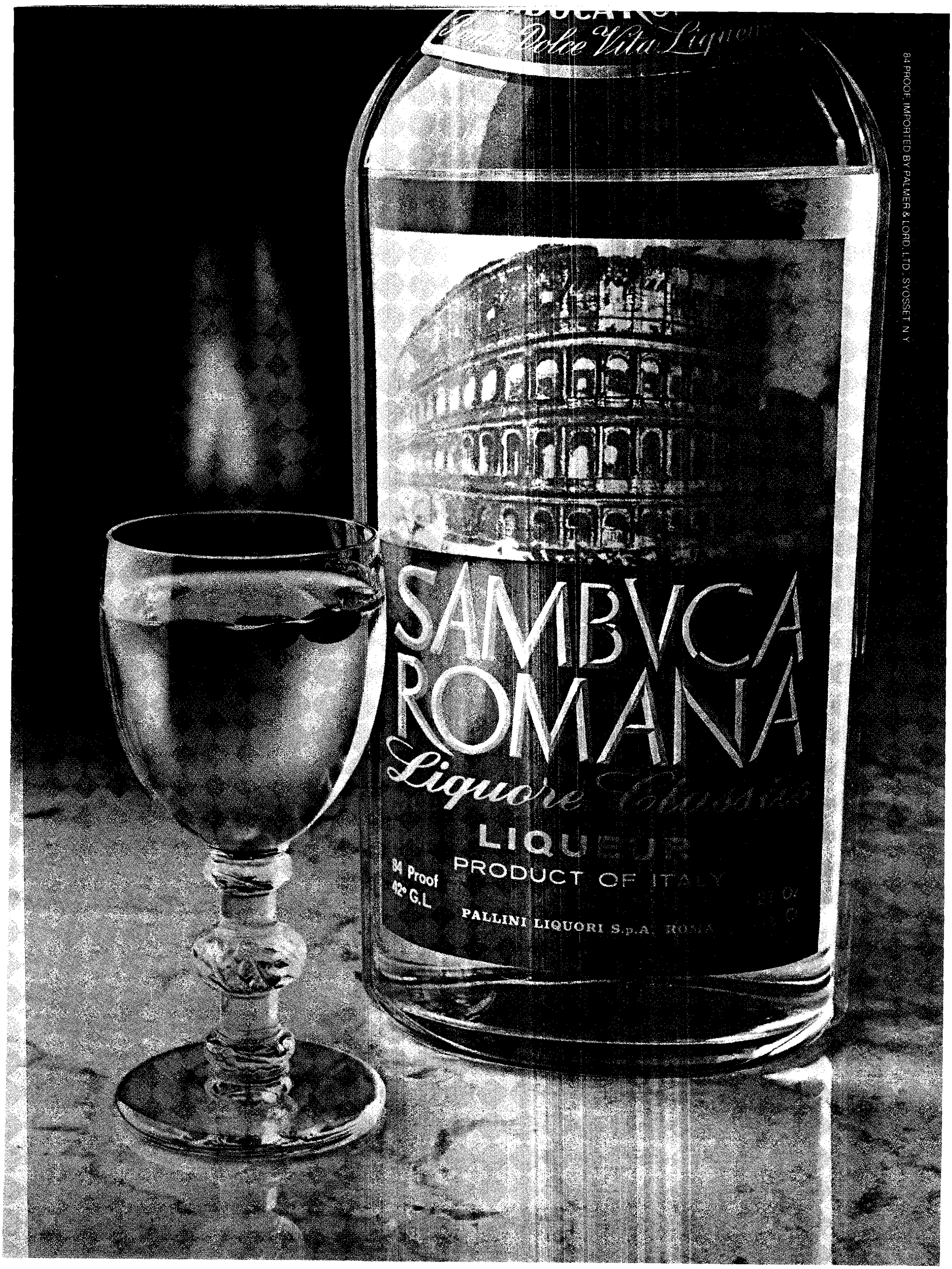
shows—and the camera's stubborn refusal to fulfill them.

Photojournalism supplied the deficiency by resorting to written texts and captions; the great picture stories in *Life* and *Look* were actually picture-and-word stories—collaborations between a photographer and a writer, in which each seemed to be compensating for the other's lacks: the photographer's inability to show, the writer's inability to describe. Art photography represents a more subtle collaboration—one between the photographer and the works of painting, drawing, or sculpture he has seen. During this century, the mesh between the two became ever more subtle as the overtly painterly works of the Photo-Secession gave way to the more photographic-*looking* but no less pictorial works of such modern masters as Strand, Weston, Kertész, Cartier-Bresson, and Evans. Cartier-Bresson's well-known phrase "the decisive moment" refers to the quest of the photographer, stalking the streets and countryside—like a hunting cat, as Cartier-Bresson has characterized himself when at work—for those brief instants when chance arranges people and objects into the meaningful patterns of paintings. (In photographic portraiture, the "moment" sought is the one when the sitter's attitude and expression most closely accord with the attitude of relaxation and the expression of contemplation that are the conventions of portraiture in Western painting.) Scratch a great photograph and find a painting (or painterly influence): Cartier-Bresson's picnic on the banks of the Marne derives from Renoir's boating luncheon; Stieglitz's "Steerage" was (as he reported) inspired by Rembrandt; Arbus's photographs of freaks and drag queens are characters out of Pascin and Grosz; Sander's portraits of universal "types" arose (as Richard Pommer pointed out in *Art in America*) from his association with the Cologne Progressive school of painting; and Strand's and Weston's abstractions are, of course, derivations from Cubist paintings and sculptures.

The heavy odds against finding the desired (and, as it were, readymade) work of art in the mess and flux of life, as opposed to the serene orderliness of imagined reality, give a special tense dazzle and an atmosphere of tour de force to any photographs that succeed in the search. These odds are also what give photography its reputation (or former reputation) for being difficult—more difficult than painting, in the opinion of some commentators. In the early days of photography, photographers in-



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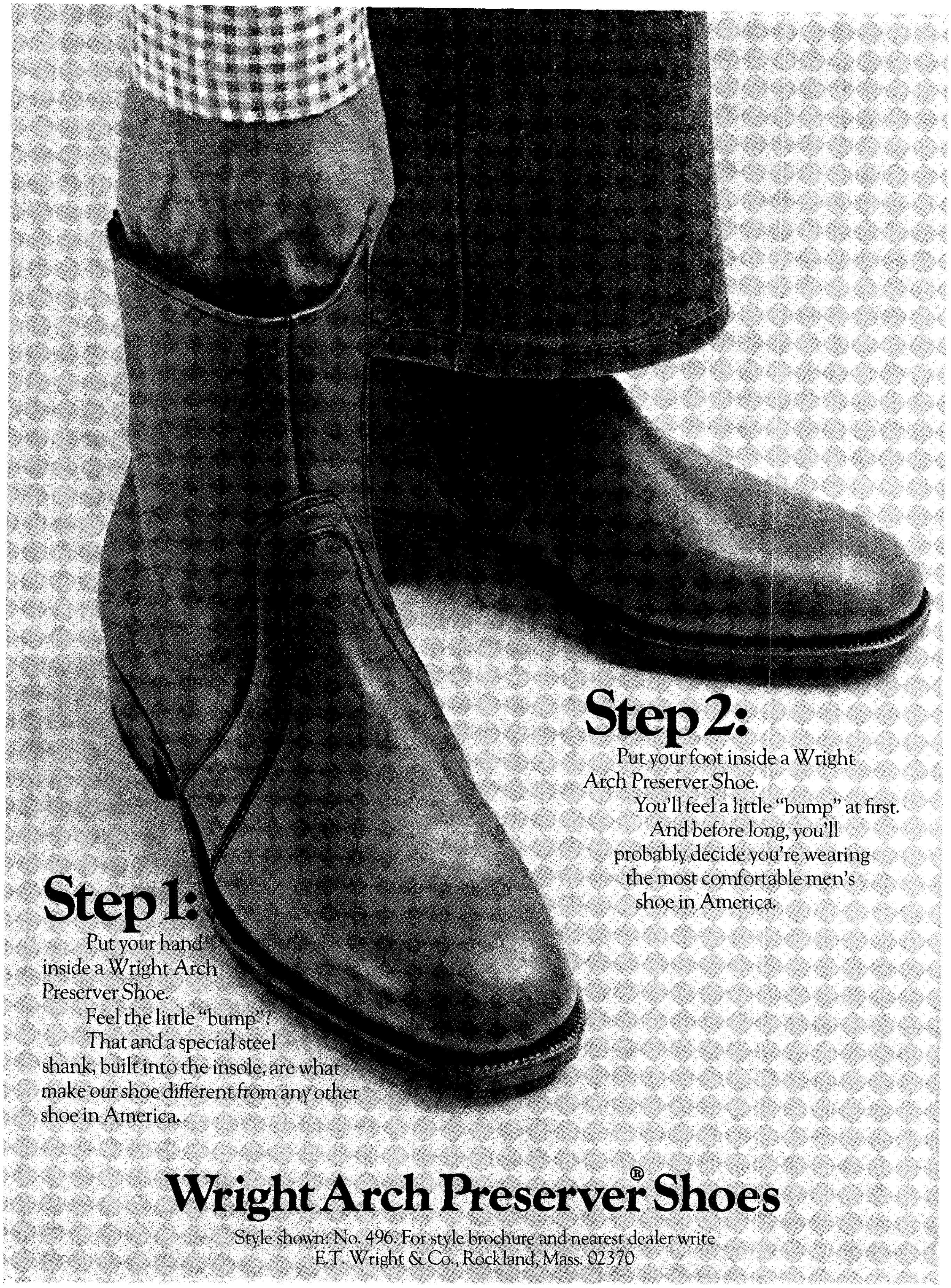

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nocently thought they could get around the difficulty by posing, rather than looking for, their pictures, but they were soon disabused. One of the most notorious examples of this attempt is Henry Peach Robinson's composite photograph "Fading Away," a staged tableau showing a dying girl surrounded by grieving relatives. The picture is as stiffly composed and as sentimentally conceived as any academic painting of its time (1858), but it succeeded only in annoying and offending the public, to whom it was evident that the whole thing was fraudulent—that the girl wasn't really dying, that the camera was trying to tell a lie. A less well-known but even more atrocious instance of posed photography is Fred Holland Day's series (1898) depicting the last seven days of Christ, for which he himself posed after a year of strenuous dieting.

As this kind of photography was discredited and abandoned, so the photography of Strand, Weston, Kertész, and the others is being pushed aside by a rising new school of purists, who wish to free photography entirely from the shackles of art, and who are looking into the properties of the medium to see whether the "problems" of the old art photography may not be the strengths of the new, artless one—whether the elusiveness of photographic truth has not been the result of asking the camera to perform tasks it was not put on earth to perform. Theorists of the new school would argue, for example, that in the Robinson picture the camera was indeed telling the truth by showing up the patent falseness of the scene—that "Fading Away" constitutes nothing less than a triumph of the camera over the man who was trying to misuse it. Old and current snapshots are similarly being scrutinized and cherished for the inadvertent truths they reveal, and the most advanced photographers are painfully unlearning the art lessons of the past and striving to create an aesthetic out of the ineptitudes and infelicities of amateur snapshooting. As a result, haphazardness, capriciousness, and incoherence are everywhere emerg-

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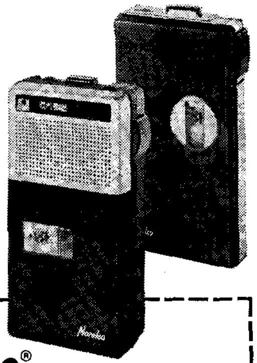

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ing as photography's most prominent characteristics.

If the camera can show up attempts to misrepresent reality (such as those of Robinson and Holland Day), it is just as ready to betray the photographer's intention of representing reality honestly. This capacity for betrayal is vividly illustrated in a collection of photographs called "Is Anyone Taking Any Notice?," by the English photographer Donald McCullin, who is not of the avant-garde but belongs, rather, to the reportorial tradition of Jacob Riis, Lewis W. Hine, and the more recent "concerned photographers" Robert Capa, Werner Bischof, and David Seymour. McCullin travels around the world to scenes of war, famine, murder, torture, poverty, and disease (places like Biafra, Cyprus, Vietnam, Northern Ireland, and Bangladesh) with the object of taking photographs that "show how bad it is," and some of his pictures show it only too well. The pictures of starving Biafran children are examples of photography at its most direct, specific, and unbearable. There is no gap here between intention and what is shown, nor, indeed, is any purpose served by McCullin's text. His question "Who needs great pictures when somebody's dying and he's only five years old?" has already been asked by the repulsive, emaciated, and bloated bodies and the beautiful faces of the children. A picture of a naked baby lying abandoned on a road and crying bitterly; a picture of a woman attached to an intravenous apparatus as she lies on a rag on a metal cot with no mattress (captioned "This Is a Hospital"); and a picture of a woman hopelessly nursing a baby from a completely withered breast are other images before which "great pictures" indeed pale—images that testify to the conscience-awakening powers of documentary photography. (One recalls in this connection the famous picture from the Vietnam war of the naked child running down a road after a napalm attack—a picture that may have done more to turn public opinion against the war than any other piece of anti-war propaganda.)

But other of McCullin's images perversely fail to fulfill the photographer's intentions. A photograph taken in Cyprus, for example, depicting a scene of murder—two dead men lying on the floor, the head of one in a pool of blood, horrified spectators standing in the doorway—utterly fails to convince; it looks as staged as Robinson's death scene (or, more precisely, it looks like one of Duane Michals' staged sur-

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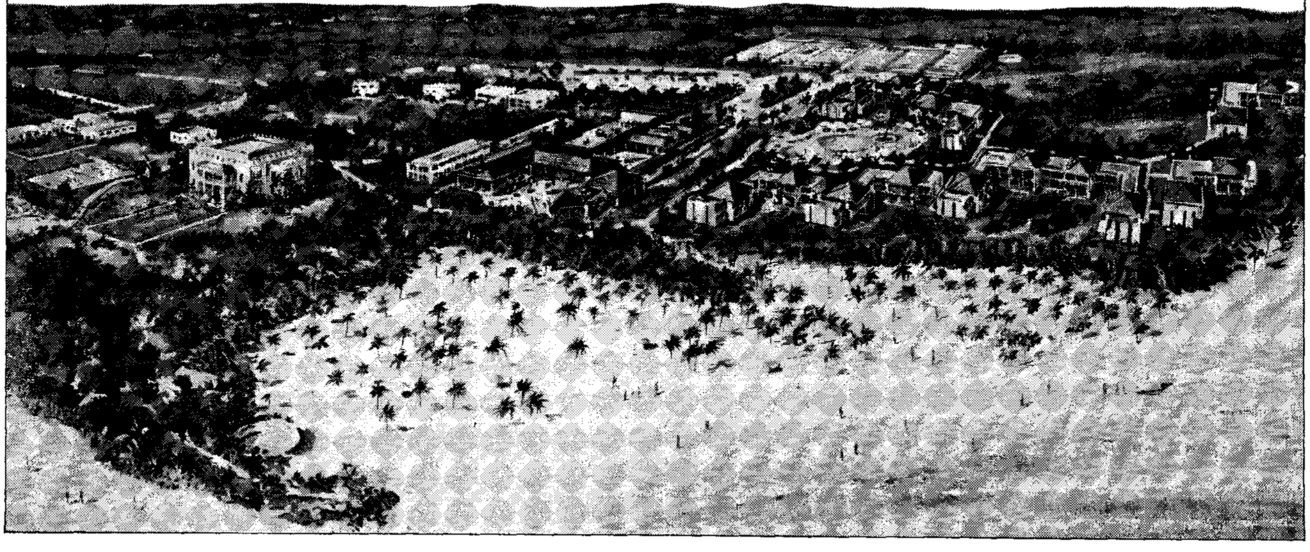

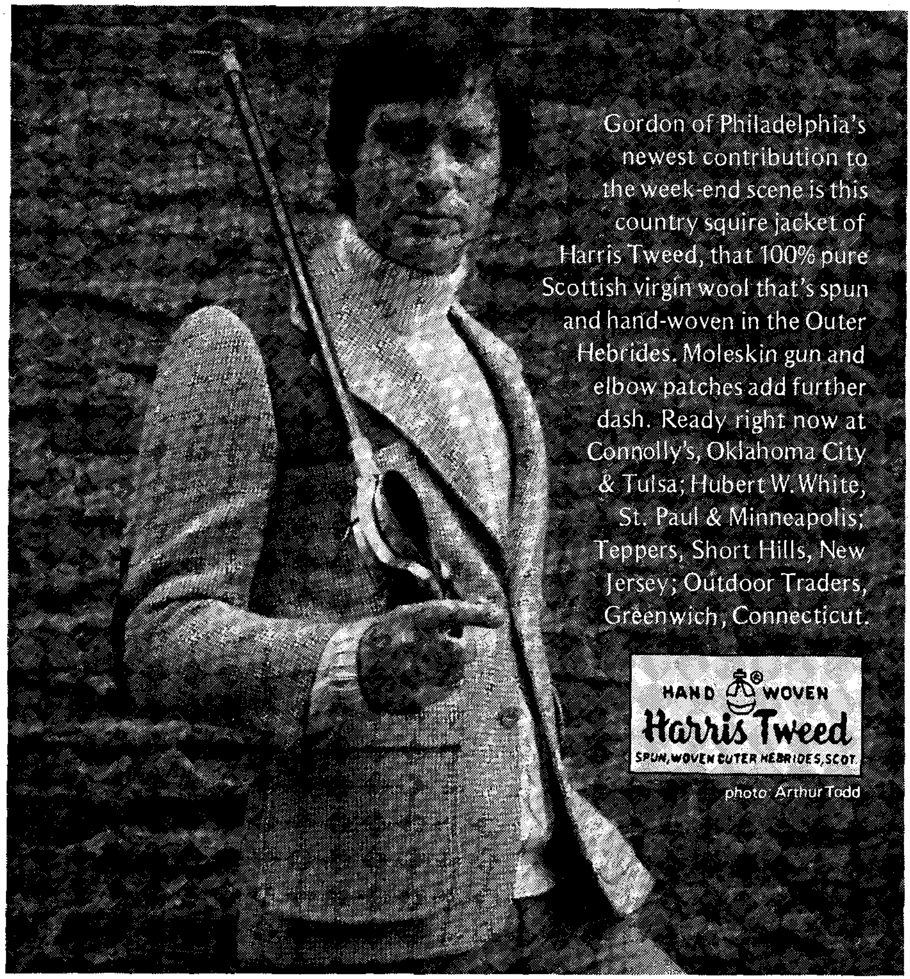
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realistic tableaux). Only after reading the photographer's text—"The room was warm with the smell of blood. I was really scared and tried not to look at their faces. I tried not to tread in the blood"—does it occur to the viewer that the men are really dead, that they have just died, that he is looking at something that actually happened. A closeup of a gruesome corpse similarly defeats the photographer's purpose of expressing the horror and nausea he felt on coming across it: the camera here commits the indecency of playing with the abstract patterns that injury and putrefaction have etched into the face and body of what once was a man and now, set against background forms of debris and machinery, resembles one of the textural studies of Brassaï or Aaron Siskind.

In Henry James' "The Wings of the Dove," Kate Croy makes a memorable distinction as she muses on the character of her scoundrel father and realizes that "the inconvenience—as always happens in such cases—was not that you minded what was false, but that you missed what was true." This same "inconvenience" is built into photography. As time goes by and millions upon billions of photographs are cast into the world like so many blurred, hasty, and partial, if not false, impressions, one's confidence diminishes in the seeing-is-believing claims of photography, and one's suspicion grows to a near-certainty that the camera is no better equipped than the eye to tell us what we want to know about the world. —JANET MALCOLM

●

Dr. William Edwards, a retired family physician, says there is iron in dirt and fewer British women would be less anemic if they quit scrubbing it off vegetables.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Just as well he retired.

●

Mrs. Lawrence, graduate of Smith College, once worked at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency in New York in the aura of copy-writing.
—*Cleveland Press*.

You know—with the whole room bathed in heavenly light.

●

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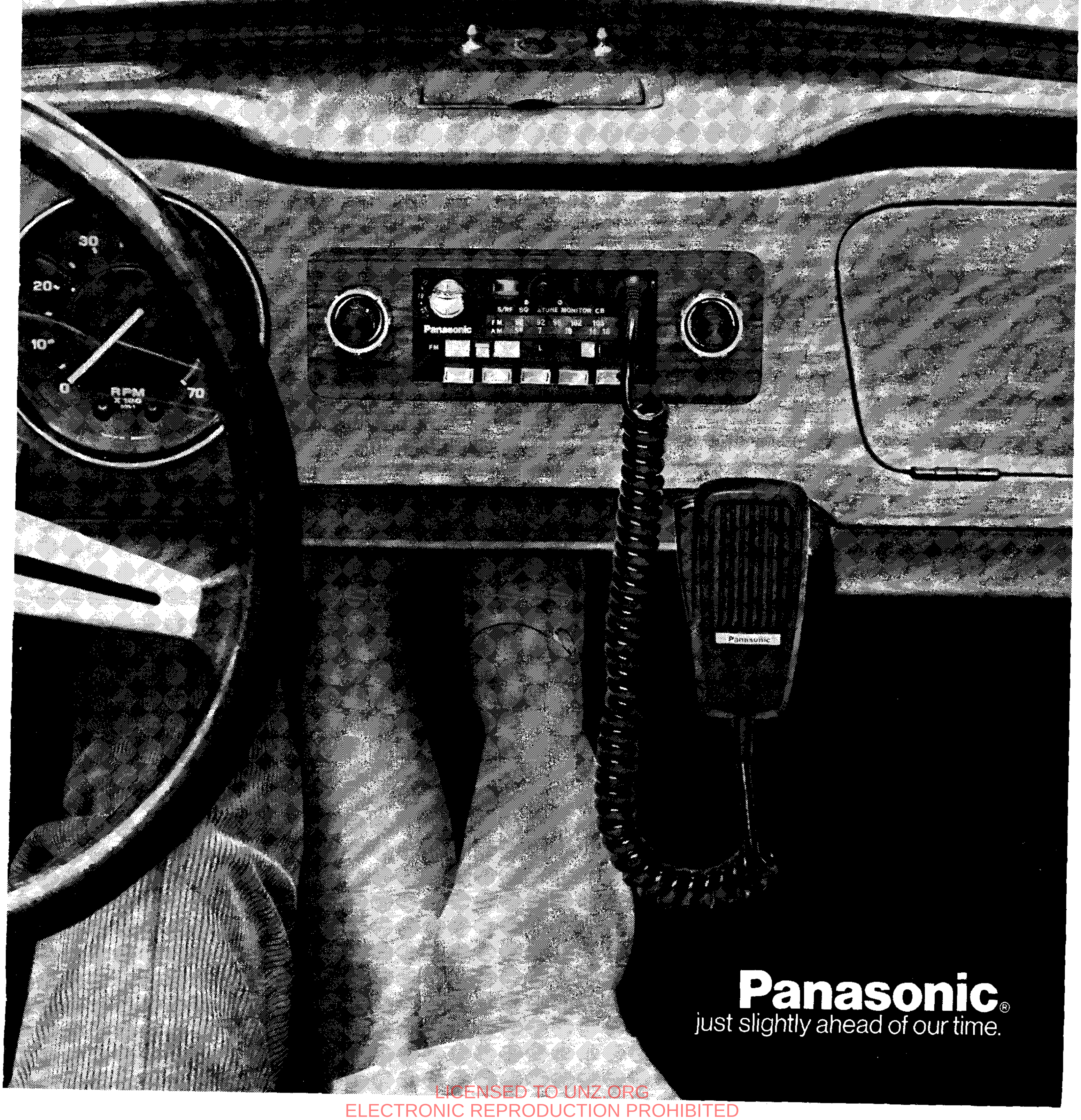


A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

SUMMER NOTES—I

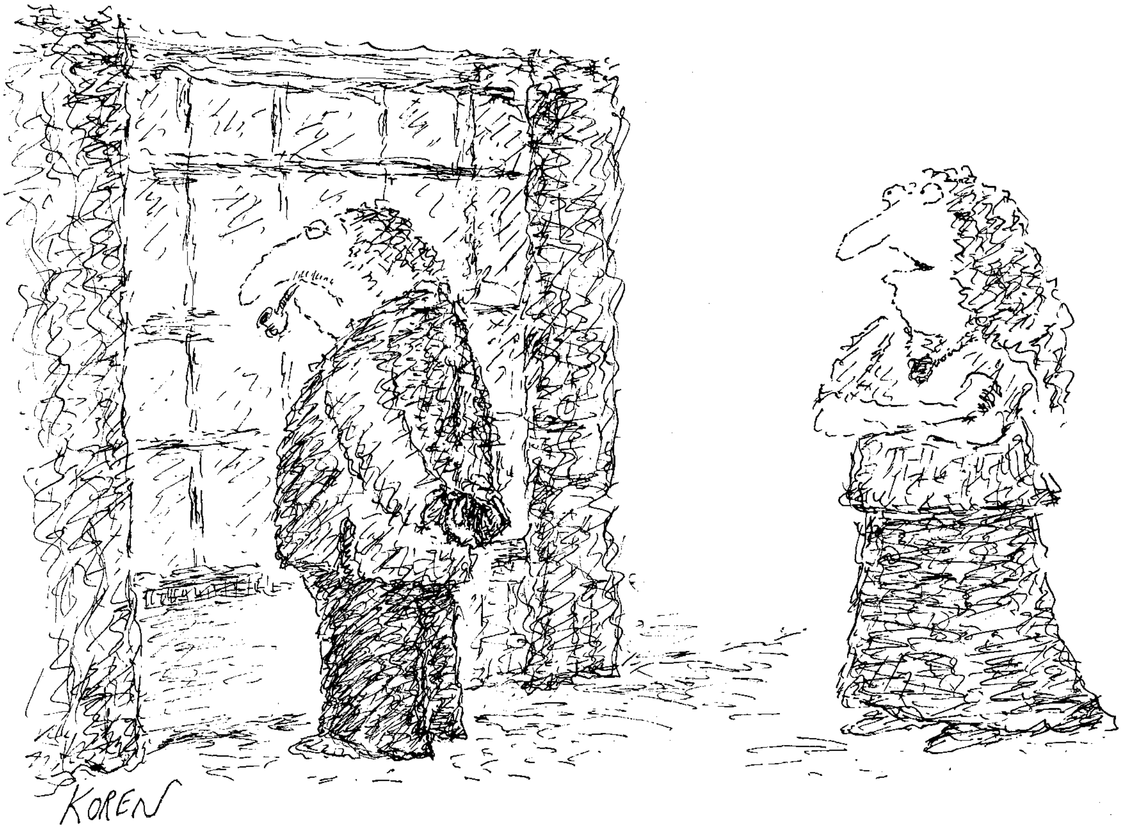
AS a reporter based in Washington, D.C., I've been keeping a journal in which I've tried to record something of what has been happening in this unusual political year. My objective is to watch the way in which we choose our next President and also to examine the questions, national and international, that form the backdrop against which the political campaigns are taking place. I've tried to understand what is happening to the candidates, and to us, in the course of these campaigns, and the relationship between what is talked about in the campaigns and the real questions before us. The following pages are drawn from that journal.

JULY 10

NEW YORK. Saturday afternoon, the corner of Fifty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, just outside the Americana Hotel, shortly after four o'clock. Jimmy Carter, uncharacteristically late, was due here at four for his triumphal arrival in New York. The Democratic Convention, which begins Monday, is already his, and he will be free to spend his time in the coming week completing the process of selecting a running mate, and reaching out to those elements of the Party—and they are substantial—which are still dubious about him. The apparatus that was originally assembled to come here to obtain whatever number of additional delegates might be needed to guarantee Carter's nomination on the first ballot (all along, the assumption within the Carter campaign has been that he would be nominated on the first ballot or not at all) will now be used instead to batten down his support in the Party for the fall campaign for the Presidency. Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager, figures that from seven hundred to a thousand of the three thousand and eight delegates assembled here remain emphatically opposed to Carter. "We'll work on them," he said recently. Moreover, Carter's strategists know that much of the support that Carter does have is what is known as "soft." So tomorrow evening Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter will throw a fried-chicken-and-beer party for all the delegates, and in the course of the coming week Carter will make occasional forays from his suite on the twenty-first floor of the Americana Hotel to greet some state delegations and Party officeholders. The trick, according to his staff, is to strike a balance between having him holed up in his suite, remote from the conventioneers, and causing him to be "overexposed." Gerald Rafshoon, Carter's forty-two-year-old media consultant, has prepared a handsome brochure about Carter for distribution to all the delegates. The actual managing of the Convention is ostensibly being left to Robert Strauss, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Mark Siegel, the Party's executive director, able men with a proved capacity for threading their way among the conflicting and explosive subcultures of the Democratic Party. But Strauss and Siegel do not make many moves these days without checking with the Carter camp. Earlier in the year, Party officials had prepared for a Convention that might require as many as five ballots for the Presidential nomination—even trying to figure what would be the psychological impact of adjourning overnight after which ballot.

Carter may have won the nomination, but he has not captured the Party. The principal concern within the Carter camp now is how to generate enough enthusiasm so that its candidate will win in November. The Carter people worry about the assumption that he has the election "wrapped up." Efforts will be made here this week to mollify the Party's liberal wing—the Carter forces have chosen some prominent liberals as floor leaders, who will be speaking both to delegations and to television microphones. The floor representatives and those who will speak for Carter from the rostrum are being instructed to strike the themes of Party unity and of Jimmy Carter as a hard-working person, and to stress the fact that the election is not sewed up. Some of his aides feel there has been too much talk out of Carter headquarters, including talk by the candidate himself, about planning for a transition to a Carter Administration—talk that, they feel, suggests arrogance on the part of the Carter camp and induces laxness among its workers. Last week, Morris Dees, Carter's fund-raiser, asked the Federal Election Commission for permission to accept private contributions for transition planning.

Patrick Caddell, Carter's twenty-six-year-old pollster, explained to me in a conversation yesterday that the very factors in our national political life which worked to Carter's advantage during his quest for the nomination could provide the greatest dangers to his election. Whether or not one agrees with what Caddell says—and my own feeling is that he is at times quite on point and at times too sweeping, seeming to overlook how much the factor of accident contributed to Carter's nomination—he is worth listening to, because much of what he says to reporters he also says to Carter. And Caddell is the one former outsider, not a longtime Carter associate, who has been brought into the small, tight inner circle of the Carter campaign. As Caddell sees it, there is a sort of vacuum in the country—a lack of clarity as to what is wanted of government policy—and also a high degree of volatility among the voters. The voters' uncertainty, he says, has been expressed in part in the low turnouts for the primaries this year. He argues that there are strong tendencies in the population: a desire for change; a feeling that things aren't working well; a desire for a restoration of basic values. These tendencies lead to a dichotomy, he argues: feelings of wanting to believe and feelings of having been burned. Caddell says, "You're dealing with a major psychological crisis in the country." According to this theory, the country is torn between its wish to hope and its feeling of cynicism, and, while a certain amount of cynicism is healthy, there is danger in a political system that people don't have confidence in—one in which, leaders having broken their contract with the people, the people no longer feel it worthwhile to follow their leaders. It is here that Caddell seems on point: the problem is how to grant our leaders not too much trust but enough trust to govern. "To have this kind of democracy function," says Caddell, "you have to have some belief that when the ballot is cast something will change. The public no longer believes that." The country's psychological crisis is brought about by the collapse of certain tenets: that we fought just wars, and won the wars we fought; that the Presidential office made the man. Jimmy Carter was the candidate of Watergate and Vietnam. He did not talk much about them explicitly, but he was constantly talking about what they did to us, touching the pain and offering himself as the soother, the healer, the one who would restore trust and virtue and belief and pride. But, as Caddell sees it, there will be disadvantages in having trust as a major theme in a Ford-Carter race. According to Caddell's theory, if Ford is the Republican candidate, Carter is the issue, for he is new, Southern, different, complicated, while Ford is comfortable, known, safe. While Carter has been the best campaigner on the theme of values, Caddell's theory goes, the Carter campaign is asking people to take a risk—moreover, to take a risk on a candidate who is somewhat confusing to people, an enigma. While many argue that Carter should talk less now about themes and more about issues, Caddell believes that issues have been "devalued," because people do not believe that the government is capable of doing anything about the issues being discussed. "We still have not paid the price of Watergate and the war," he argues.



"I think more sensitivity is in order."

• •

Carter's continuing search for a running mate is in some part a true process and in some part public relations, with no one, perhaps not even Carter himself, knowing how much of each. Nor, for all the speculation, can anyone be sure what is going on in Carter's mind. His friend and counsellor Charles Kirbo, an Atlanta lawyer and, except for Mrs. Carter, the only person in the Carter entourage having anything like a peer relationship with the candidate, has interviewed several possible running mates and given them a written questionnaire about such things as medical records and tax forms, and has asked them about each other. In addition, Hamilton Jordan has asked questions around Washington. Carter summoned Senators Edmund Muskie, Walter Mondale, and John Glenn to his home in Plains, Georgia, last week. According to those who profess to know, he got along with Muskie less well than he had expected—found him stiff ("Muskie's reactions to people were the predictable behavior of a politician being watched by another politician and wanting to be Vice-President," said an aide afterward), his New England manners off-putting—and he got along with Mondale better than he expected. He will see Representative Peter Rodino and Senators Henry Jackson, Frank Church, and Adlai Stevenson III here in New York, but most of his aides believe that the choice will be among the senators who went to Plains. The interviews in New York seemed designed to soothe the subjects' patrons, followers, and egos. Church, says one aide, would have been Carter's choice right after the June 8th primaries—Carter was impressed by Church's success as a candidate and by the way he opposed Carter without being hostile—but Church was eliminated after several of his Senate colleagues gave him poor marks for his handling of the C.I.A. investigation and for his general strength as a senator. Glenn, Carter's aides insist, received good reports from his fellow-senators, thus belying his reputation, particularly among the press, as a "lightweight." However, press reaction to Carter's decision on his running mate is important to the Carter camp, which sees it as the first major "executive" decision he will have to make—the biggest one of the campaign—and believes, too, that the Vice-Presidential candidate's reputation will be fixed firmly and quickly by the press. And Carter's aides know that Mondale is a favorite among the press. Carter's staff is surprisingly candid about its own preferences. Jordan, Jody Powell (Carter's press secretary), and Jerry Rafshoon tell people that they favor Mondale. They see him as a fresh face and as the candidate most likely to inspirit labor unions and liberals.

The scene outside the Americana resembles a street festival. A steel band is playing. A medium-sized crowd has gathered, drawn by announcements stencilled on the streets and by leaflets handed out by volunteers. It is a pleasant Saturday afternoon, and some people seem to be here because they are drawn by Carter and some because they are drawn by curiosity and some simply because they are trying to get down Seventh Avenue. There are pretzel venders and Italian-ice venders and people holding on to children, balloons, and dogs. A Frenchman carrying a tape recorder and a microphone asks for a bystander's impressions and remarks, "It's very folklorico, isn't

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Palm Beach	*Capriccio Boutique by Vita (Both Stores)*
Pompano Beach	Downie Jewelers
Sarasota	The Yankee Traveler
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Gainesville	*Gem Jewelers*
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Honolulu	Liberty House

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Monroeville	Bailey, Banks & Biddle
Philadelphia	Bailey, Banks & Biddle
Philadelphia	*J. E. Caldwell*
Pittsburgh	Bailey, Banks & Biddle
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Houston	Kaplan's Ben Hur
Houston	The Old World
Houston	Sweeney Jewelers
Lubbock	Anderson Brothers Jewelry
San Antonio	Frost Brothers

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Richmond	The Furniture Studio
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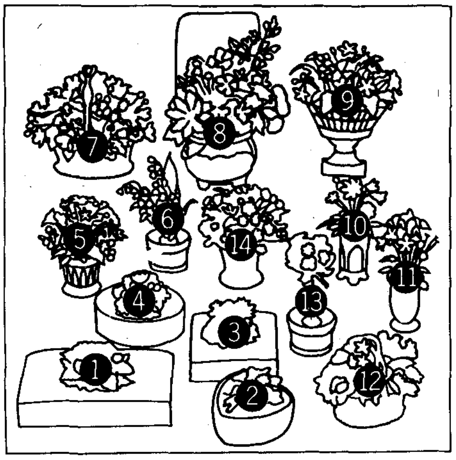
WASHINGTON
Bellingham	Geppetto's
Seattle	Carroll's Fine Jewelry
Spokane	Dodson's
Tri-Cities	Dodson's

WEST VIRGINIA
Huntington	Collingsworth Interiors

WISCONSIN
La Crosse	*Edward's China Shop*

FOREIGN
Windsor, Ontario, Canada	Jeanne Bruce Ltd.



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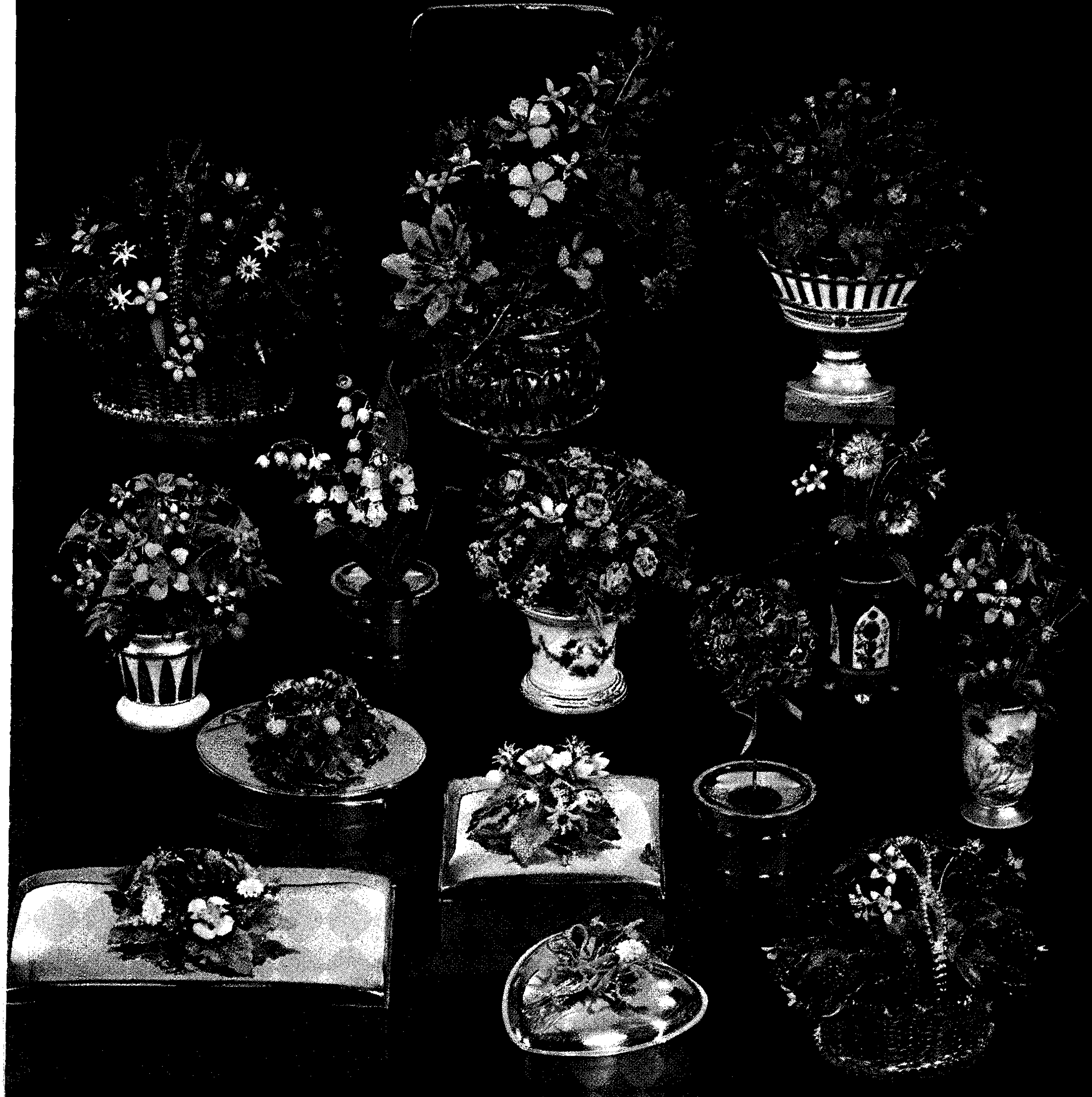

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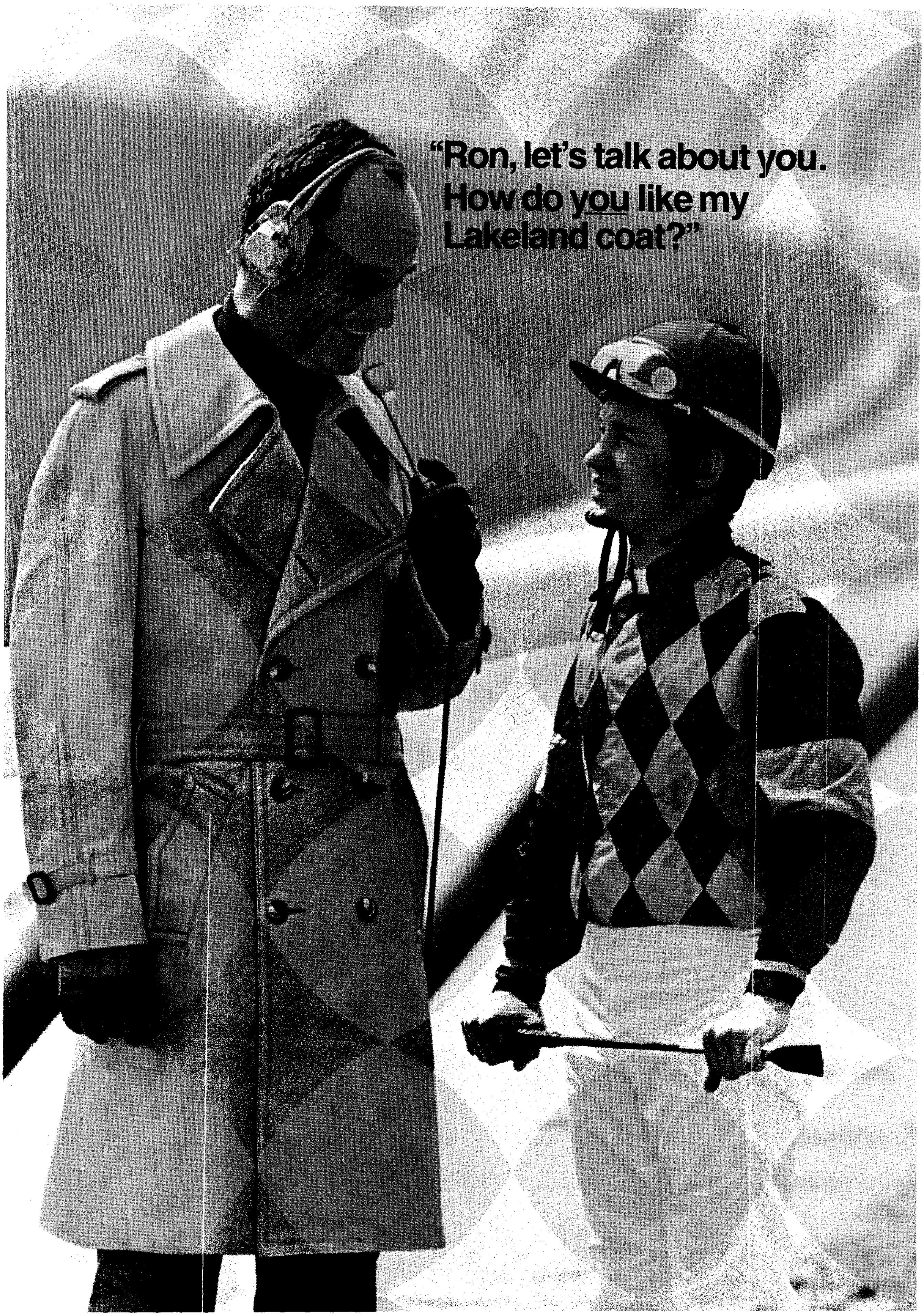
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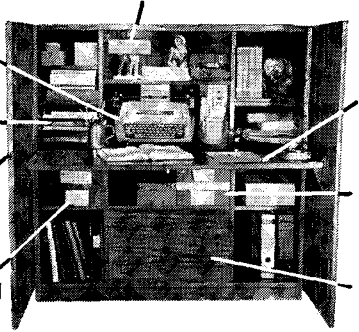
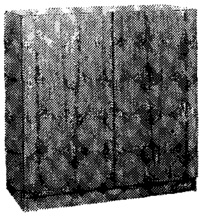
it?" There are the inevitable components of any Convention crowd: people selling souvenirs (Carter buttons, Big Apple T-shirts, Bicentennial T-shirts, and Bicentennial Big Apple T-shirts), people handing out pamphlets (about amnesty, about abortion, about homosexuals' rights), and—it happens at every Convention—a person dressed as Uncle Sam. Yet the scene seems decidedly New York: the urban, jaded faces, the smart remarks to the pamphleteers, the women in the latest bloomerlike trousers and high-laced espadrilles. Some people, tired of waiting, drop into Nick's Deli for a cold beer. On the platform, awaiting the Southern conqueror, are, among others, Mayor Abe Beame and Averell Harriman. Harriman, now eighty-four, made a nearly forgotten race for the Democratic nomination himself in 1956, and later enjoyed a renaissance as a senior statesman of the Party. Earlier this spring, Harriman, who presides over one of Georgetown's more glittering salons, was quoted as saying of Carter, "How can he be nominated? I don't know him, and neither do any of my friends." Carter began to shoot back and then thought better of it and wooed Harriman, and now Harriman, like a proud father, is on the platform awaiting Carter.

Finally, Carter arrives. He is wearing a gray suit and is smiling—it looks like his more natural smile, as well it might be. His wife and their eight-year-old daughter, Amy, are with him. These arrival scenes are set pieces for Conventions, providing morale for the candidate and his workers and a good scene for the television news programs. I remember Nixon arriving in Miami in 1968. The Nixon people, as was their wont, went all out, with "Nixonettes" wearing tall furry hats outside the Hilton Plaza Hotel. Carter makes a little speech in which he reassures New York that he will not, in the *News* paraphrase of Ford's initial reaction last year to New York's fiscal troubles, tell it to "drop dead." Carter needs New York in November. He teases the audience about his Vice-Presidential selection, hinting at first that he might reveal it on the spot—he does not often engage in such humor—and then strikes some familiar notes. He says that he will wage a campaign "of unity based on a common purpose . . . of correcting the problems that afflict our country." The country, he says, "has lived through the last few years of torment, a time of disappointment and disillusionment, a time of disappointment about the future of our country." The public-address

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system isn't very good, and his voice is faint. He continues, "But it's now time for us to approach some years of healing, pulling ourselves together, working to answer difficult questions and working to solve the problems that face our country." Then he asks, as campaigners often ask, "Will you help me do it?" And he closes, as he has closed many, many speeches this year, by telling the audience that we still live "in the greatest nation on earth."

•

IN North Dakota on Thursday, President Ford won twelve of the state's eighteen delegates, and Ronald Reagan won four, with two remaining uncommitted. The Republican race is now so close that it has people keeping track as individual delegates make up their minds, and drawing grand conclusions from ordinarily minor events. North Dakota was generally viewed as a big victory for the President, who had not been expected to do so well. In Colorado today, Reagan won fifteen of the sixteen at-large delegates; the sixteenth went to Ford. And in Washington, D.C., the President Ford Committee announced that fourteen previously uncommitted delegates now supported the President. Some of these had already been counted as being for the President in the running tallies kept by news organizations. With eleven hundred and thirty delegates needed to win the Republican nomination, the Washington *Post* as of now gives the President a thousand and fifty-two and Reagan nine hundred and ninety-five, with a hundred and forty-one uncommitted, and the *Times* gives the President a thousand and sixty-seven and Reagan a thousand and forty-three. Yesterday, in a shift, the President said that he viewed Reagan as qualified to be President and had not ruled him out as a running mate. Of course, the possibility that Ford would select Reagan might make some delegates more favorable to Ford. The President said that earlier statements that Reagan was not qualified to be President were made with "political license."

JULY 12

MONDAY. The poor Democrats. When they are at each other's throats, as they usually are, over whom the Party should nominate and what its platform should say, the word among observers, particularly the press, is that they are "at it again," that they are "doing themselves in." The Party's fratricidal instincts elicit the kind of patronizing comments that might be

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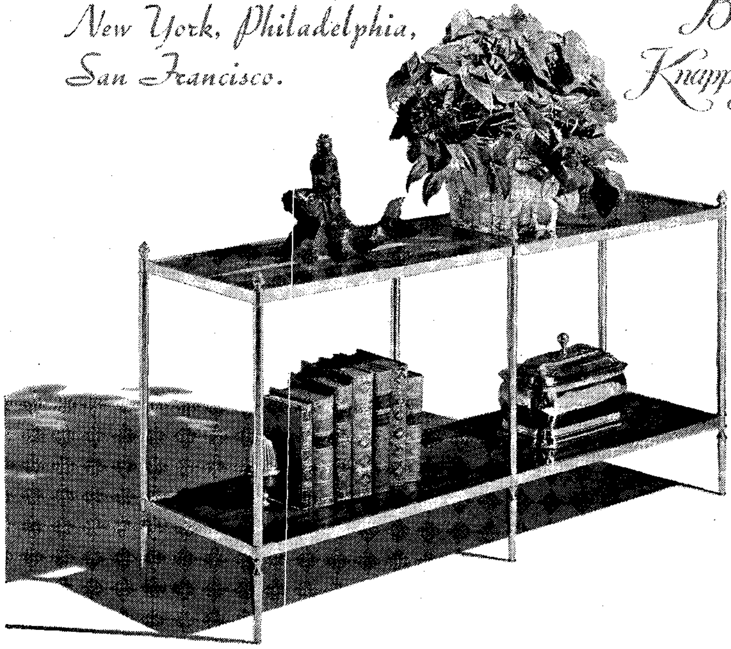

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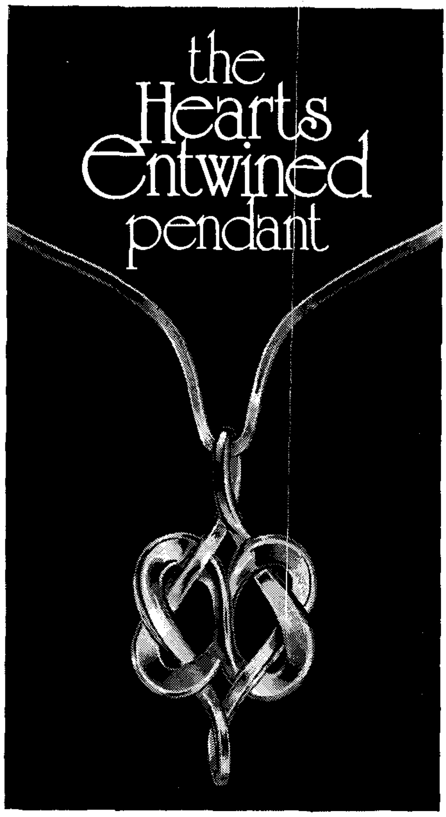

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made about someone who can't seem to do anything right. And now that the Party has, with some misgivings, settled the questions of this year's nominee and platform, it is being accused in the same quarters of being "dull." (Strauss, delighted with his party's newfound harmony, has said, "It can't get too dull for me.") Every Convention seems to have a buzzword that travels through the hotel corridors and across the Convention floor, carried mainly by cross-pollinators in the media, and the buzzword for this year's Democratic Convention is "dull." Whenever some five thousand political-minded beings and a thousand or two members of the press and perhaps another thousand or two lobbyists and pleaders for special interests are gathered, it is anything but dull. And when a political party gathers in a convention, whisking the old leaders offstage, even if temporarily, and bringing the new ones onstage, sending off the losers and accepting, with whatever degree of enthusiasm, the winner, it is anything but dull. Reporters may be hard pressed for a "story," and the television audience may be deprived of a suspenseful plot, but political conventions, by definition, are not dull.

Each day, the lobby of the Statler-Hilton, the Convention headquarters, across the street from Madison Square Garden, becomes more of a crush of people swirling about, trading rumors, heading for the black caucus or the women's caucus, for Frank Church's press conference, George McGovern's reception, the Americans for Democratic Action dinner, the bar. The coalition of nine liberal labor unions which had worked to get members elected as delegates in case there should be a brokered Convention—and succeeded in getting some four hundred delegates here—has been trying to keep its delegates interested and motivated to participate in the next nomination struggle. This morning, it held a rally for its delegates.

Each Convention is a thing unto itself. The delegates who are here are here as a result of accidents and strategies and primaries and state conventions, and there is also a scattering of governors and senators and local officials who managed to get here. To the extent that there is anything resembling a party, this is it. "The Party"—whichever party it is—is a skeleton fleshed out by the delegates of a given year. Interestingly, even some of the original Democratic reformers now think that reform has gone too far. They argue that Party participation should be among those who have some real identification with the Party. It is the same argument the former insiders—granted that they had rigged the rules to maintain power—made when the reformers, now insiders, were the outsiders. But it seems clear that the parties will never be what they once were. The welfare state and the Civil Service have removed some of the traditional functions of the parties.

And lately something else has happened to them, as John Gardner pointed out to me earlier this year. They have become the captives of competing, sophisticated interest groups to the extent of being nearly paralyzed on many questions. At the same time, and probably in large part as a result, citizens have been finding other mechanisms, outside the parties, for seeking change—through the environmental movement, through organizations like Common Cause, through groups spawned by Ralph Nader, through local action groups. It is all these things that make the parties seem somewhat antiquated and sterile, and lamentations over "the decline of the parties" futile.

The statistics say that the percentages of women, blacks, and young people attending this Convention are down from what they were in 1972, when, as a result of stiff rules, they were at an all-time high, but, more important, the look of this Convention is different. That has to do, it seems, with changes in the country as well as within the Democratic Party. The California delegation looks as if it had turned in its thrift-shop costumes of 1972 and gone shopping at Bonwit Teller. A woman prominent in the New Jersey delegation who appeared in floor-length skirts and an Indian headdress in 1972 is tailored propriety this year. The war is over and passions are dead, and many of the delegates to this Convention look, as a friend of mine observed, like "modified Republicans." In 1972, the Massachusetts delegation was violently anti-war, culturally to the left, and barely controllable even by the George McGovern forces; this year, it is made up heavily of delegates who supported Henry Jackson, and it is tame. McGovern delegates represented a fairly coherent ideology in 1972; Carter delegates are conservative white Southerners, moderate Southern blacks, Northern liberals, Northern regulars. They are Mayor

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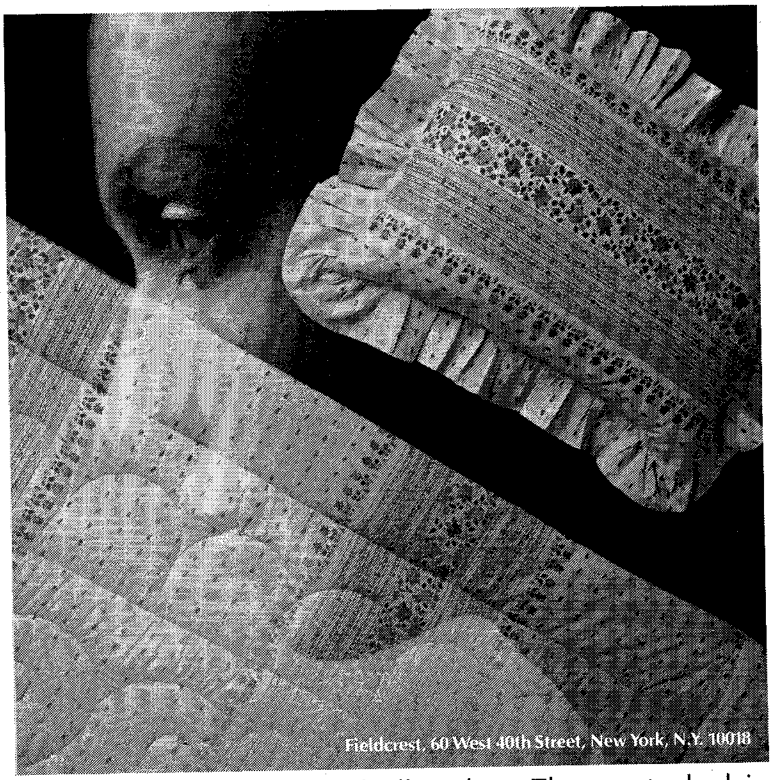
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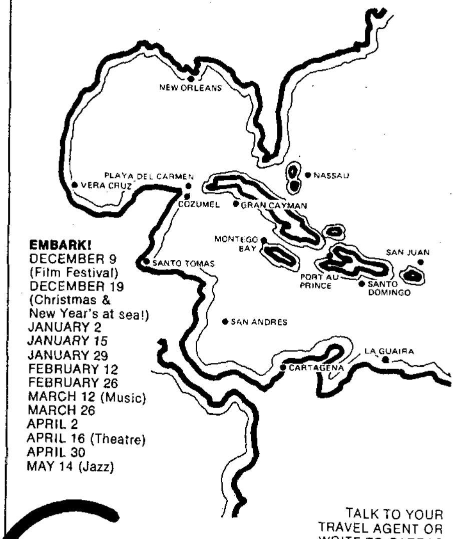
Daley and James Wall, who was the leader of the McGovern delegates from Illinois in 1972 and ran the Carter campaign there this year. And the statistics do not mean all that much. I met a black woman under forty who is a Cook County regular and, along with Mayor Daley, was thrown out of the 1972 Convention.

On Saturday, Representative Morris Udall held a press conference. He seems to have calmed down since the immediate post-primary period, when he still talked of trying to affect the platform, or even the choice of the Vice-Presidential candidate, from the Convention floor. It is hard for candidates to stop running, to cut off the flow of adrenalin, to accept the fact that, after all that effort and all those dreams and fantasies, they have no role. Encouraged by their followers, they come to think of themselves as a cause. It is a natural reaction of people who have thrown everything into an effort and have built a following. Now Udall, who has become a national figure (for how long, no one can know), talks of remaining the spokesman for the liberal wing of the Party. Meanwhile, he has filed for reëlection to his House seat from Arizona and, unlike many Presidential candidates, seems—at least, as of now—to have concluded that he will make no more than one race for the Presidency. Looking relaxed and well, he told reporters gathered in the Gold Ballroom of the Statler-Hilton, "We had a great and interesting adventure in the last two years," and he said that they fought the good fight and talked about the issues and "now we're here to help Jimmy Carter celebrate his victory." Asked if he would run for the Presidential nomination again, Udall replied, "I think we had one good race. We ran it. I'm not looking forward to any more."

Governor Jerry Brown, meeting today with his California delegation in the Trianon Ballroom of the New York Hilton, struck a very different note. Brown has not calmed down yet, and he sees himself, with reason, as having a future in Presidential politics. He did, after all, defeat the nominee every time he faced him but once, and that was in Oregon, where he won twenty-three per cent of the vote on a write-in (Carter received twenty-five per cent, and Church, who won the primary, received thirty-two per cent). Had Brown entered the primary race earlier, anything might have happened. Brown is thirty-eight and has time, and he shows no inclination to curb his own ambitions on behalf of the nominee. This morning, Brown, wearing a gray suit and a blue shirt, looked like a conservative banker. One was struck, as before, by how slight he is. Brown continues to stress his unorthodoxy while behaving like a rather orthodox politician. He likes to describe his campaign as "unorthodox." I heard him do that in Oregon, and today, again referring to his campaign as "unorthodox," he said, "I said it would materialize in the West and if it was the will of the people it would spread East." And he added, "We're here." Then he recited his triumphs—"It was the will of the people in Maryland, it was the will of the people in New Jersey, it was the will of the people in Nevada," and so on—listing the states where he won, and tossing in Oregon, saying, "I count a write-in vote as one-point-five votes. On the basis of that, I won Oregon." He continued, "I've tried to raise issues in this campaign; I'm going to continue to raise them." Issuing a not very veiled warning to Jimmy Carter, he said, "I do not believe in a cult of personality," and added, "I'm not going to try to sugarcoat the problems." He talked of an "era of limits" and the growing claims on depleting resources, of unemployment, and of "bombed-out buildings"—vacant ghetto buildings he saw in the East have now become part of his repertoire. "That's what our nominee is going to have to address himself to," Brown continued. "And he can, with our help. We're here to have an impact." He was applauded. He started to say that he saw the Convention as a beginning, but then midway he stopped and said, "Actually, I see everything as a beginning."

•

TONIGHT, Jerry Brown's sister Kathleen Brown Rice is circling the Convention floor, gathering names and addresses of potential future Brown supporters. Hamilton Jordan is also circling the floor, greeting, he says, "old friends and old enemies." The instructions to the Carter floor managers are to "maximize" the number of votes for Carter, watch what's going on, and not make anybody mad. There are a few Oklahoma delegates holding out for former Senator Fred Harris, of Oklahoma, and to mollify them a last-minute arrangement has been made for House Speaker Carl Albert, who also comes from Oklahoma, to address the Convention briefly. Now John Glenn is giving a keynote address, and only the Ohio delegation seems to be paying attention. Keynote addresses are supposed to light



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up Conventions and can help the speaker's political career, but Glenn's speech is falling flat. He looks small and lonely up there on the rostrum. The rostrum was deliberately decorated with picket fencing to give it an old-fashioned look. The bunting around the hall was designed to resemble the bunting at the 1924 Democratic Convention in an earlier Madison Square Garden. The hall is a bit small for such a sizable Convention ("Do you have to call it small?" a Democratic Party official asked me. "Can't you call it 'cozy'? 'Intimate'?"), and the aisles are hopelessly clogged. There must be thousands of still photographers on the floor, taking pictures of Warren Beatty and Jesse Jackson and of the new political celebrities—Hamilton Jordan and Gerald Rafshoon and Patrick Caddell. The large photographs of past Democratic Presidents are not here this year. Perhaps the reason is the size of the hall—but one wonders whether it is the increasing number of blemishes on past heroes. When a film to introduce Representative Barbara Jordan, the next keynote speaker, begins, showing a scene from the House Judiciary Committee's 1974 impeachment inquiry, the Convention audience cheers—its first demonstration of enthusiasm. That seems to be a period still deep in its consciousness, still a source of pride. And Barbara Jordan, the large black woman from Texas who imposed herself on the national consciousness then with her performance—her sharpness of mind, firmness of delivery, strength—wakes up the Convention now. Barbara Jordan, a black woman, a keynote speaker at the Democratic Convention. An important change has taken place. And as she stands there, in her green dress, delivering her speech in a forceful voice and clipping her words for emphasis, the delegates listen. A shrewd woman, she knows how to make the most of this opportunity. Yet the impact seems to come not from what she says—what she says is not very arresting—but from the way she says it, and from her symbolism. And she ends, quoting Lincoln, " 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference is no democracy.' " The applause starts quietly and then, feeding on itself, grows. It seems that the delegates want to make this a moment, want an excuse to express emotion. Robert Strauss, standing by her side, smiles with satisfaction. He knows that it was a good stroke to have Barbara Jordan make a keynote address. The band plays "The Eyes of Texas," and Barbara Jordan and Robert Strauss, two outsiders who learned to make their way in Texas politics, happily clap in time.

JULY 14

WEDNESDAY. The twenty-first floor of the Americana, early afternoon. Carter's top staff members are quartered here, as are the candidate and his family. His mother, Miss Lillian, who has captured the public's imagination with her direct talk, is giving an interview. His daughter, Amy, chases down the hall. Carter's younger brother, Billy, is dressed in a yellow double-knit suit, ready to go to lunch at "21." One is inclined to believe Billy Carter when he says he would rather be home in Plains, sitting around his filling station drinking beer. (He is also his brother's partner in the family's peanut-growing and peanut-warehousing business.) Yesterday, Jimmy Carter visited the New Jersey delegation; he had lost the New Jersey primary to "Uncommitted," which really represented Brown and Hubert Humphrey. The delegation leader for Brown said he would now support Carter, and Jody Powell took pains to make sure the press found that out. Now Jody Powell and Hamilton Jordan have just come from a meeting with Carter, along with Gerald Rafshoon, Charles Kirbo, and Greg Schneiders, Carter's personal aide, to discuss the procedure for announcing Carter's choice of a running mate tomorrow. The candidate's secret has been well kept—even from his staff. At the end of the meeting, Jordan and Rafshoon made one last pitch for Mondale, Rafshoon arguing that the selection of Mondale would get the best press reaction. The staff has consulted with others who have been through the process of taking the final steps in selecting a Vice-Presidential candidate. Carter will telephone the man he has chosen between 8 and 8:30 A.M. tomorrow, to avoid a leak of his decision which could come from a call tonight (Jordan and Kirbo prevailed upon him to call the others, too, so that they would not have to do it), and will announce his choice at a press conference at about ten. (The Secret Service has asked for an hour's notice, to get to the Vice-Presidential candidate's side by the time his name is announced.) At that time, Carter will answer questions about how he arrived at his choice, and later in the day he and his aides will brief some members of the press to try to get across what a

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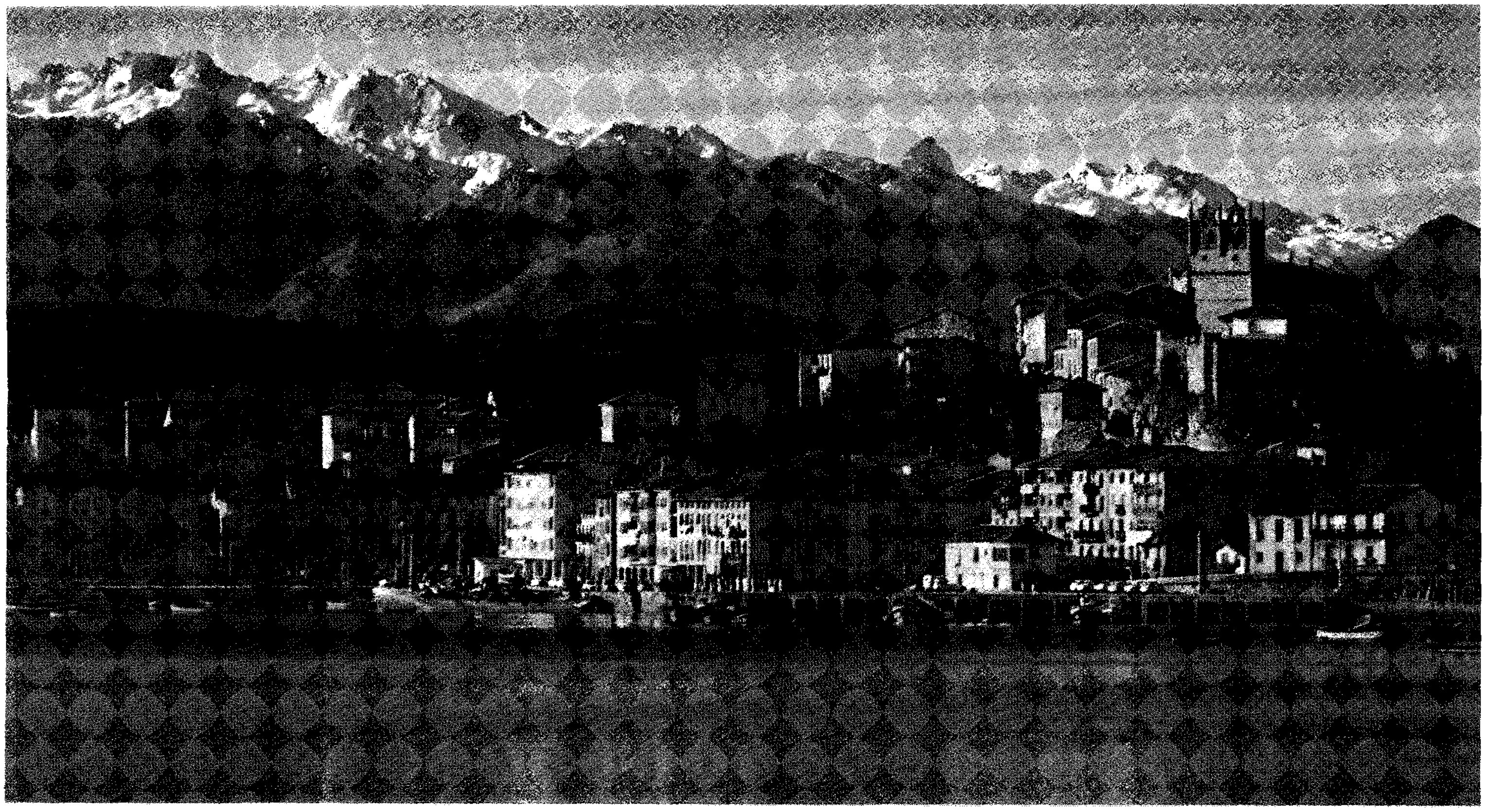

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deliberative process it was. They think they have "a good story to tell," and want to make the most of it. The potential candidates' staffs are being called now and informed of these procedures.

Last night, the Convention paid its respects to some of its former leaders: George McGovern, Edmund Muskie, and Hubert Humphrey were all given a chance to speak to the Convention and then were bustled off. The stage was thus cleared for the nomination of Jimmy Carter, the newcomer, tonight. Because the Democrats are not at each other's throats, the word has got about, spread by the media, that this Convention is a "love-in." It's not. The Convention does have a sort of mellow feel—at least, compared with other Democratic Conventions—because the nomination is, as everyone knows, settled. Carter did not run the sort of campaign that gets people very excited. And Carter's followers are not particularly zealous. Delegates backing other candidates arrived here knowing that there was little they could do, so they are attending the Convention with varying degrees of resignation. But the surface tranquillity is misleading, as a tour of the floor indicates. A New York labor leader (a Jackson backer): "I don't like it, but we have no choice now. I think there's potential for a landslide and potential for a disaster. No one knows what he's got in store, and he has only a few people around him. I guess that's a good strategy to get here, but we have to know now whether he'll broaden out." A governor, after saying that Carter had not been a bad governor and might be a good President: "My problem with him is that he is unnecessarily contradictory." The governor went on to explain the peculiar mood of this Convention: "Carter is bringing different elements within the Party together, but he does not appeal as strongly to any element as the candidate whose rapport is with that element in particular. We're getting back the old F.D.R. coalition, but for different reasons." Dina Beaumont, vice-president of District 11 of the Communications Workers of America, a California delegate and a Brown supporter: "This Convention is exactly what Strauss said he wanted—dull, dull, dull." I asked her if that bothered her. She replied, "In the sense that it means we'll come out of here united and put a Democrat in the White House, it doesn't. In the sense that it's taken some of the spice out of the Democratic Party, it does." She continued, "Carter has real problems in California. He is an unknown there, made no race there in the primaries. Californians are very issue-oriented. There is that continuing, nagging question of where he is on the issues."

The methodical manner in which the Carter camp went about the selection of a running mate was intended not just to avoid disaster—as befell Senator McGovern when he chose Senator Thomas Eagleton—but to give the desired picture of Carter. Characteristically, the process began with a memorandum written by Hamilton Jordan, in April. The memorandum stressed the importance of confidentiality and of drama at the Convention. Jordan suggested that three criteria be applied in making the actual choice of a running mate, with points assigned in each category: ability, fifteen points; integrity, fifteen points; acceptance, ten points. Next, he listed every Democratic senator and governor, several members of the House, and several Democratic mayors, and assigned them points in each category. The process was admittedly arbitrary, and Jordan was not familiar with many of the figures. (Despite all this methodology, the final list consists of the obvious names.) Next, he proposed that all those with a total of less than twenty-seven points out of the possible forty be eliminated, though exceptions could be made for a few, either because they had been particularly helpful to the Carter campaign or because it would be bad politics not to have them on the initial list. Then he added considerations of age, political philosophy, region, politics, and his own biases, and ended up with a list of twenty people to be considered—or apparently considered. Jordan and Patrick Caddell then decided that Caddell should conduct a poll on fourteen of those names. The poll, Carter aides said, showed that Carter would not be significantly helped or hurt by any one of them. Next came a period in which Carter received biographical material on the people being considered and made calls around the country to get reactions, while his staff and Kirbo also began asking around. Subsequently, Kirbo went to Washington to conduct his interviews with prospective nominees. About two weeks ago, Carter met in Plains with Jody Powell, Jordan, and Kirbo. Afterward, Jordan wrote Carter a memo in which he said that the most important criterion was that the person chosen be seen by the public as honest and competent. The question, he said, was whether the Vice-Presidential candidate should shore up the South, which would probably support Carter in any event, or, while

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costing some support in the South, make up this loss in other regions of the country and create increased support and enthusiasm among liberals, independents, blacks, and unions. Then, reflecting the Carter campaign's propensity for thinking in terms of the words that convey impressions, Jordan listed the finalists and the words that he thought attached to their names. Jordan argued that the most important thing this year was that the voters were less interested in ideology than they were in a candidate's personal qualities.

A memorandum was also prepared on the role of the Vice-Presidential candidate in the campaign and, if elected, in the Administration. It emphasized the importance of giving that person independence. It remains to be seen how realistic the memo is. It argued that the Vice-Presidency had not been a very good job in the past because Presidents had not allowed it to be. Usually, it said, the President's staff caused friction, and a large number of staff people were allowed to give orders to the Vice-President, and it argued that things did not have to be that way. It made some suggestions about the Vice-President's role in the Administration and suggested that his office be moved into the White House proper from the Executive Office Building, across the way. At the beginning of the Nixon Administration, Spiro Agnew's office was in the White House. (Humphrey's had been in the Executive Office Building.) After a while, Agnew was moved across the street. Jordan was right, as far as he went, about the problem of the role of the Vice-President. But there is another problem, which defies the nice theories. The problem is that the Vice-President is a supernumerary, without any real power or machinery at his command, and supernumeraries are given short shrift by busy and powerful people who are playing for big stakes; the way to prevent this is to put real power and machinery at the Vice-President's command, but no President has wanted to do that. Still, potential Vice-Presidential nominees usually think that this time it will be different, and the men who select them usually talk as if they thought so, too.

The Americana is bedlam—even the twenty-first floor, Carter's own floor, which has been cut off by security guards one floor below. (The elevators have been wired so that they will not stop at the twenty-first floor.) Color-coded passes determine which Carter staff members have access to which floor, with green passes, the lowest

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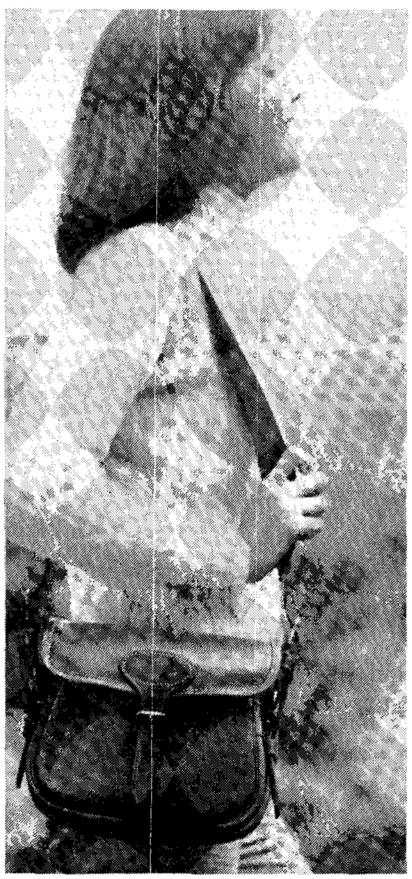

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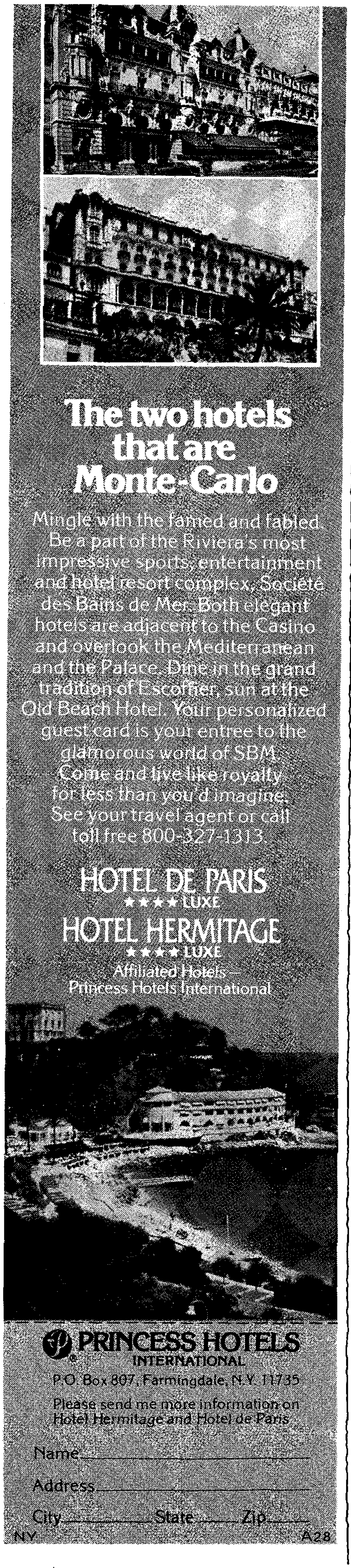

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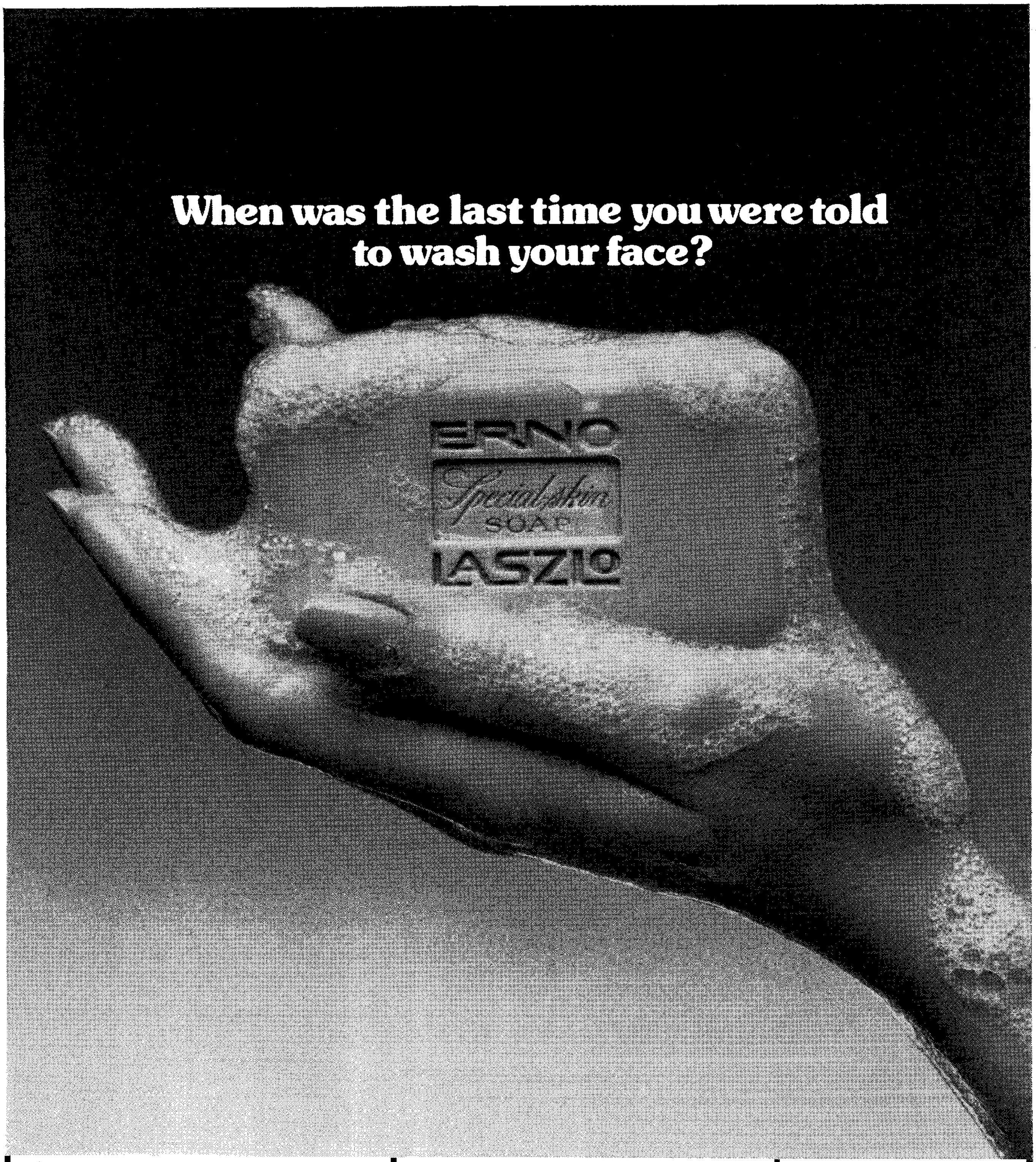
rank, being liberally handed out, to make people feel good. In the vast Albert Hall, in the lower lobby, people sign up for passes, or to do volunteer work, or for jobs in the campaign. Promising organizers are sent up to the fifth floor to be interviewed by Timothy Kraft—the manager of Carter's efforts in Iowa, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Ohio—who will be in charge of "field operations" for the November election. On the twenty-first floor, television camera crews file through, filming the candidate's top aides at work, and still photographers come to take pictures of them. Jody Powell gives briefings and fends off requests for interviews with the candidate, and even with Amy. Hamilton Jordan worries about everything from getting hold of additional tickets for tonight's and tomorrow night's Convention sessions to calls from Senator Eagleton, who is worried about restiveness within the Missouri delegation on the abortion issue. There was a time when these people might have been worrying about getting their candidate's nomination, but now that is secure, and other worries fill the space. During the brief time that Jordan spent in the Convention hall last evening, he was asked by the staff to soothe Pittsburgh's mayor, Peter Flaherty, who had come out for Carter early and now was feeling unloved (Jordan couldn't find him, so left him a note), and was stopped by a House member and asked if Carter would campaign in his district. Jordan is thirty-one, and has straight dark hair (which he gets out of his eyes by tossing his head), blue eyes, a pink complexion, and even, white teeth. He is heavyset, and he almost always wears a denim jacket and almost never wears a tie. He is not without arrogance, but he hides it most of the time. He is solicitous of campaign workers, jollies them along, cheers them up, and tells all those who stop him to tell him what they did for the campaign, "You did a good job. . . . We've heard a lot about the good job you did for us. . . . We appreciate all your work." With people he knows better, he wisecracks.

Jordan does not profess to hold any particular philosophy or pretend to be very concerned about issues. His consuming purpose—which he has pursued since 1966, when Carter made an unsuccessful try for the Georgia governorship—is to advance the political aims of Jimmy Carter. Jordan says he is convinced that Carter would "do good things" if he should be elected President. I once asked Jordan what it was about government that interested him, and he seemed mystified by the question. Carter's immediate staff remains a tight little group, suspicious of outsiders, protective of its power. This is not surprising, and it is also true that most men of great power and responsibility want a few close aides in whom they can place absolute trust. But these tendencies, if insufficiently resisted, can lead to trouble. Carter's aides do not as yet block the access or ideas of others, but they are possessive of their power. After all, they were there when it was only themselves and Carter. Their achievement is remarkable, but their range of experience is still limited. It remains to be seen how interested they are in branching out. These men clearly are not Haldeman and Ehrlichman, but it is clear that they would go to great lengths for their man. Still, every President I have observed has had people around him who would do some unattractive things for what they considered the greater good. The White House, like any seat of great power, is not a genteel place. There is no good way of assessing these people's sense of limits until great temptations—and serious challenges—confront them. The unpredictability of how people will behave in the White House grows out of the uniqueness of the place. There is no other place that produces this particular set of pressures, no other place that is so vanity-inducing, no other place that impels such pride and arrogance.

It is known by now that Carter has quite a temper, lashes out at the staff, and does not welcome bad news or criticism. (Powell is considered something of a hero for sitting with Carter on the plane when the campaign is running late.) But Powell and Jordan do not appear to be yes-men, and do seem to have fairly free exchanges with Carter—at least at times. They are not obsequious toward him—they still call him "Jimmy"—and they manage to talk about him and the campaign with loyal irreverence. They seem to understand the need for humor in the campaign, and they are fairly open with the press, as Carter surely knows by now, and relaxed about reporting to outsiders conflicting views within the entourage. But, unlike Rosalynn Carter and Charles Kirbo, they do not have peer relationships with Carter. Carter seems to have few friends. Kirbo, says an aide to Carter, "is the one who can straighten Jimmy out when he gets off balance." He cited as an example Carter's shaken reaction to coming in fourth in the Massachusetts



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primary and his public petulance in Florida in the ensuing days. Kirbo, the aide said, steadied Carter at that time.

This afternoon, Jordan is worrying about finding extra tickets for this evening for the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr.—Daddy King—who has arrived with fifteen members of his family; soothing a campaign worker who is handling the distribution of tickets for this evening (more Carter relatives have been arriving, reaching a total of seventy-four); talking with Gerald Rafshoon about a meeting Rafshoon will have later to work on the lighting and the sound system at the Garden; conferring with Powell and Kirbo (whom Jordan calls "Mr. Kirbo") about denying a report that Jerry Brown was offered ten minutes of time to speak at the Convention if he would refrain from having his name placed in nomination; going over with staff aides the question of who will sit on the rostrum tomorrow evening ("Let's get some of our friends up there. . . . Be sure half of them are women"), vetoing some names and adding others; teasing Miss Lillian about her social whirl (she is about to go to a reception); meeting with a columnist; and attending a meeting with officials of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

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THE meeting with the labor officials, held in a suite on the thirtieth floor of the Americana, is attended by Lane Kirkland, who is the secretary-treasurer of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and, many think, Meany's likely successor; Alexander Barkan, the director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education (COPE), which distributes campaign funds and other help; Jesse Calhoon, the president of the Marine Engineer's Beneficial Association; Thomas Donahue, George Meany's executive assistant; and Landon Butler, the Carter campaign's political director, and Jordan. The meeting is being held because the Carter campaign has blundered into intramural union politics. The problem is that it has tentatively agreed to bring into the campaign as a representative of labor an official of the machinists union, which, while affiliated with the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is part of the liberal labor coalition, with several of whose members the A.F.L.-C.I.O. hierarchy is at odds. The coalition is essentially a rival force. Landon Butler looks nervous. Kirkland opens the meeting by saying to Jordan, "Do you want a unified labor effort or a factional one?" His blunt message is softened by a

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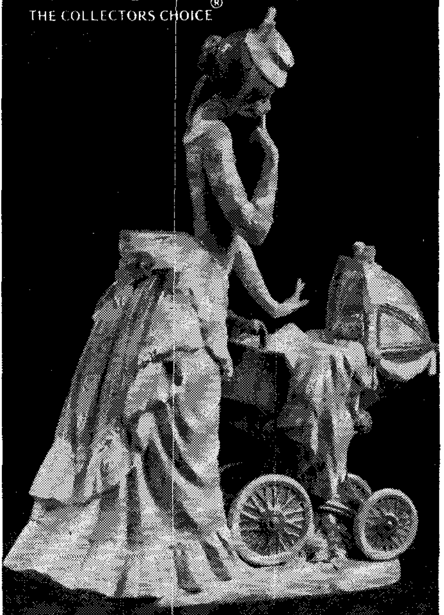

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Southern accent and a gentle manner, but Jordan understands. He smiles and says, "That's not a hard question," and he goes on, "Being from the South, being from Georgia, we don't have the kinds of relationship with labor we would have if we were from Ohio, from the North. We've made mistakes along the way." The union leaders, who have been eying him intently, relax just slightly. Jordan goes on to say that he has talked with Barkan and wants to continue to, and he wants to work with COPE, and the union leaders slowly nod in assent. They are all elderly men, with gnarled, experienced faces, and they sit across the room watching this thirty-one-year-old man with the unlined face who sits in a big black leather chair. Jordan is wearing a suit and tie this afternoon, and he props his feet, in boots, on an ottoman. He is deferential but utterly poised, and the union leaders show a grudging respect for this young man who has made off with their Party.

Kirkland explains, as if instructing a son, that the problem is not just that the designated labor representative is from the wrong side of the street but that labor opposes having any designated staff spokesman. "We regard that as an impediment and as a source of trouble," he says. A designated labor representative, in a campaign or in the White House, he explains, could become fixed in the minds of those he works with as the channel to which labor officials should take their complaints and requests, and what he says could become discounted because, after all, he is the special pleader for labor. Moreover, Kirkland says, "if you take a specific fellow from any organization, what you're getting, by and large, is not a labor man—you're getting someone from one organization." He continues, "Our lines are open. George Meany will return Governor Carter's calls; you and I can talk. We have a regional office in Atlanta; we can strengthen that."

Jordan replies, "This would be another step in our educational process," and he smiles and laughs, and the union leaders, at last, smile.

Jordan asks their advice about how to work with the various unions.

Barkan explains that they do not mind what arrangements the campaign makes with other unions, but "when it comes to contact with the A.F.L.-C.I.O., what Lane is saying is you ought to deal with the appropriate structure." Barkan is something of a legend, because he has great power, which he does not hesitate to use,

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and because he has a close relationship with Meany. He has not hesitated to try to order the Democratic Party around, and though his wishes have carried less force in recent years—the reformers having reduced his power—people still want to know where Barkan stands. He is wearing a plaid suit, a red shirt, white shoes, and white socks; he is a large man and speaks with a strong New Jersey accent. The one thing that he and Jordan have in common is their understanding of the size of what is at stake. Carter got where he is without the help of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—and with the help of the liberal labor unions—so now his aide must be convinced that he needs its help. The new campaign-spending law forbids contributions during the general-election campaigns to Presidential candidates who accept federal funding. Therefore, the unions cannot make contributions to the candidate, but there are other ways, as there have always been, in which they can be helpful. Barkan explains that Meany told him to tell Jordan that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. will endorse Carter and that Barkan should get together with Jordan to explain how the A.F.L.-C.I.O. can help. It has fourteen million members, he says, with computerized phone lists. "Nobody else has that," he adds. Its members are concentrated in sixteen states, which could produce forty-one per cent of the popular vote, he says. Barkan says he is pleased that the Democratic National Committee will be raising and expending funds for voter registration. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. is always highly interested in the congressional races—sometimes more interested than it is in the Presidential race—because it wants to have in Congress as many supporters of its positions as possible.

One of the leaders tells Jordan that what labor will spend on getting out the vote will be worth twenty million dollars to the Carter campaign. "We can organize fourteen million members," says Barkan—there is some question as to how closely union members follow their leaders, but that subject does not come up today—and he continues, "We assume there is another voter in each family, so that makes twenty-eight million. We accept the responsibility for registering those people, educating them." He explains that in 1968 "we put out fifty-five million pieces of literature for Humphrey." Barkan and Jordan arrange to meet again soon, and Barkan offers to advise the campaign on which labor conventions Carter should speak before. Jordan thanks the leaders for their offers of help, says that the mistake about the labor representative will be corrected, and adds, "By just about the time the campaign is over, we'll finally have an understanding of the labor unions." He laughs and continues, "We'll probably make mistakes—we made one here—but the mistakes we make will be honest ones." The labor leaders smile.

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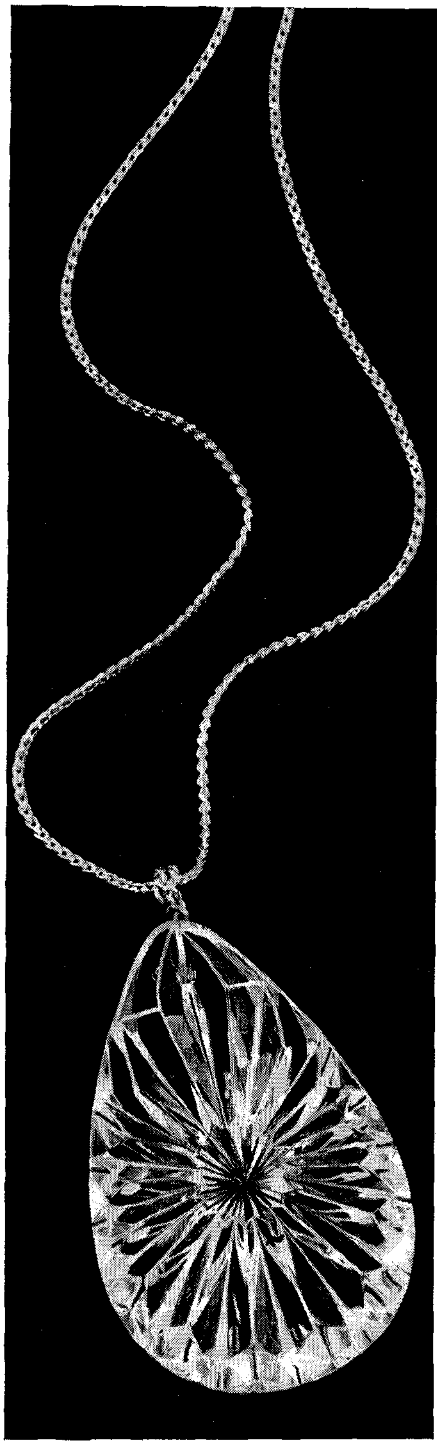
JORDAN, his wife, Nancy, and his remarkably calm secretary, Caroline Wellons, and I arrive at Madison Square Garden shortly after eight. Jordan, who has made no special arrangements to get in, docilely accepts the guards' instructions to go up several flights of escalators and then down again—the Garden is a maze—in order to reach the Carter camp's trailers, which are parked within the Garden, just off the Convention floor. It is a command post fit for a Convention struggle and seeming no less busy for the lack of one. There are three trailers, commanded by Rick Hutcheson, a serious, slim twenty-four-year-old man with straight sandy hair, a mustache, and wire-rimmed glasses. Hutcheson has served as the Carter campaign's delegate hunter. In the main trailer are fourteen phones connected to phones on the floor in each of the fourteen regions established by the Carter forces. A campaign worker mans each phone. There are other phone consoles, and a red phone that is a direct line to Carter. Jordan, Frank Mankiewicz (the former McGovern political coördinator, who is now helping the Carter forces), and some staff aides deal with a last-minute crisis concerning the arrangements under which, after the roll call is completed, Jerry Brown, who has offered to make the vote unanimous, will be called on to make the vote of his own state unanimous and, after several states have done this, George Busbee, the governor of Georgia, will move that the Convention make it unanimous. "*Acclamation*," Mankiewicz tells Jordan. "*Acclamation*. If you move to make it unanimous, some bastard might hold out." Jordan talks with Powell and with Carter about the final arrangements. They need California in November, and they want to give Brown some role—but apparently not too big a role. The staff in the trailer reports the prospective vote to Hutcheson, who marks it on a large board. It is determined that the fifteen hundred and five votes necessary for Carter's nomination will be reached when the roll call gets to the "O"s—probably Ohio. One of the television sets in the



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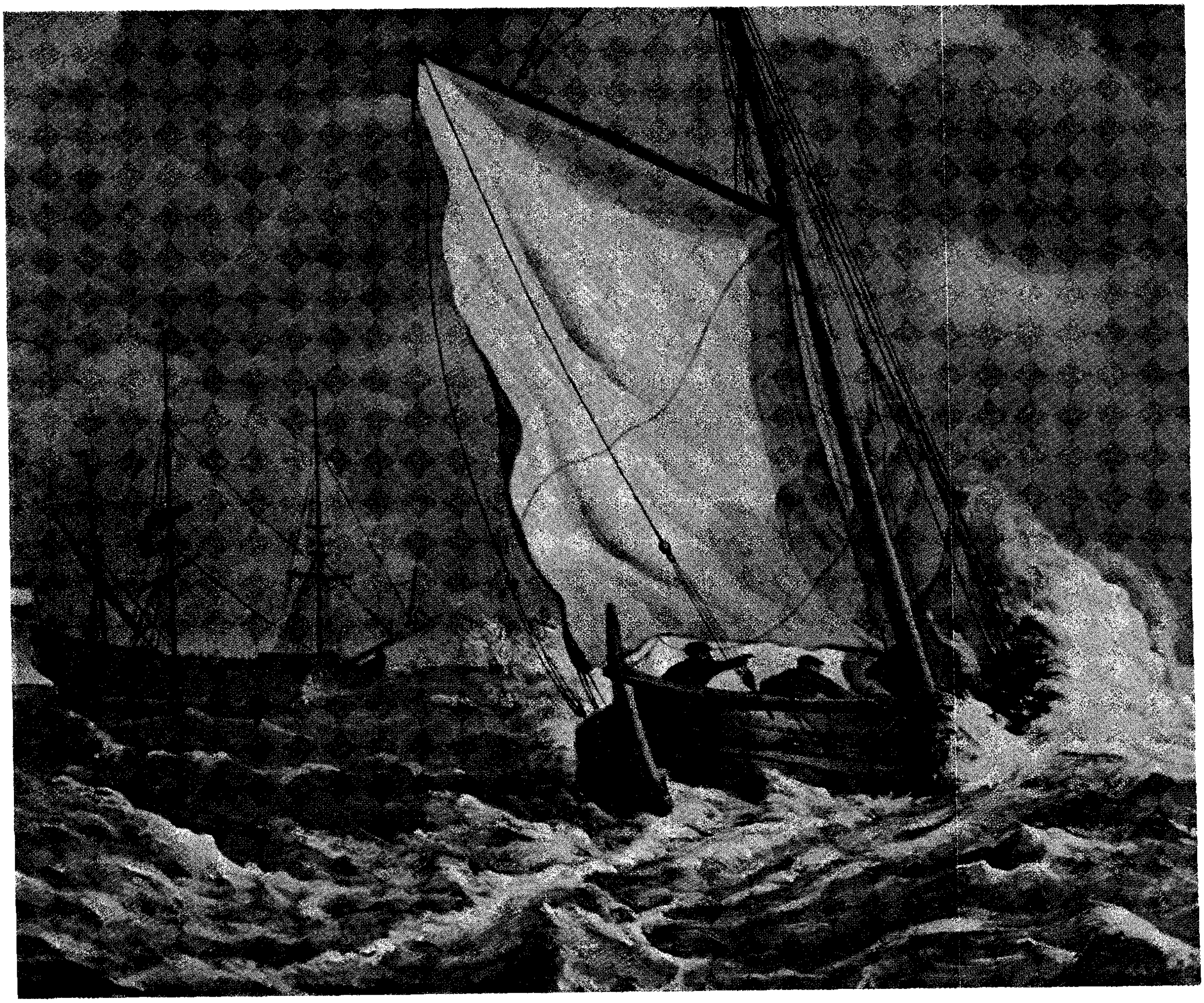

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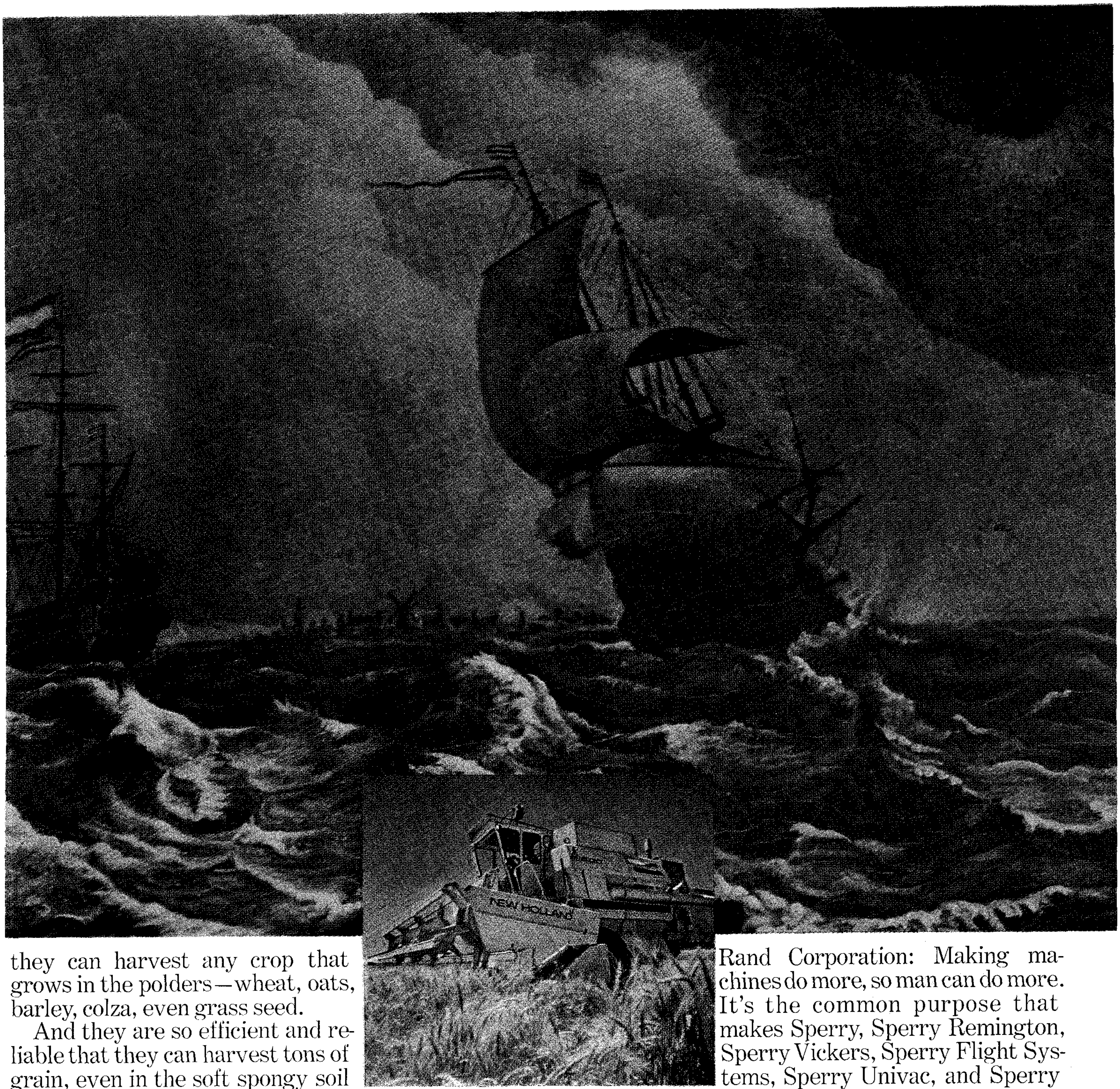

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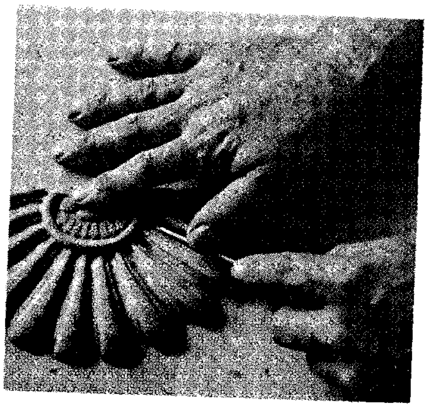

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trailer shows a replay of Carter on "What's My Line?" in 1973. "We'd do anything then," Jordan remarks. (By 1972, Carter and his group had decided that he would run for President.) Then the television sets show Peter Rodino nominating Carter for the Presidency. Rodino, knowing that the consideration of him as the Vice-Presidential candidate was not serious, withdrew his name on the ground of health (he has glaucoma), and, according to an arrangement already worked out between Rodino's staff and Carter's, Carter asked Rodino to nominate him. In one person, Rodino is Italian, Catholic, and Watergate hero. "We may be living through the most difficult era since the first years of the Republic," Rodino is saying, and Jordan, on the phone to Powell, is saying he's distressed that "I am missing my nominating speech." The challenge, Rodino says, is "to prove that a free people can make self-government endure." Jordan is going over last-minute details with Hutcheson. "I say to you his heart is honest and the people will follow him," Rodino says. "Through him we shall carry forward the great promise of our Founding Fathers." When Rodino finishes, Jordan lets out a great whoop, waves a beer can in the air, and whoops some more. When Margaret (Midge) Costanza, the vice-mayor of Rochester, begins her seconding speech, Jordan shouts, "Give 'em hell, Midge!" Andrew Young, the black House member from Georgia who has given Carter crucial support, then makes another seconding speech. He says, "When we have stumbled, it's been usually a stumbling over the burden of race," and he continues, "I don't know about you, but I'm ready to lay those burdens down." While Young speaks, Jordan talks on the phone with Strauss, who is on the rostrum. The demonstration for Carter at the end of the nominating speeches is strangely brief. When Lindy Boggs, the chairperson, tells the demonstrators to sit down, they do. "What happened to my demonstration?" Jordan asks, and then he shrugs and says, "I'm not worried." Hutcheson's vote counters now have Carter's vote at two thousand and forty-five.

A Carter aide comes in from the floor and frets that the sound in the hall is bad and that there is no enthusiasm, but no one pays much attention to him. The television screens show Archibald Cox, another Watergate hero, nominating Udall: "He succeeded in the larger race. His defeat was a greater triumph than vic-

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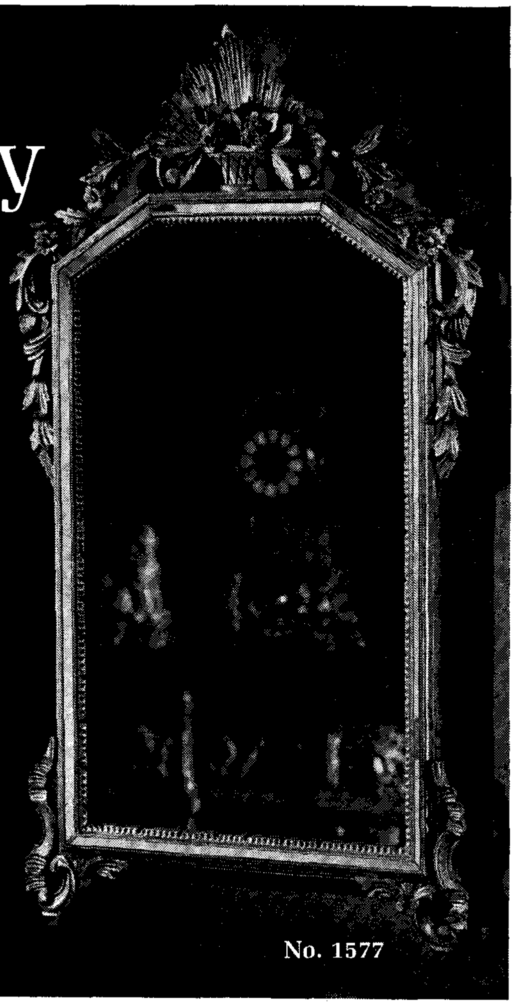

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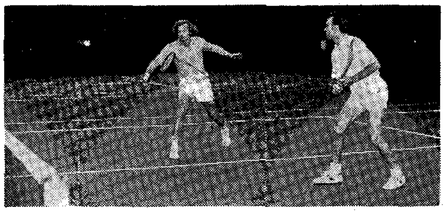

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tory." And then Udall appears on the rostrum. His followers in the Convention audience react strongly—more strongly than Carter's did. It is the reaction of those who believe, who are really with their candidate. Udall stands with his arms folded, smiling, clearly enjoying his moment; it is his best moment since he and his followers thought he had won the Wisconsin primary, and it is his last such moment. "How proud I am of that army of Udall campaigners who gave us time and money and votes and dedication and saw us through the most second-place finishes in the history of politics," Udall says. Then he says, "We thought we had a special campaign. Old and young, we did our best. We hit hard but we hit fair, and we tried to talk issues and to talk about change and we weren't afraid to be gentle with each other and we tried to laugh a little bit at ourselves now and then. But it's all over now." Then Udall says that he wants the vote tonight "to be one of good will," and that he is releasing his delegates in order that they may vote for Carter.

Landon Butler, watching with Jordan in the trailer, says, "It takes a lot to get up and do that."

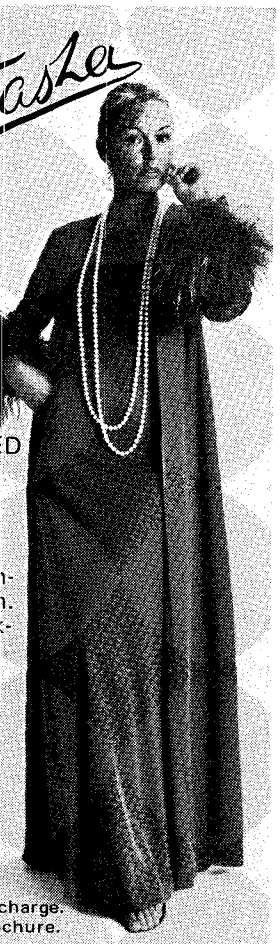
Jordan, reflecting the attitude of the Carter camp, had few kind words for Udall during the campaign for the nomination, but now he remarks, "He's a good man."

"As I leave this convention hall tonight," Udall concludes, "I'm going to have on one of those green buttons that dogged me all over America. And Jimmy, if you're listening tonight, if I can't put your buttons down I'm going to put 'em on, I guess. And tomorrow morning I'm enlisting as a soldier in the Carter campaign."

Jordan lets out a whoop. "Udall for Vice-President!" he shouts. "Let's send Kirbo out to interview him on the podium." He keeps talking. "It's a hell of a good speech, isn't it?" he says. "Udall is making a hell of a speech."

He is. Udall is making a graceful exit, and when he talks tonight about the questions that are important to him, he sounds better than he ever did in the campaign. Rafshoon, who has arrived at the trailer, remarks, "It seems like a Udall Convention."

On the television screens, Cesar Chavez is nominating Brown. It is a moving moment. He tells the Convention, "There is so much meaningful work to be done and so many people unemployed. Think of the thousands of people who are bedridden with sores on their backs because there's no one to



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turn them. Think of all the older people who are abandoned who need a glass of water, who need a warm meal but have no one to give them help."

A television crew arrives to shoot the scene at the trailers. Hutcheson tells those manning the phones that Carter wants to talk to Udall, Midge Costanza, Andrew Young, and Peter Rodino.

On the television screens, Edward Kennedy is being interviewed. He is asked his plans for 1976—a question that, in other contexts, he has been asked hundreds of times over the past four years. "Well, I'm obviously interested in being returned to the United States Senate," Kennedy replies. This time, no one can doubt him.

At ten minutes before eleven, Jordan decides that he wants to go out to the Convention floor, in order to be with the Georgia delegation for the balloting. He loosens his tie, pours some beer into a paper cup, thanks the workers in the trailer ("Great job, everybody. This is it"), and, with his wife and Caroline Wellons, heads for the floor. Two campaign helpers act, as best they can, as bodyguards, clearing the way: Evan Dobelle, the Democratic mayor of Pittsfield, and Jim King, who has been an advance man for Edward Kennedy and is said to be the best in the business. As Jordan passes the Ohio delegation, he gives them the thumbs-up sign. He is stopped for autographs, interviews, but eventually he makes his way to the Georgia delegation. Jerry Rafshoon has already arrived there. Jordan, chewing gum, standing with his arm around his wife, waits. Iowa. "That's where it all started," he says. In January, "Uncommitted" won the Iowa precinct caucuses, which represented ten per cent of Iowa's Democrats, but the press made much of Carter's victory over the other candidates, as Carter and Jordan had expected it to. Jordan edges toward George Busbee, and his entourage becomes a knot of bodies. Michigan. Carter barely defeated Udall in Michigan. Jordan stands quietly as the states are called. New Hampshire. Carter edged out a crowded field in New Hampshire and became the established "front runner," his face on the cover of the following week's news magazines. His "winnerness" kept propelling him toward the nomination. Pat Caddell arrives. By the time the roll reaches New York, Carter has a thousand two hundred and thirteen and a half votes. New York, where Carter came in fourth, now gives him two hundred and nine and a half votes. "God, we're running thirty seconds behind," Jordan

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jokes. Ohio will do it. On June 8th, Ohio sent Jimmy Carter crashing through to the nomination (despite his poor showing in New Jersey and California that same day). "Here we go," says Jordan as the roll call gets to Ohio. He reaches his arms around his wife, then around Rafshoon, Caddell, Caroline Wellons, and Phil Wise, who ran the Carter campaign in Florida, Wisconsin, Maryland, and New Jersey, and, as Ohio casts its vote, his face dark red from the heat and the excitement, he lets out a series of great, loud whoops. He kisses his wife and his secretary, who are in tears from the emotion of it all, and the knot of people sways perilously beside the chairs of the Georgia delegation. It is a moment of unrestrained rejoicing for those who made the long march. Ben Brown, the black Georgia state senator, lifts Jordan onto a chair.

"Four long, wonderful years!" Jordan shouts into the microphone of Tom Pettit, of NBC. "People who took a chance and believed in someone."

"How do you feel?" Pettit asks him.

"More emotional than I expected," Jordan says.

Then Jordan heads back to the trailer. "That was a sweet moment," he says. "I'm glad we were on the floor. I didn't expect it to be that emotional." He says that several times. Back at the trailer, he says, "O.K., we're going to start the switches now. Back to work."

Greg Schneiders calls from Carter's suite: Carter wants to be sure of the final details of the balloting, and wants to talk to Brown after Brown moves to make California unanimous for Carter.

On television, Brown delivers a little speech as he announces the switch. "In the years ahead, we've got a lot of work to do," he says. He seems excited, and anxious to pack all he can into these few minutes in the limelight. "I don't think it's going to be done in a hundred days or a thousand days. It's a long, difficult struggle to live within our environment and work together and bring about justice. I think Jimmy Carter can do that; he's proved it to you, he's proved it to me, and I just want to be able to announce that the California delegation votes two hundred and seventy-eight votes for Mr. Carter and we're on our way to bring this country back into the Democratic column."

When Brown announces the switch, Jordan pounds his fist on a wall and lets out a rebel yell.

And then Busbee makes his motion.

The television screens show Carter, in shirtsleeves, smiling a broad smile.

"I wish Jimmy would frown for about five minutes," Jordan jokes.

The screens show the predictable picture of Carter hugging Amy.

Jordan stands in the doorway of the trailer, holding a beer, and talks to the campaign workers. "You all did great," he says, and as he goes on talking to them, quietly, Rafshoon joins him. Rafshoon, the street-wise media man, is blinking back tears. "It was just a more emotional thing than I thought it would be," Jordan says. "Try to stop and think what all this means. It's kind of hard to grasp." He pauses and then says, "O.K.?" He pauses again and then says, "On to November." And then he lets out a great, loud rebel "*Yahooooo!*"

JULY 15

THURSDAY MORNING. The Georgian Ballroom of the Americana Hotel. In a few minutes, Carter will announce his choice of a running mate. The final vote last night was Carter, 2,468.5; Udall, 329.5; Brown, 70.5; Wallace, 57. In 1968, Richard Nixon came to the Jackie-of-Hearts Room in the Hilton Plaza after meetings that lasted all night, and announced that he had chosen Spiro Agnew; in 1972, in a room in the Doral Hotel, Frank Mankiewicz, after meetings that lasted all night, announced that McGovern had chosen Thomas Eagleton. Carter has at least had time. He has suggested that in the future the Convention recess for thirty days to give the candidate time to select a running mate—which seems, given what is involved in holding a party Convention, an impossible idea. He has made the alternative proposal that the National Committee meet thirty days later to ratify the nominee's choice. That doesn't seem to be a very good idea, either, since in effect it eliminates any possibility of an independent judgment on the part of the Party and removes at least some of the pressure on the candidate to make a good choice. It may be that there is no satisfactory solution. It may be that we shall have to rely on the sense of responsibility of the candidate, and hope that he takes some time and care with his decision.

Shortly after ten, Carter arrives with his wife and announces, "I've asked to serve as my running mate, if the delegates will approve, Senator Walter Mondale." Mondale will be a popular choice with the delegates and with the press, and many will think well of Carter for having selected a man who does not agree with him in all respects—one who is at least potentially an independ-

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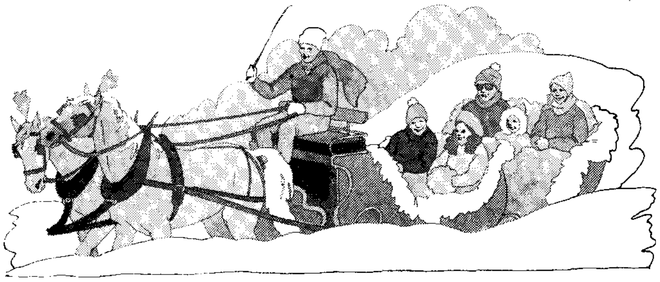

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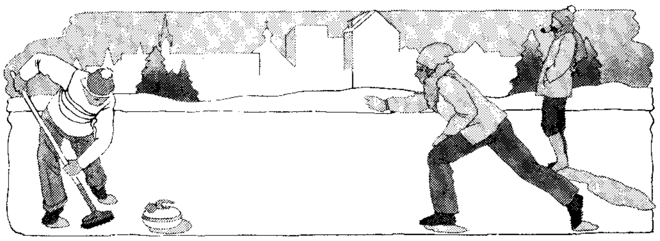

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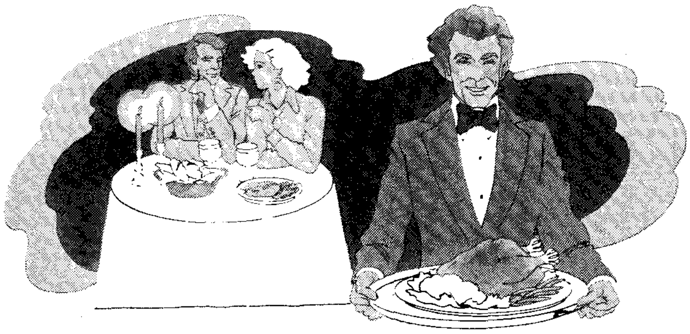

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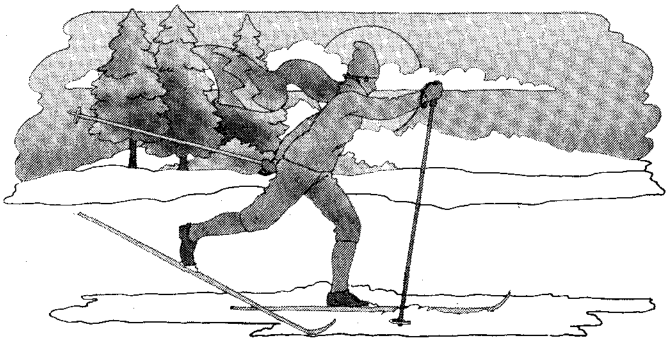

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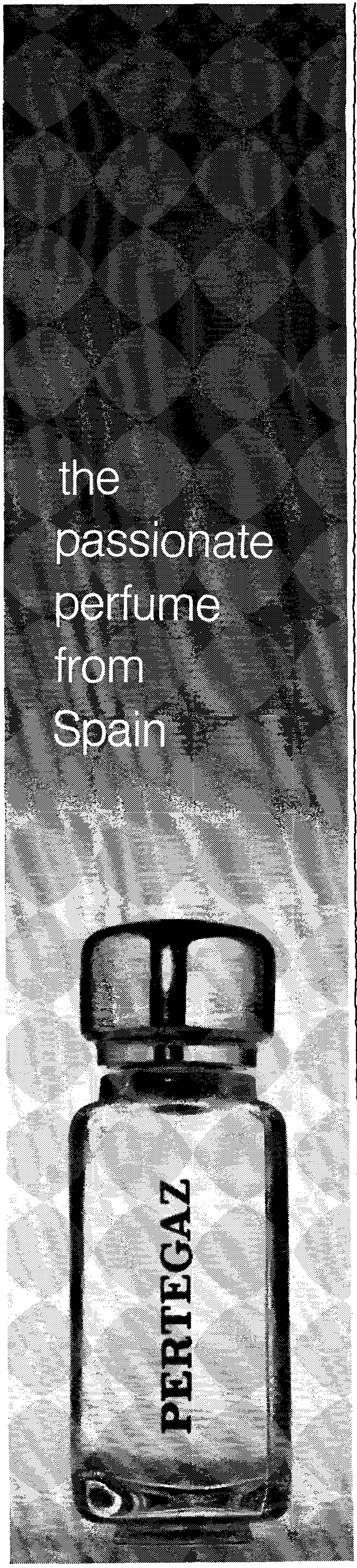

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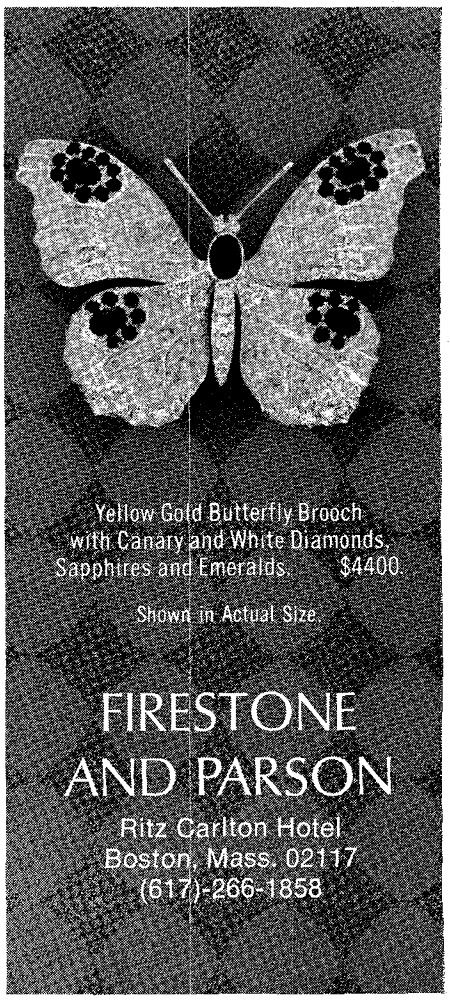
ent thinker. Mondale, in fact, backed Humphrey for the nomination, and was somewhat critical of Carter. Mondale is well liked by the press, because he is considered thoughtful, humane, and humorous. He not only talks about his concern for the poor, minorities, children, those who do not get a fair shake in life but, unlike some liberals, seems really to feel concern. He is popular among those who serve on Senate staffs—close observers of the place—because he seems to care about what he's doing and has not acquired the posturing airs so many senators do. People who have worked with him on issues have been struck by the amount of hard work he does himself. He is a believer in federal programs—more of them. He has done his share of shaving and playing it safe. He supported the war in Vietnam throughout the Johnson Administration, and explained later that that was because he did not want to embarrass his mentor, Hubert Humphrey. But he also said that that had been "the biggest mistake of my political career." He is thin-skinned about his press coverage.

Carter says he chose Mondale for his "comprehension and compassion for people who need services of government most," because he has shown "sound judgment in times of difficulty," because he has "the trust of a wide range of Democrats," and because he has a "clear concept of what the Presidency should be." Carter also says, "I feel completely compatible with Senator Mondale. . . . It's a very sure feeling that I have about that point." He says that he changed his mind three times about whom he would select. Perhaps he did; perhaps he does not know for sure.

There have been many odd turns of events over the past four years. Mondale came close to being asked by McGovern to run with him, and then, when Eagleton was dropped, he was felt out about joining the ticket (and turned down the chance). Mondale was up for reëlection to his Senate seat that year. In 1974, he made his abortive effort at running for the Presidency, found it frustrating and not to his taste, and, in November, dropped out, saying, "Basically, I found I did not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required." His dropping out was one of the events that opened the way for a number of other candidates, and it helped Carter. Because many people took Mondale at his word, his dropping out also fanned questions about whether the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long nominating process rewards the right qualities—a question that lingers concerning Carter.

After his announcement, Carter says a strange thing. He is asked by a reporter if his Presidency might differ from his campaign for the Presidency, just as his governorship of Georgia differed from his campaign for the governorship. Carter made big news, put himself on the national map, when, on the day of his inauguration, though he had campaigned for the Wallace vote, he said, "The time for racial discrimination is over." Today, Carter disputes the idea that the campaign he ran was different from his governorship, and says that "there was no ripple of surprise" when he made that statement at his inauguration. He adds, "I'm not ever going to be constrained by absolute consistency." Asked whether Mondale's having dropped out of the campaign bothered him, Carter replies that Mondale pointed out to him that he had conducted a spirited campaign but that "he knew that he could not win." That is not quite what Mondale and his staff said at the time he dropped out. Acknowledging that he was low in the polls, they argued, with validity, that it was too early for the polls to mean anything, and that he was dropping out because he did not want to live the life of a campaigner for two years.

The Mondales arrive in the Georgian Room and are met by Mrs. Carter, and the two couples stand, smiling, on the rostrum. We have seen such happy foursomes before—the Johnsons and the Humphreys, the McGoverns and the Eagletons. One is drawn to Mrs. Carter's face for what it might tell us; there are features of beauty, but she is not quite beautiful. It is a pleasant face, but it does not convey warmth, it is not expressive. It is as if it were molded, perhaps of metal. She is as unrevealing as Carter is, but Carter's face is relieved by wrinkles and creases. One is told by staff members that she is at least as ambitious as her husband, wants to be First Lady as badly as he wants to be President, and drove herself almost as hard as he drove himself during the long primary season. One also hears stories of times when he wanted to stop and rest and she pushed him to keep going. They clearly are close, and her face almost seems to have been molded by the life she has lived with him. Her mother-in-law, also a strong woman, has said, "I have never seen her let her hair down, never heard her tell a joke."

Mondale says, "No one could be honored more" at having been "se-

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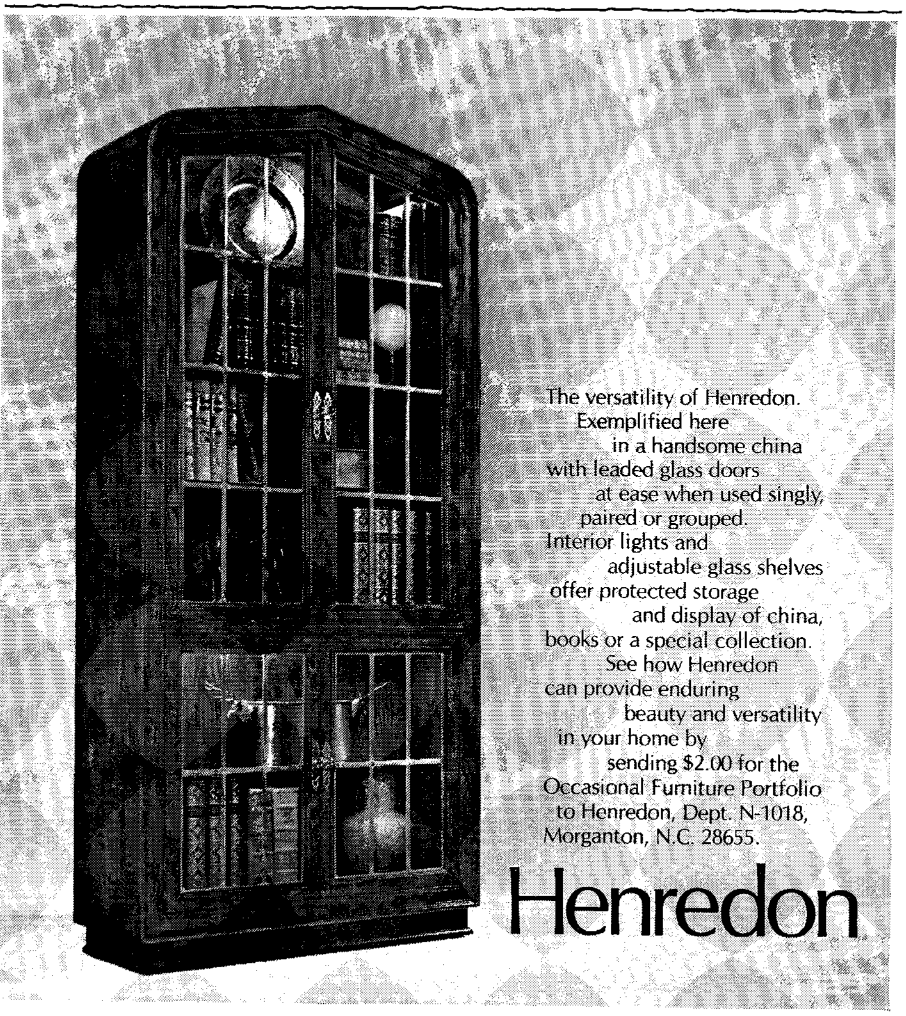

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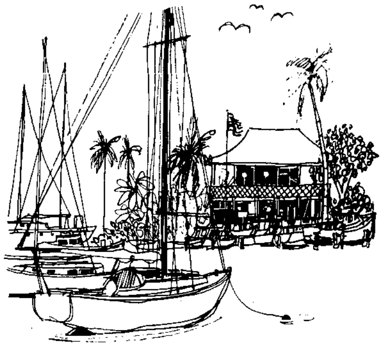

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lected by this remarkable and good man." Mondale barely knows Carter, and he can't really know yet whether he is a "good man." He then calls Carter a "great man." Mondale says he told Carter that "I was not interested in a ceremonial post." He says, "The Governor and I, I think, are very compatible." Asked how he had prepared himself for his interview with Carter, Mondale jokes, referring to Carter's book, in which Carter takes great pride (as I learned when I set out to interview him last March without having read it), "The first thing I did was to read the most remarkable book ever written, called 'Why Not the Best?' I found every word absolutely brilliant." That is not like Carter's humor. Asked if he thinks he is competent to be President, Mondale replies, slowly, "I hope and pray that I could."

•

THE Trianon Ballroom of the New York Hilton. Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown are here together, smiling and waving at the California delegation. Jerry Brown presented the greatest threat to Carter this year, and could be his most dangerous rival in the future. Actually, Brown is only barely smiling, but he is not much of a smiler. Carter needs Brown, because he needs California, and Brown, as Carter knows, is unpredictable and unmanageable. Brown tells the audience, "I don't think I've seen this much unity in the Democratic Party in my whole life, and we may never see it again, either." He says that he will work hard "to elect our next President, Jimmy Carter." He introduces Carter, patting him on the back—they are both being conventional politicians now—but he does not introduce him with much enthusiasm.

"I want to thank the legislative leaders and the people of California for keeping Jerry Brown at home so long," Carter says. He is joking, but also speaking the truth. Carter continues, "He's a formidable man and a formidable *opponent*; he's going to be a formidable ally." He hopes. He says that he has known Governor Brown since 1974, and "we've grown to be close friends"—which is clearly not the case. He says, "I was talking with Governor Brown in his suite upstairs—excuse me, his room," and the audience, appreciating the joke about Brown's efforts to convey the idea that he prefers an austere way of life, laughs and applauds. Carter is looser today than I have ever seen him before, and the quick humor is new. His aides always insisted that he

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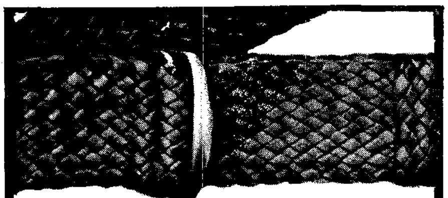

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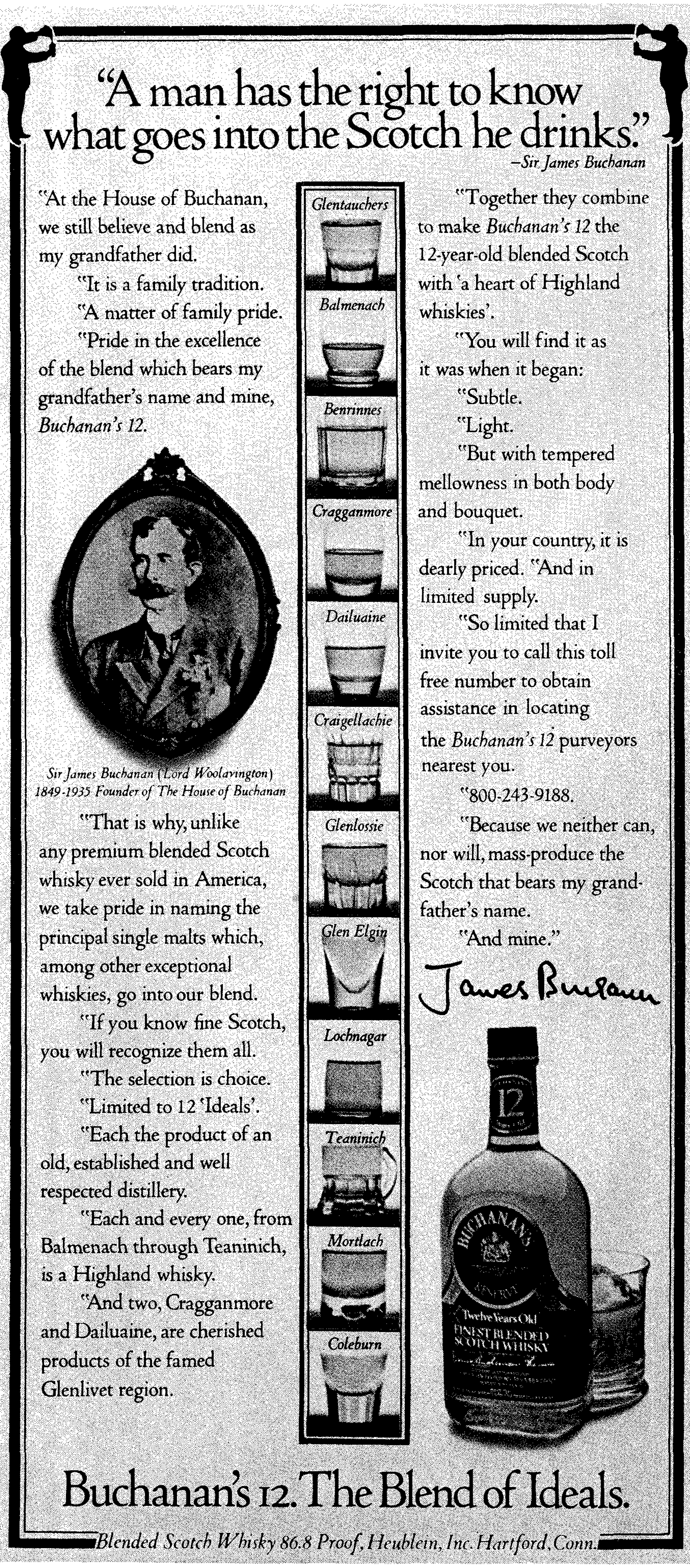
had it, but Carter never showed it on the campaign trail. It may be that his single-mindedness did not permit any diversion—not even humor. He said on "Meet the Press" last Sunday, "I have been a little bit hesitant during the campaign to tell jokes or to make light of things, because there might be one out of forty news people who will accept it as a very serious statement." He says that during the primaries he used to talk with his wife about Brown's campaign, and found that "there is a remarkable degree of mutuality of purpose." And then, working his own variation on a Brown theme, he says, "There's no limit on us. Material limits, yes. Governmental limits, yes. But I'm not ready to recognize that there's a limit to hope, to freedom, to individuality." Carter continues, "I said many times in the last nineteen months that I did not intend to lose the nomination, and I don't intend to lose the election, either." Now he must be taken more seriously than when he first started saying—and sounded so strange saying it—that he did not intend to lose the nomination. "I don't take the election for granted," he adds. "The greatest mistake would be overconfidence." And then, talking of millions of Americans in that peculiar Carter manner, he says, "If I ever take a state for granted, I would lose that state. If I ever take a voter for granted, I would lose that sense of the worth of that individual, and that person would feel it."

•

THURSDAY EVENING. There is an upbeat feel to the Convention tonight. There usually is on the last evening, as on the last night of a college weekend. There are large photographs of Carter and Mondale in the Garden now, and delegates are armed with green-and-white Carter-Mondale posters. Gerald Rafshoon had arranged for the posters to be ready to be run off with the picture and name of any one of six of Carter's finalists, and this morning, when he got the word, he gave the printers the go-ahead. On each side of the rostrum, there are large banners that say "For America's Third Century, Why Not the Best?" Mondale has been nominated (Humphrey made the nominating speech), and now Peter Duchin's orchestra is playing, so that Mondale's and Carter's acceptance speeches will go out on television at just the right time. Perhaps I am mistaken—I will check at the Republican Convention—but Democrats and Republicans seem to have different



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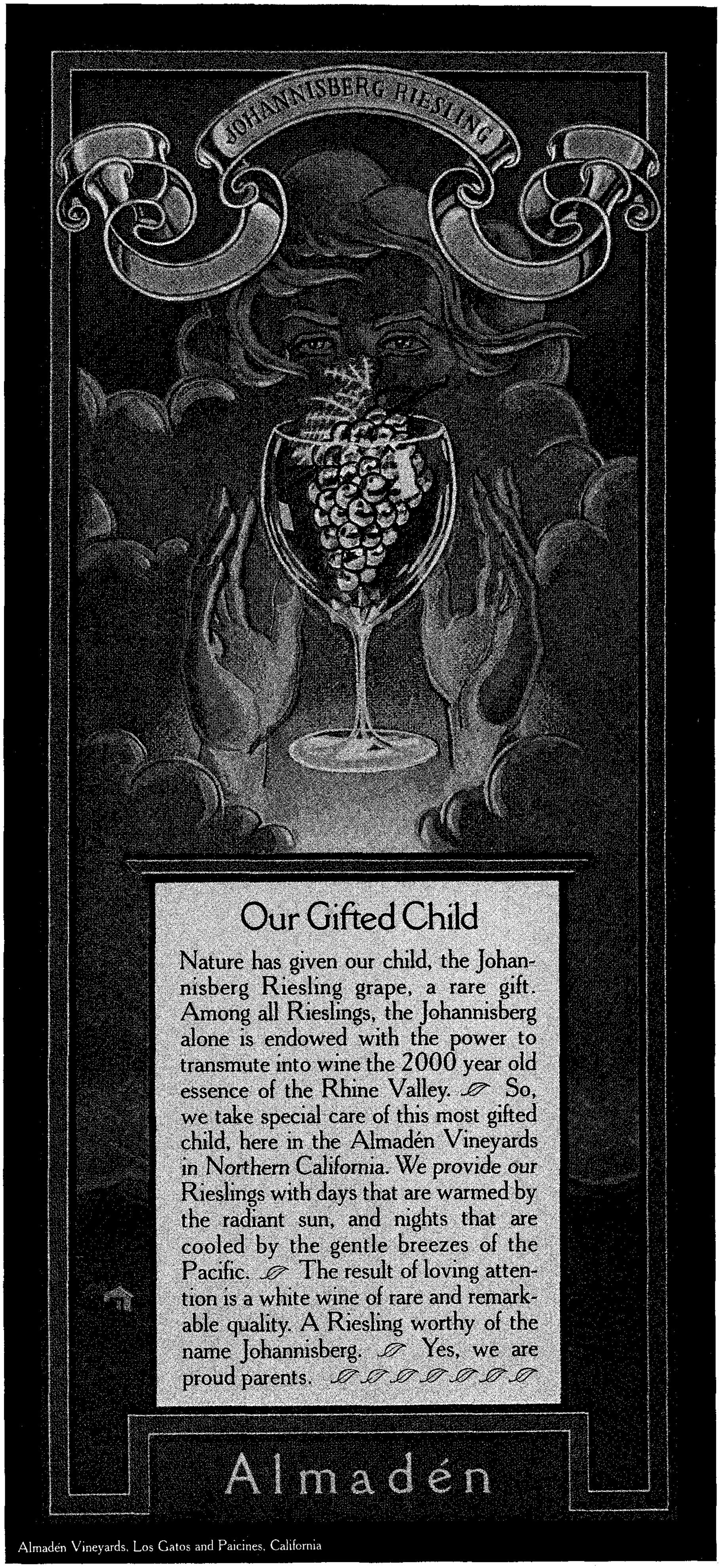

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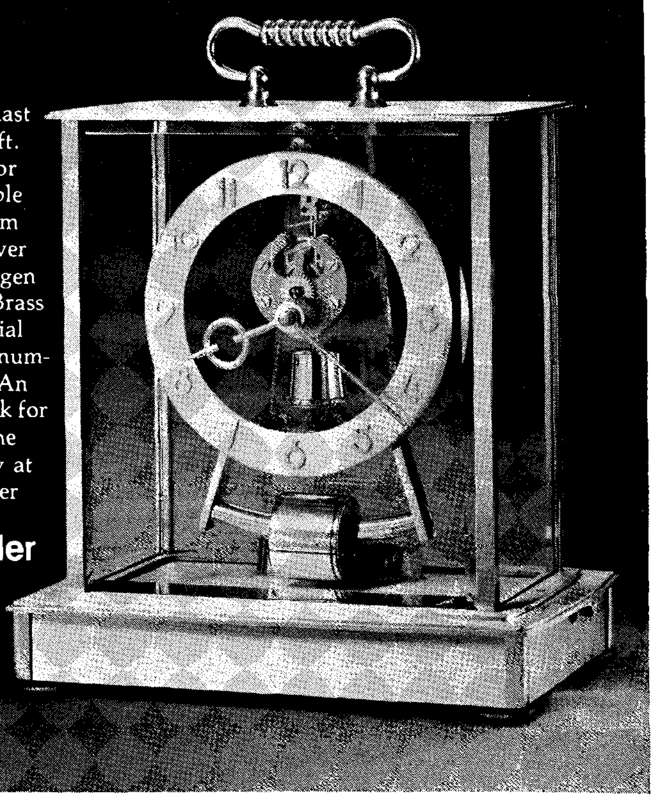
songs. Peter Duchin's orchestra is playing "When the Saints Go Marching In," "Hey, Look Me Over," and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." The demonstration for Mondale when his nomination was affirmed seemed to be stronger than the one for Carter last night. A red-white-and-blue beach ball is being tossed among the Pennsylvania, New Mexico, and California delegations, with the crowd cheering or booing the finesse of each shot. The Convention has turned into a giant beach party. Nothing bad has happened; there have been no bitter fights, so the delegates are just having a good time now. Shortly before ten, Walter Mondale comes to the rostrum and waves his arms at the crowd, which cheers him lustily. It likes him, and he is clearly a happy man at this moment. Fate, having veered this way and that, has finally pulled him toward the upper reaches of power, where he wanted to be. He began to want the Vice-Presidential nomination badly, and he has got it. This may be the best moment of the campaign for him—the senior candidate has poured praise upon him, and the Convention is cheering him. It is one of those beginnings—unblemished and unrealistic, as beginnings usually are. No hard questions have been raised yet. No scars yet, no frustrations. The inevitable brutality of the fall campaign has not yet hit. The strains likely to arise between the two candidates have not yet developed. Now Mondale is seen as an asset to the ticket, but it is quite possible that if Carter's fortunes slide, Mondale, whatever his role, will be blamed. Will he be expected to campaign as relentlessly as Carter, and are there many men who could? Mondale turns from side to side, waving to the audience and accepting its cheers. His life is changed irrevocably now. "Tonight we stand together as a party," he says, and the crowd cheers. He talks of "a government that would restore honesty and decency and openness in American public life," and the crowd cheers. He has hit the political theme of this year. He attacks the Republican Administration's "values," saying, "they have tried to paralyze the momentum for human justice in America." Mondale believes this, has talked of it before, so it is not just acceptance-speech rhetoric. (Actually, he has been working on his speech for several days, worrying that it seemed presumptuous but figuring that if the right call came he had best be ready.) He talks about values and about real questions, about justice and compassion, but his delivery is uncharacteristically oratorical—he shouts and waves his arms more than he has done before. He seems—having often been told that he is too low-key—to be searching for a new style. "We solemnly pledge to restore government that tells the truth and obeys the law," he says, and he adds, "We have just lived through the worst political scandal in American history and are now led by a President who pardoned the person who did it," and gets the biggest applause of the evening. Watergate is anything but dead. He says that "the year of our two-hundredth birthday, the year of the election of Jimmy Carter, will go down as one of the greatest years of public reform in American history." Reform. Honesty. Openness. Those are the buzzwords of this year. Every good Democrat has to talk about jobs and health insurance, but the emotional response is to talk about restoration of a government in which people can believe and have pride. I think it is the first time that anything like this has been the principal campaign issue.

There is a fifteen-minute film, which shows Jimmy Carter in jeans in a peanut field and Jimmy Carter in a suit talking about his visions of America. It shows Jimmy Carter the obscure candidate, doggedly going about the country introducing himself to almost anyone he could find. The film cleverly includes cartoons of Carter, at once indicating how important he is and trying to demonstrate that the Carter campaign is capable of irreverence. Then Carter enters the Garden through the crowd on the floor. It is a new touch, a stagy way of showing he is a man of the people. Then, as the candidate stands on the rostrum acknowledging the cheers of the crowd, it almost seems that we are seeing another movie. The candidate and the cheering crowd—the faces are different, but the scene is familiar. Other Conventions have seemed more crazy about the candidate on the rostrum, but the crowd seems happy enough tonight: Carter gives them hope of victory, and he has kept them out of trouble. He smiles what appears to be his genuine smile. But there is a slight strangeness in this scene, and perhaps it has to do with the fact that Jimmy Carter and the Convention audience do not quite fit. He is still the outsider, who did it by determination, mechanics, good themes, and good luck.

"My name is Jimmy Carter and I'm running for President," he begins, and it is a nice stroke, reminding everyone of just how far he has come and how seriously he should be taken. The



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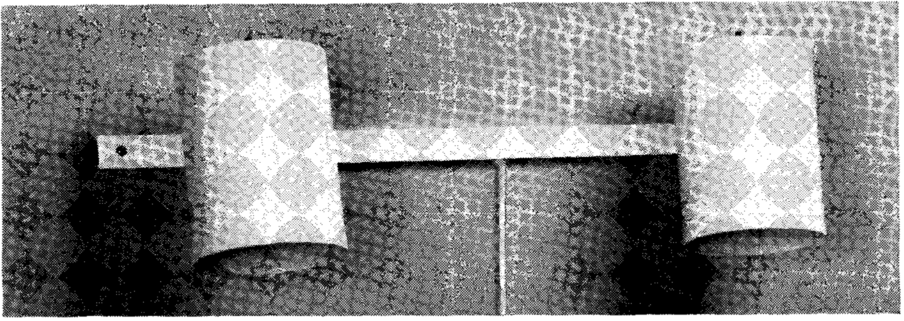

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mannerisms are familiar by now: the hand extended in front of him, palm out, when he stresses a point; the shifting from one foot to the other. He is wearing a blue suit, a blue shirt, and a red tie. His family are on the platform, as are members of his staff, for several of whom this is the first national political convention. He says that 1976 "can be a year of inspiration and hope . . . the year when we give the government of this country back to the people of this country." And then he makes his own reference to the two periods of our past that still disturb people: "We have been shaken by a tragic war abroad and by scandals and broken promises at home." Carter has known how to tap these issues without upsetting people. He talks of being "a farm boy sitting outdoors with my family on the ground in the middle of the night, gathered close around a battery radio connected to the automobile battery, and listening to the Democratic Conventions in far-off cities," and one's mind inescapably turns to Richard Nixon, at the 1968 Republican Convention, talking of being a poor boy hearing the train whistles in the night. Carter pays his obeisance to past Democratic Presidents—mentioning that he never met one—and to the ethnic groups that "have shaped the character of our party." Some of the language is like what we heard throughout the primaries: "We've been hurt and we've been disillusioned" and "We've seen a wall go up that separates us from our own government." He employs his familiar technique of the repeated phrase; this time he lists the number of things that have gone on "too long." "There's a fear that our best years are behind us," he says, which is true, and he adds, "I say to you that our nation's best is still ahead," which would be good to believe. Aligning himself, as he has all year, with those who feel outside, disillusioned, he says, "We want to have faith again; we want to be proud again. We just want the truth again." He cannot talk of "ethnic purity" now, but he does say—once again touching base with the ethnic groups, which are said to still consider him alien—"It's time to honor and strengthen our families, and our neighborhoods, and our diverse cultures and customs." He strikes a populist note that is new; he talks of "a political and economic élite" and of an unnamed "they" who "never stand in line looking for a job . . . never do without food or clothing or a place to sleep." He says that "their children go to exclusive private schools," that "when the bureaucracy is bloated and confused, the powerful always manage to discover and occupy niches of special influence and privilege," and that they are served by an "unfair tax structure." It is easy rhetoric. He is ringing old and slightly tired chimes.

He talks of reform, and there is reason to think that he will try to effect government reform. In fact, we probably know a good deal about his program by now; to anyone who listened to him carefully during the primaries, for all his fogging his more liberal proposals in talk about a balanced budget and private enterprise, he often came across as a programmatic liberal. As a matter of fact, he has done the one thing he set out not to do. He has, like a conventional politician, "overpromised." He has endorsed a number of new programs—health insurance and jobs and education and aid to cities and welfare reform and more Social Security and so on—and he has also pledged to balance the budget by the end of his first term. But even if the programs were phased in slowly and given conservative price tags, there would not be enough money to pay for them and also to balance the budget. In his eagerness to please both liberal and conservative constituencies, he has set himself conflicting goals. What will happen if the public finds that once more it has been overpromised? And at times he said things that raised questions about how much he really understood. With Carter, it's his character, his impulses, that we don't know enough about. Those are what remain hidden. So much of his campaign was calculated and we have seen so little of him that is spontaneous that in important ways he is still a stranger. Jimmy—a familiar name, but he is still a remote figure. He was a manipulative campaigner. All politicians are manipulative; the question is what they manipulate for. All politicians are somewhat deceptive—Franklin Roosevelt was a charming deceiver—and doubtless must be deceptive, and lie at least a little. There are some things they simply cannot be candid about. Carter at least no longer goes around saying that he will never tell a lie or make a misleading statement. (He has been caught in deceptions this year. And I think of the

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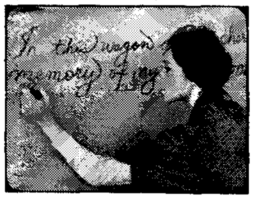

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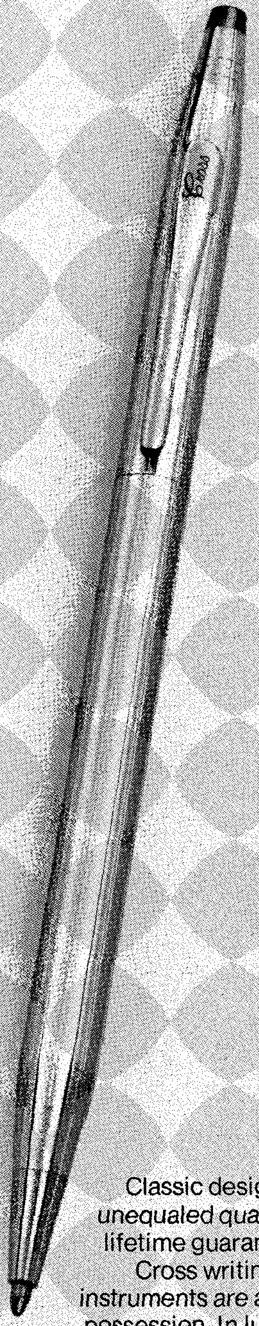

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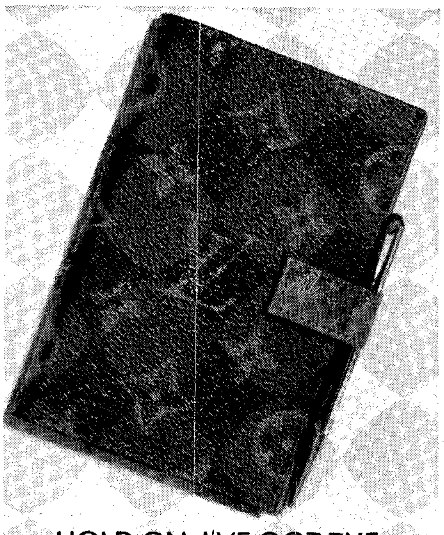
governor at this Convention who said that Carter is "unnecessarily contradictory.") The question, again, is what purpose the deception serves and what keeps it in bounds. These questions get to deep things about a person, things we don't know about Carter. There seems little doubt that he would be as ambitious to be a good President as he is to be President—which is somewhat different from the idea of the office making the man. There also seems little doubt that he would be stubborn. Even his aides say that Carter's would be a very controversial Administration. We don't know how he would react when things went wrong. (There is that aide who said that Kirbo had to steady Carter after he came in fourth in Massachusetts.) He talks about doing some things that are very important, and he probably intends to do them. But the things he talks about are also popular. Where would he be if popular opinion took an ugly turn? He talks tonight, as he did during the campaign, about the poor and about compassion and about justice, and, as usual, he appears to mean what he is saying. He talks about "love," and, perhaps knowing that that has been caricatured, he says, "I have spoken a lot of times this year about love, but love must be aggressively translated into simple justice." He calls again for his programs—for a "complete overhaul of our income-tax system," referring to the current system, as he has done since New Hampshire, as "a disgrace to the human race." He calls for a "nationwide, comprehensive health program." He talks briefly and generally about foreign policy, saying that there must be "nothing less than a sustained architectural effort to shape an international framework of peace within which our own ideals gradually can become a global reality." He does not explain what he means. He talks of having a government that is "as decent and competent as our people"—he seems to have stopped giving the longer list, also caricatured, which included the phrase "as full of love." He talks of the need for a President "who's not isolated from the people but who feels your pain and shares your dreams and takes his strength and his wisdom and his courage from you." Carter sets much store by what he believes to be his ability to form an "intimate" relationship with the people. He says that they may go forward from this Convention "with some differences of opinion, perhaps, but nevertheless united in a calm determination to make our country large and driving and generous in spirit once again, ready to embark on great na-



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tional deeds." He appeals to national pride, as he did in his effort to be nominated, when he closed many of his speeches by saying that this is "still the greatest nation on earth." Tonight, he closes by saying, "And once again, as brothers and sisters, our hearts will swell with pride to call ourselves Americans."

The hall has already begun to empty when Daddy King is called upon to give the benediction. Robert Strauss has summoned to the rostrum those whose faces filed past us during the primaries—Birch Bayh and Sargent Shriver and Milton Shapp and Morris Udall and Henry Jackson and Frank Church and Jerry Brown—and also runners-up in the Vice-Presidential contest and governors and mayors and Carter campaign officials, and even Strauss's wife. And then the stout old black preacher from the Deep South lets go with a benediction that thunders through the hall, and suddenly, at his direction, the hall is still. I have never before seen such attention paid to a benediction. He bends over almost double sometimes and raises his fist to the heavens sometimes, and the audience seems at first amused and then struck by his force. (Even Carter, who is familiar with this style, smiles a little.) Daddy King lost a son and a wife to murderers, and last week he buried his granddaughter. "Surely," says King, his voice booming, "surely the Lord sent Jimmy Carter to come on out and bring America back where she belongs." And then he commands, "If you have an unforgiving heart, get down on your knees." And when Daddy King finishes, the orchestra plays "We Shall Overcome," and the audience, spontaneously, sings it softly. Next to me, two white women delegates from the state of Washington, Jackson delegates, are in tears.

JULY 17

CHANCELLOR HELMUT SCHMIDT, of West Germany, visiting Washington, revealed yesterday that the United States, Great Britain, France, and West Germany have agreed that they will not take steps to help Italy out of its financial crisis—a loan to Italy was discussed at the Puerto Rico conference last month—if Communists are included in its new Cabinet.

JULY 18

THE President won all thirty-five delegates in Connecticut yesterday, and Reagan won all twenty in Utah. According to the Washington

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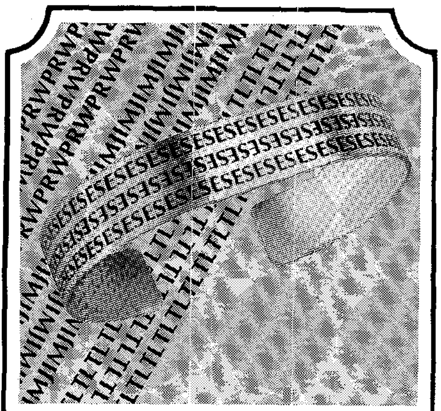
Post's tally, the President now has a thousand and ninety-three delegates and Reagan a thousand and thirty. This ended the delegate-selection process for the Republicans, and now the attention will be on the uncommitted and unpledged delegates. The two largest uncommitted delegations are Hawaii (eighteen votes) and Mississippi (thirty votes).

•

OUR attention is on the Presidency, and little thought is given to the connections between that and another institution that has a profound effect on our national life—the Supreme Court. In 1968, in Miami Beach, Richard Nixon went about the Republican Convention telling state caucuses that he would appoint "strict constructionists" who would change the course of the liberal "Warren Court." And he did. Nixon appointed four of the current nine justices, and Ford named a fifth. While these appointees do not always vote in a bloc, the Court's direction has indeed been changed. On July 6th, the Court ended its latest term, having issued a series of rulings of great and enduring importance. The general effect of the rulings was to limit access to federal courts, strengthen the rights of states against the federal government, limit the rights of privacy, and cut back on the rights of criminal defendants. In one area, civil rights, the Court continued in the direction set by the Warren Court of affirming the statutory rights of minorities. It held that racial discrimination in private schools violated an 1866 civil-rights law, held that workers found to have been discriminated against and denied jobs were due retroactive seniority, and affirmed a lower-court decision that the courts can require public-housing construction in suburbs of cities whose public-housing policies are found to have promoted segregation. On the other hand, it held that the death penalty as applied to murder did not violate the Eighth Amendment ban on "cruel and unusual punishment." And it held that federal judges could no longer overturn convictions in state courts on the ground that evidence had been seized illegally. This ruling, which weakened the "exclusionary rule" that Chief Justice Warren Burger had opposed, had the effect of limiting the concept of habeas corpus. The Court upheld the right of states to prosecute homosexuals. Only two justices who were regularly in the majority on the Warren Court remain on the Burger Court. (Justice William O. Douglas, ill, re-



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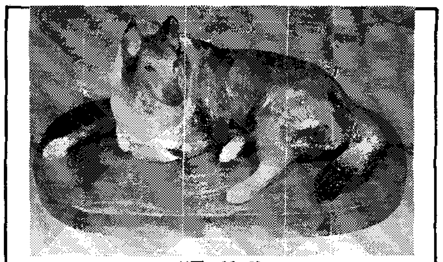

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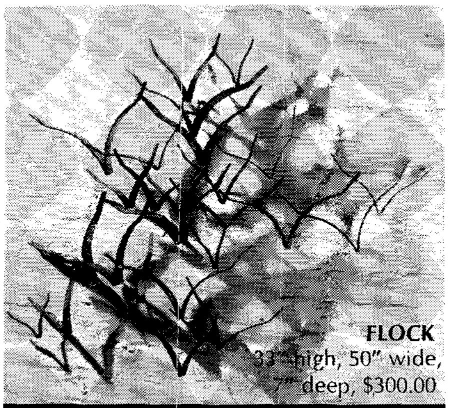

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tired last fall.) They are Justice Thurgood Marshall, sixty-eight and unwell, and Justice William Brennan, seventy.

JULY 19

THIS morning, I phoned Clarke Reed, the chairman of the Mississippi Republican Party. Reed, a Greenville rice grower and barge-company owner, has managed over the years to accumulate power and get attention beyond what might be expected of the leader of the Republican Party in the state of Mississippi—representing all of a hundred and forty thousand Republicans. Reed, white-haired, fast-talking, and not without charm, likes the publicity and curries it with the press, and manages to get himself in positions where Republican Presidents and would-be Presidents have to pay considerable attention to him. Reed was chairman of the Southern Republican State Chairmen's Association in 1969, and was therefore in a position to make demands on Richard Nixon in Nixon's pursuit of a "Southern strategy." Now Reed is the leader of the largest uncommitted delegation to the Republican Convention and is being heavily courted by both sides. Two weeks ago, he was a guest at the White House dinner for Queen Elizabeth. But he is believed to be for Reagan.

"It's pretty hot and heavy, with both sides trying to put it over the top," Reed said on the phone this morning. "Close, close, close. I think the President has it, but I've been wrong before. The grand design, or realignment of the Republican Party with the South, is the only way to go over the top. As I told the President, picking Rockefeller was a mistake." Reed, like other conservative Republicans, was very much upset by the selection of Rockefeller to be Ford's Vice-President. Reed continued, "The South obviously is more in control of its own affairs than other parts of the country. We haven't spent ourselves broke; our institutions are intact. We're still fairly church-and-land-oriented. The Voting Rights Act should have been extended nationwide. Or take the common-situs-picketing bill: when labor fought for it, I knew it should be vetoed. Finally, Ford vetoed it, but weakly. Sometimes I wonder if they know where the future lies."

I asked Reed what he tells the President or his agents about how the Mississippi delegation will vote. By tradition, the Mississippi delegation, in order to enhance its importance, votes as a unit at Republican Conventions. The "unit rule" is contrary to Party law,

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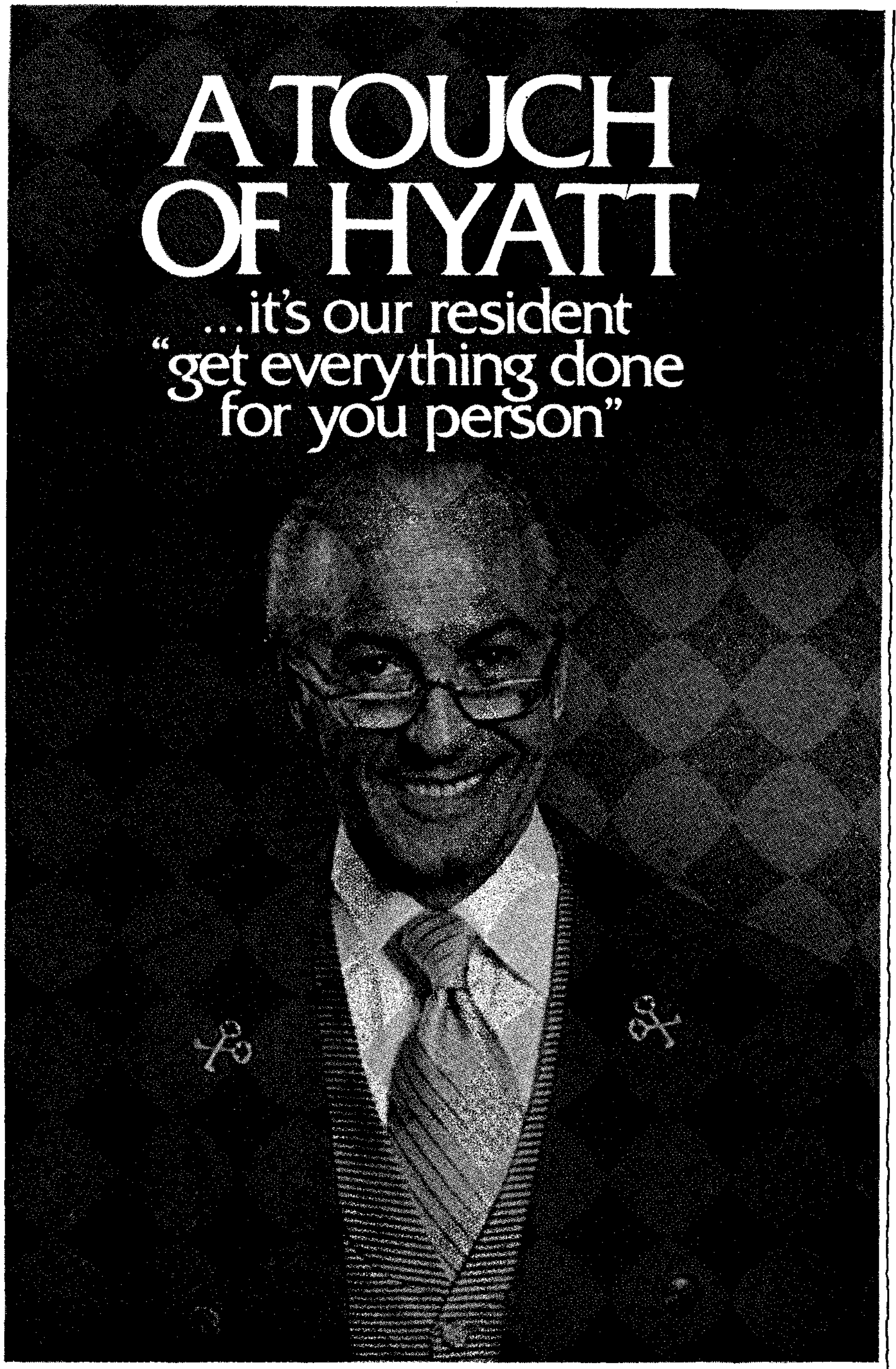
but Party officials look the other way. Therefore, whichever candidate has a majority within the delegation could get all thirty votes. However, Douglas Shanks, the leader of the Ford forces, has already announced that he will not observe the unit rule this year.

Reed replied, "When they talk to me about delegates, I say we don't know what we're going to do, I say that the only way we could abandon our neutrality up until the Convention is if we had certain commitments. What Ford needs right now is to show that he's going to pick a running mate that will be compatible to his philosophy. The split ticket is a nightmare and a horror. With the so-called balanced ticket between a liberal and a conservative, you vote for a conservative and if he dies you get a liberal. Because of the campaign-finance law, ruling out private contributions, it's more important than ever that you know there will be a campaign in the South, an effort to win in the South. If they decide not to campaign in Mississippi, there's not a damn thing we can do about it."

I asked Reed what sorts of overtures had been made to him.

"I've been around so long, I know so many people all over the place. I'd say right now the delegation is leaning toward Reagan," he replied. "The Ford chairman down here is saying he may break the unit rule and go on his own. That's hardened the Reagan support. Both sides would like a solid declaration now. Well, they just won't get it."

Reed said he had received calls from Richard Cheney, the President's chief of staff; Harry Dent, a former Nixon aide, who is in charge of Southern delegates for Ford; William Timmons, another former Nixon aide, who is now a Washington lobbyist, and who is working on Convention strategy for Ford; Earl Butz, the Secretary of Agriculture; and William Simon, the Secretary of the Treasury. "Goldwater called the other day," Reed told me. "I wasn't in." He went on, "They make the argument that the South has to deliver something, so why don't we do this?" Ronald Reagan also calls Clarke Reed, and so does John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, and so does David Keene, Reagan's delegate hunter in the South. "I probably have more influence on the delegation than anyone," Reed said. "But the delegation's not deliverable. We're not kamikaze. If Ford's got it, we'll go for Ford. If he goes for the wrong Vice-President, I'll be ready to oppose it on the floor.



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I'm thinking about the long range, the culmination of the grand design. I've told them that. It's the first time in politics I've made any threat. I've thought the nomination was going back and forth. Now I guess Ford will get it."

•

JOHN SEARS, reacting to press reports that the Reagan campaign had about reached its end, held a press conference in Reagan's Washington headquarters today and announced that Reagan had enough delegates—ten more than necessary—to win the nomination on the first ballot. "I'm more confident today that we will be nominated on the first ballot in Kansas City," Sears said.

President Ford held a press conference on the north lawn of the White House, a few blocks away, and said, "We're getting very close right now to the magic number."

Last week, Reagan spent time foraging for delegates in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Tonight, the New Jersey delegation will be President Ford's guests at the White House.

•

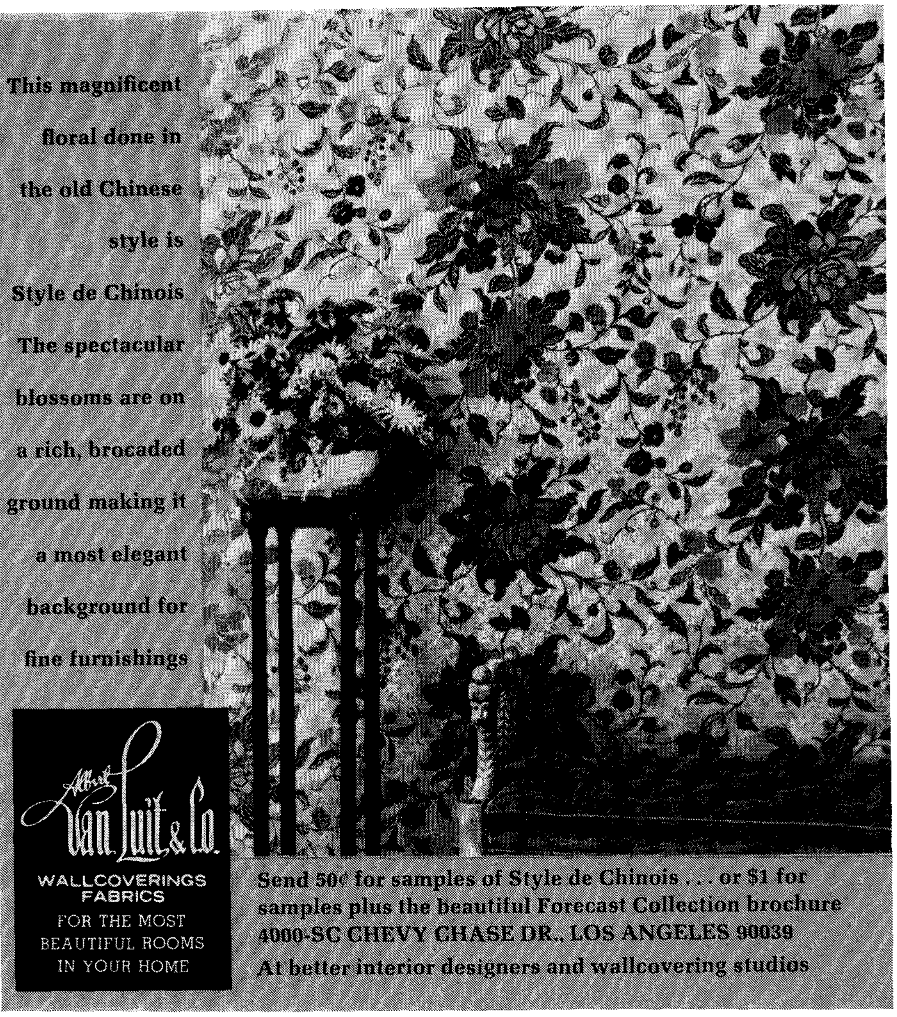
THE State Department announced today that negotiations have been completed on the sales of nuclear reactors to Egypt and Israel. President Nixon promised these countries reactors when he visited them during the summer of 1974—his last summer in office.

JULY 20

PRESIDENT FORD's strategists claimed sixteen more delegates today and said that the President was now just eleven votes short of the nomination. Then the Reagan camp announced four more delegates, including Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina.

JULY 21

IN what was supposed to be taken as a step toward reform, the Senate, by a vote of ninety-one to five, passed a bill today to establish a permanent Special Prosecutor's office to investigate allegations of criminal wrongdoing by the President, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the director of the F.B.I., high White House officials, members of Congress, federal judges, or any federal official who is paid more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The Prosecutor is to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate and is to serve for one three-year term only. The bill seems to be a fairly



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bad idea, on both Constitutional and practical grounds, but it was put forward in the name of preventing future "Watergates," and therefore right-thinking people felt they could not oppose it. The Ford Administration opposed it for a while, on valid grounds, but the President has enough Watergate problems and so, after a compromise was struck on the terms of the bill, he swung behind it. (At a press conference in Plains yesterday, Jimmy Carter said that he did not intend to criticize President Ford for pardoning Richard Nixon, but he added, "Had I been President, I would not have pardoned President Nixon until after the trial had been completed, in order to let all the facts relating to his crimes be known." He said he did not think that there was any "secret deal" between Ford and Nixon, but he thought that the pardon was "improper or ill-advised." The President, at his press conference the previous day, had said that whether the pardon should be a campaign issue was "up to the American people," and he added that he "would do it again.") The problem with the bill establishing a Special Prosecutor is that there are only three branches of government, and federal officials must be responsible to one of them. The idea is therefore an anomaly—one that was not quite faced when President Nixon, under duress, appointed a Special Prosecutor. The question is whether the Special Prosecutor is an employee of the President, and that was the question running through a succession of incidents, including the firing of Archibald Cox and the Supreme Court argument over the tapes. The Court, while it ordered the President to surrender the tapes, did not quite settle the question. Moreover, if there is a Special Prosecutor in place, he might be tempted to justify his existence, or to get publicity, by pursuing questionable charges. Theoretically, instances of wrongdoing should be investigated and pursued by the Justice Department. That Nixon's Justice Department so spectacularly failed to make such investigations, and that a Justice Department in the future might, on not so grand a scale, be less than vigilant about the Administration of which it is a part, and that a President in bad trouble in the future might be less likely, in the light of what happened to Mr. Nixon, to appoint a Special Prosecutor—these are problems. But they are problems to which there may not be a good solution. Sometimes politicians, eager to strike a symbolic stance, overlook that possibility.

The Senate today overrode the President's veto of a public-works bill, with the President and some Republicans charging that the action was "political." Of course it was. Almost everything that happens now is. While the politicians seldom have the electorate out of their consciousness—which is as it should be—in an election year, and particularly a Presidential-election year, when fevers run even higher, they can think of little else. Once the Conventions begin, Congress becomes utterly distracted, and almost everything it does is done with an eye toward November. Thought takes a holiday. Senator Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee, remarked today, "The sooner we adjourn, the better off we're going to be." He has a point.

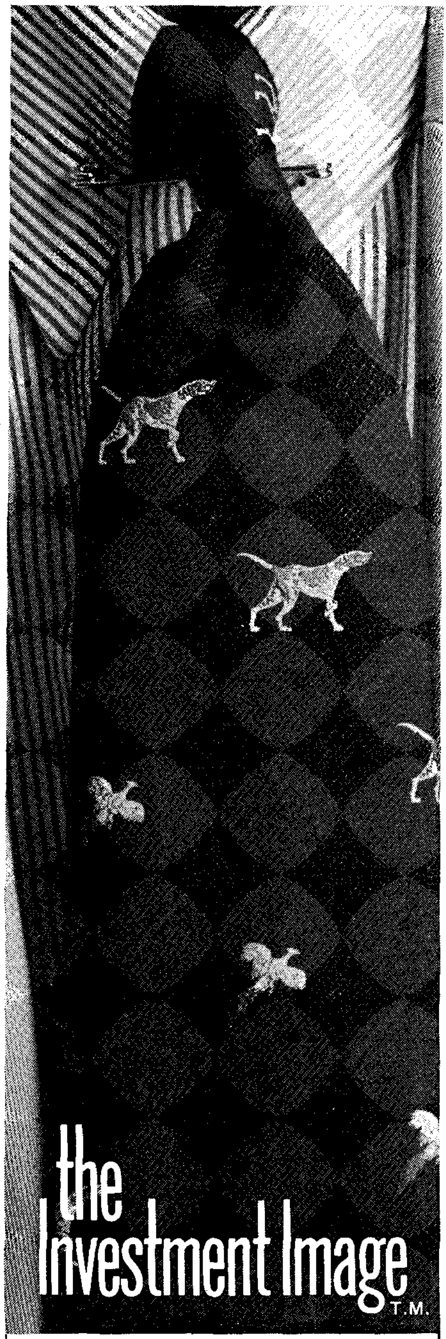
•

THE Reagan forces claimed two more delegates today, and the Ford forces said that they had known all along that those delegates were for Reagan.

JULY 22

ONE of the real questions before us is not whether or how quickly we might have an economic recovery but what sort of economy we have. One hears almost nothing in our political debate about that. We do not hear about our failing industries—held in place only by government subsidies—or about reconversion, or about whether or how we can set the stage for the kinds of economic growth that are neither damaging nor wasteful. I decided to talk with a businessman I know who thinks about questions of this sort. Victor Palmieri is a forty-six-year-old Californian who has been charged with much of the responsibility for straightening out the Penn Central Railroad, has several businesses of his own, and is a director of or adviser to a number of other companies. He is a lawyer and a Democrat, and has served in the government. Palmieri commutes between California and New York, and frequently stops in Washington. We talked in Washington today. I began by asking him to outline for me what we ought to think about when we consider the nature of our economy. I knew from previous conversations that he felt we focus on the wrong questions, and tend to overlook the real trouble—beneath the statistics on unemployment and inflation and the gross national product—that the economy is in.

"One has to take account of the



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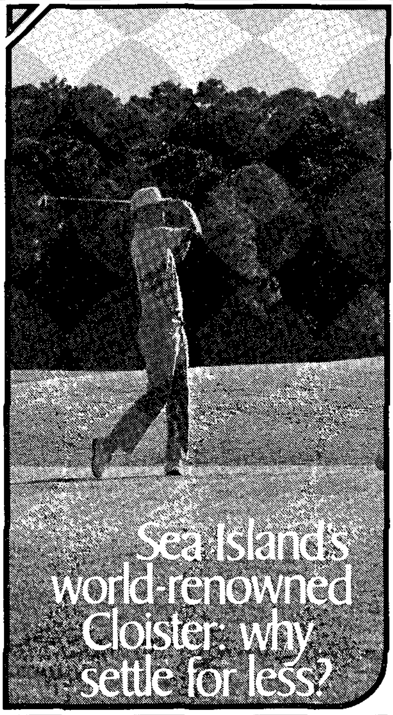
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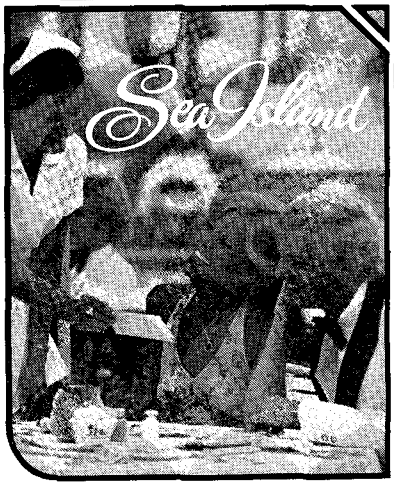

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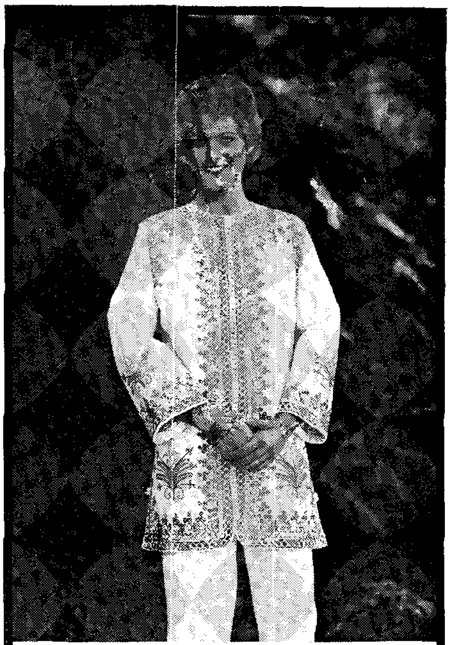
fact that the American economy is by any comparative standard enormously broad-based, and one that has great productive powers," he began. "As you generate activity, you get an enormous impact on real growth. You see this in the current recovery. We have achieved in this country the capacity for bringing about well-being for four-fifths of the population by maintaining a modest rate of growth. Once you've said that, you have to consider where we are in other ways. We have yet to learn how to include in the job structure a great mass of people—the people at the high end of the age scale and at the low end of the education scale. They make up a large percentage, and one we haven't done much about, and also one with the greatest claim on national policy from the standpoint of social justice. We have sought to buy off the problem through various forms of welfare support, and in the process a terrific burden has been borne both by the poor, as recipients of welfare, and by the middle class, who pay the freight. And there's underemployment, which is more difficult to trace—people who work for sub-scale pay in dead-end jobs."

He continued, "Recent developments offer a chance to reshape the economy in years ahead. The debate now is about economic growth: can we have it in terms of its environmental impact versus can we afford not to have it in terms of the standard of living. My own sense of the situation is that everything that is said about this is said in the context of an obsolete view of the economy—in Democratic Party platforms, the slow-growth debate, the Jerry Brown formulation that we have to lower our expectations, and the Humphrey view, embodied in the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, that says that government has to put everyone to work. All these formulations are politically and economically impractical, and overlook the real fundamentals of the problem and the opportunity that we have right now. Jerry Brown's make-do-with-less formulation has a superficial appeal, especially in middle-class-dominated southern California. But how just is it to talk about a lower standard of living when there is a large percentage of the population that is not adequately housed, clothed, fed, doesn't have adequate health care? It's a policy that either is foredoomed or will generate a tremendous amount of tension and social friction. As for Humphrey's idea of employing a significant number of people in government jobs, we don't have the infra-



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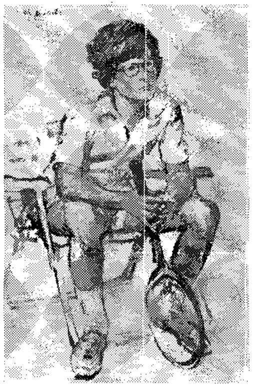

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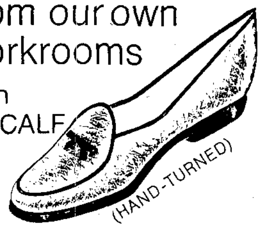

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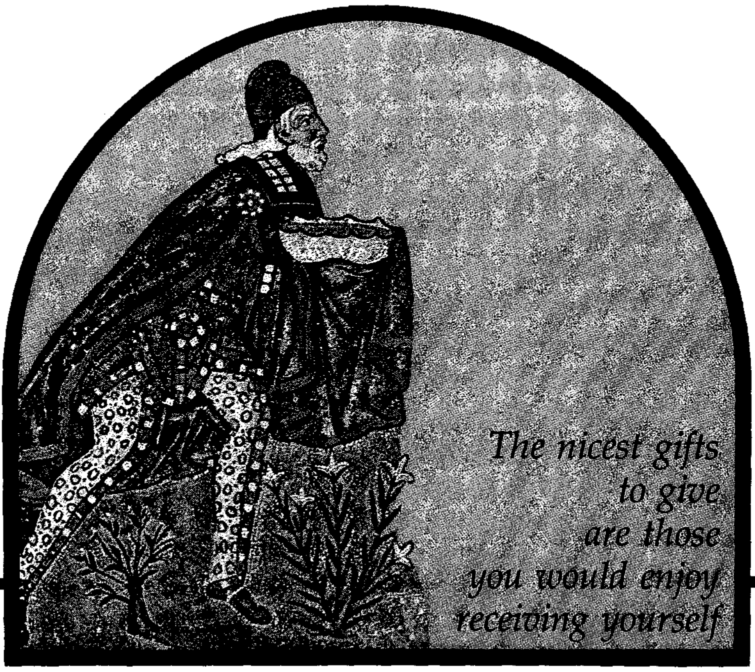
structure, we haven't figured out the purposes to be fulfilled. We have had enough trouble with the neighborhood youth programs—with kids disillusioned because there aren't satisfying jobs. Brown and Humphrey and the rest talk words, but the real point is that the world economy has changed. We now know that the entire energy base of the world economy is going to have to change within the next two decades. By anybody's measure, oil will be in very short supply by 1985—some say by 1980—and the petroleum-based economy will be in trouble. That's not reflected in policy or in rhetoric. Why? Because we have a short-term oil glut. But if you look at the rate of decline of those oil fields you see that between 1976 and 1982 it will be extreme. The fact that the Saudis are sitting on a virtual ocean of oil does not obscure the fact that in two decades they'll be the only ones with any left. What makes it so interesting from a policy standpoint is that it's pretty clear that there is no alternative to an environmentally sensitive energy economy. We can't go on the way we've been going. We know we have to go to an energy-efficient economy and also a clean-energy economy—in terms of the cost to health as well as the quality of life. If you put those two things together, you turn upside down the question of economic growth and employment and development. Pollution and energy conservation have always had a direct relationship to economic growth. And now we're saying the country is faced with bringing new people into the work force—people who have never been in it. Nobody in policy circles has quite recognized this set of connections. The politicians who talk about economic problems don't seem to understand that the question is not whether we have six- or seven-per-cent unemployment and how we balance that with inflation but how we convert to a clean-energy economy and at the same time employ more young people, poor people, old people, and even educated people who are now running into problems—particularly teachers. The debate is doing very little for the American people in terms of providing a vital and growing clean-energy economy."

I asked Palmieri how he would go about dealing with these questions.

"There are no simple answers," he said. "But what's implied in all this is a very difficult and long-term process—sponsoring clean-energy development, sponsoring a new industrial sector in terms of clean energy, and redirecting sectors such as the automobile industry



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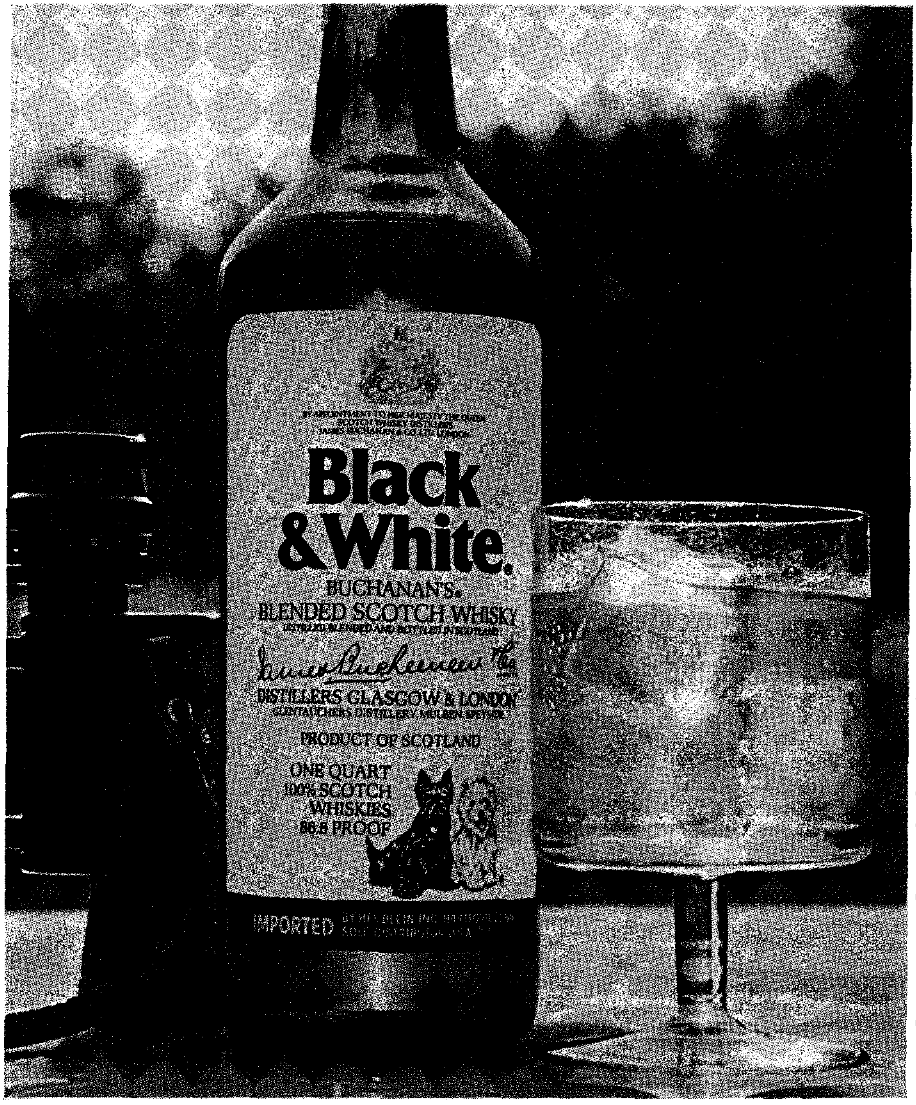

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over a long period—which has got to take place from a number of standpoints. There should be redirection of the petroleum-based power-generating industry. Most of our power plants are fired by oil. So the question is how, in an environmentally sensitive economy, we can create new directions of economic growth which will take up the employment slack. It won't be solved by decreeing that the government will employ every adult until we get to three- or four-per-cent unemployment, or by saying 'lower expectations.' It seems to me we have to raise our expectations. Nobody has the answers now, because we're just starting to ask the questions."

I asked Palmieri where he would begin.

"The first thing that has to be done in the democratic process is for people to understand what the problem is," he replied. "I would organize a procedure aimed at creating a national energy- and environmental-policy commitment. In the first year, I would sponsor legislation that would set up a series of regional groupings designed to pull in environmental and energy groups, and perhaps that would be combined with a Presidential commission. I know the limits of Presidential commissions—I served with one. But they can help with the analysis of the problem and the education of the public. So the first stage would be diagnostic, and designed to create some recognition by the public as to what the problems are as well as some agreement about the information—what the energy reserves are, what the needs are. Data on which there is disagreement. I tell you we are ripe for the first stage. Industry and the public are ripe for it. The energy issue has been dealt with in an adversary process. Very few of the cases are settled. We have litigation, and people throwing themselves on the wheels until something more satisfying comes along. We're having a great deal of difficulty getting new nuclear plants and oil refineries into operation. We're having trouble establishing a chemical capacity. The second year would be devoted to defining the national commitment—in terms of research funding, allocation to the private sector—to development of a 'plan.' That's a loaded word; it scares people. I use 'plan' in the sense of a set of directions and goals for an energy-efficient, environmentally sensitive economy—goals that would be debated, compromised. People say that public participation is impossible, or that Congress is obsolete. When you say that, you're giving up. Can the President and Congress move the country in this direction? Can you have something like a peace movement? Is this a way to move national policy? It seems that unless we get a new sense of direction we're going to move convulsively, let the Arabs move us, constantly courting double-digit inflation or economic stagnation. The problem is not lowering expectations or relying on the government as an employer of last resort. What the country needs now is some new goals."

I asked him about the point he had made earlier this year about the economy's being in worse trouble than is generally recognized.

"Until you have some goals, it's very difficult to start redirecting," he replied. "The fact is that in some of the major sectors of the economy we have potential for disruption and decline—which adds another reason for strongly seeking new patterns of development. The most obvious is in the aerospace field—in some sense the basis of the entire West Coast economy—which consists of four or five companies supported essentially in two ways; namely, by commercial aviation and by the military. Now, commercial aviation has shrunk, for a variety of reasons, or has failed to reach levels that can sustain the kind of structure we have in Lockheed, Boeing, McDonnell Douglas. They are producing jets the airlines can't absorb. And military-procurement programs can now be seen as welfare programs for the aircraft and electronic-missiles industries. That may be what the B-1 bomber is about. There is a sense that we have to keep this sector going, because we might want to call on it—we might not need the B-1 but we want to keep the manufacturing capability. The critics of the Pentagon and of weapons systems tend to overlook the fundamentals of industrial dynamics; these industries are not intent on blowing up the world but also don't want to give up their manufacturing capability. I have a theory that twenty-five per cent of the cause of the Vietnam war was that it offered a tremendous theatre for testing and deploying weapons. The nuclear-power industry is already in serious trouble. The automobile industry has a built-in overcapacity. To some extent, that's been obscured by a surge in sales, spurred by a consumer psychology and a change in the view of the gasoline problem, but the automobile industry remains quite a soft area of employment and there is a real need to think about how that

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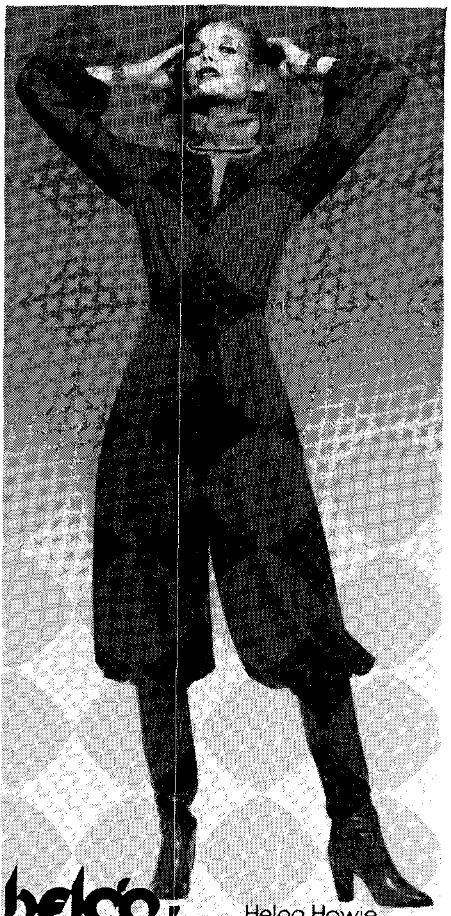
industry is to redirect itself. There's shipbuilding, and there are other areas that are noncompetitive in the world economy and are sustained by the taxpayer."

I asked Palmieri about the ideas put forward by some for getting more of a public voice, through government intervention, in business decisions—particularly for getting investment in what might be seen as public-interest ventures.

"In important respects, the current criticisms of corporations are healthy—legitimate reflections of changes in society and of a healthy capacity for examining institutions," he replied. "And corporations, like government, are offering a target for criticisms that are the result of great frustrations about the quality of our society, the lack of goals, abuses of power. There is great danger in the current situation, because the corporation is a vital—I would say indispensable—institution for organizing human and material resources. It is one very large part of our more or less uniquely successful economic system, and I think we ought to be careful about eroding the line between private responsibility and public responsibility. Where some critics go off the track of history is in failing to realize that the tension between the private sector and the public sector—even though we know they are mixed—is a key to our development, and that making over our corporate economy into a public bureaucracy would not be a very progressive change. That corporations need to change, that corporations have been irresponsible—these are facts of life and are not changed by making corporations public institutions. So has government been irresponsible. They say that public bureaucracy is more responsible and accountable than private bureaucracies, but the fact is that in many cases it isn't. Which is more responsible in the way it has run its business—Bell Telephone or the Pentagon? I know all the complaints about Bell—how it handles competitors, its power in Congress. But I'd rather see Bell handle that system than have the government run it. As I see it, the question is not how you get more government in the private sector but how you force more private responsibility. I see the answer to that not in government control but in government sanctions—criminal ones—when there is a lack of private responsibility. Rachel Carson and then the environmental movement, which came on like a summer storm, brought about one of the most drastic changes of government policy toward private



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industry. The new policy said you had to meet certain standards. There are a lot of problems involved, but the policy had the effect of forcing environmental responsibility into the industrial sector. If ten years ago you had said that industry has to make environmental investments, you would have been told that it was impossible, immoral—that it would break the back of the industrial economy. But you got a piece of legislation that simply said you have to do it, and it's being done, and the economy is making the adjustment. Anyone who doubts what can be accomplished if we have goals and standards ought to look at that."

He continued, "As for the redirection of investments, the utility of the corporation as an organizer of resources rests on its capacity for being compatible with the public interest. Without that capacity, it will become essentially a publicly managed bureaucracy and we will lose a vital element of American institutional pluralism. I believe that where some of the critics on the left are wrong is in overlooking the extent to which the American corporation is the strongest component of institutional pluralism that we have. Their ideal of substituting grass-roots organization overlooks organization on the scale that is mandated by the new world economy."

But, I asked him, what about the question of whether it is in the public interest to have investment made in plastic kazoos or in energy-efficient transportation?

"That's the question," he replied. "That's the point of institutional pluralism. Right now, those decisions are made where a lot of the critics don't want them to be made, and in some large part in ways they don't want. But where would they have them made? In the Department of Transportation? In the Defense Department? In H. E. W.? How would they change the special-interest nature of the American system? We're wasting breath talking about ideal decisions until we find the ideal decision-maker. To talk about dysfunctional, or even harmful, products is not to advance the argument very much until we find better ways of getting decisions. If you have a properly cynical view of human nature, you want a lot of different kinds of people in the decision process, with a lot of different motives and interests, in the hope—not the illusion—that out of it will come something reasonably in line with the public interest. To suggest that what is needed is a public bureaucracy imposing its values concerning al-

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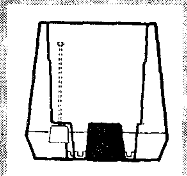

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location of resources against even the most distorted, market-oriented system is to me simply a naïve way of thinking about human processes. You have to step back and say that it's very dangerous to give anyone the power. However, it's essential to mobilize power to provide the public goods. Then, how do you do it with the least danger? You create as many power centers as possible. With all the corruption and abuses, you're most likely to get a mix, and avoid the danger of having the state be the originator of values rather than the steward of public welfare and of public values.

"That gets back to the idea of goals and new processes for decision-making. What you have to do is start moving the sights of business and the sights of government along congruent lines. Then G.M. might start to see its interests more in line with what its critics think they should be. It's hard for G.M. to know what its interests are now, except to produce more gas-efficient cars. The corporation has to clean up its methods. It has to say that its governance is in the hands of independent people who are responsible to the shareholders and the public, who are not cronies—that it is not a club. Then they can start to set standards: of consumer safety, minority employment, environmental quality, truth in advertising, compliance with antitrust laws—all the things that corporations as closed cultures with an eye on their short-term interest can ignore. Corporations could make themselves accountable to the public by publishing audits in those areas. Government could play a role in setting standards and sanctions. But I want to protect the corporation's role in our pluralism."

JULY 23

THE President's chief delegate hunter, James Baker, a former under-secretary of Commerce, held a press conference today and announced that the President had won fifteen uncommitted delegates from Hawaii and one from Brooklyn, and that this gave him eleven hundred and thirty-five delegates and thus put him "over the top." But several counts had already given the President sixteen delegates in Hawaii. Between them, the Ford and Reagan camps now count more delegates than there will be at the Republican Convention.

•

JIMMY CARTER's luncheon with business leaders at "21" yesterday, one week after he attacked the "political and economic élite" in his acceptance speech, was symptomatic of the puzzle about Carter. He told the businessmen that he would not come up with his tax-reform proposals until he had been in office a year—which he also had said during the primaries—and he was negative or opaque about certain existing tax benefits for business. Actually, Carter was consistent in detail, but more important was the fact that he had given off conflicting signals within one week. It is not a bad idea to appeal to different constituencies in order to govern, but we still don't know whether that is his purpose, or whether it is simply to please whatever audience he is standing before.

JULY 25

EUGENE McCARTHY is running as an independent for the Presidency, and no one is sure what effect his candidacy might have. Some believe that he could win enough votes to deny Carter a victory in certain states. Some think that McCarthy's Catholicism could be a factor in picking up support for him against Carter. A recent Harris poll showed McCarthy winning ten per cent of the vote. McCarthy is now qualified for a place on the ballot in eleven states, and plans to enter in forty-five. He is a witty and irreverent man, and it is hard to know what he is about: what measures of idealism and sourness drive him. One often wonders whether he is serious and then he makes serious and interesting points. And he often has something to say that is just different enough to warrant attention. On the other hand, he is a skilled critic of his fellow men, and it is sometimes hard to know which of his statements are being made just for their effect. On "Meet the Press" today, McCarthy questioned Carter's "Constitutional conception" of the office of the Presidency. He used as an example Carter's declaration, made during the primaries, that he would take personal responsibility for the C.I.A. He also criticized Carter's use of language, and suggested that it was somewhat "demagogic." He used as examples a statement by Carter after the 1970 killings at Kent State that he would have called out the National Guard, with live ammunition and with orders to shoot to kill; the statement, in a speech about foreign policy, that the Soviet Union was using détente as a cover to carry out "'world revolution;'" and the statement that the Vietnam war was "'racist.'" McCarthy said, "I don't think you use words like 'racist,' for example, unless you are prepared to

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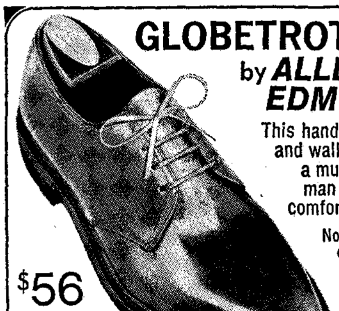
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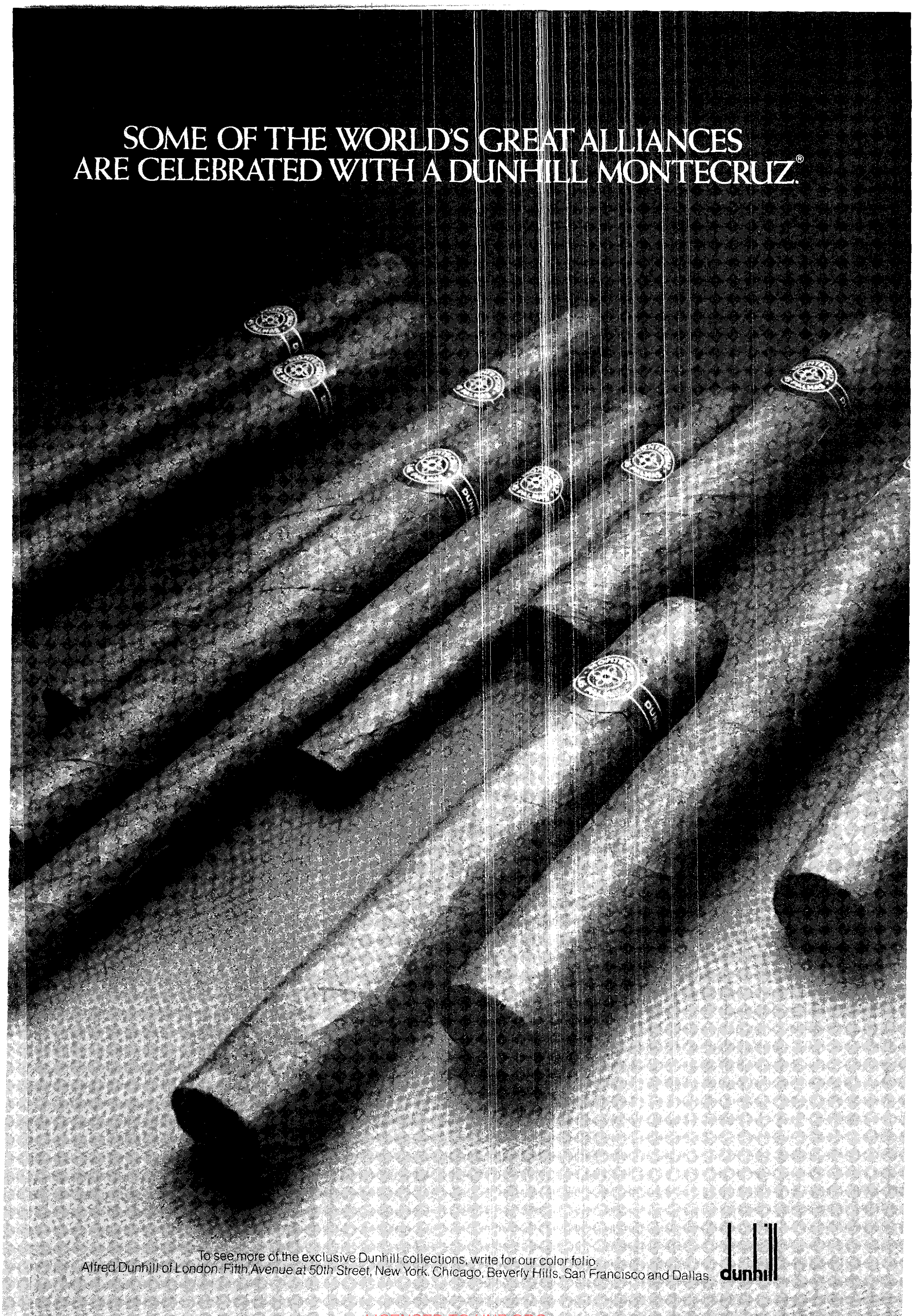
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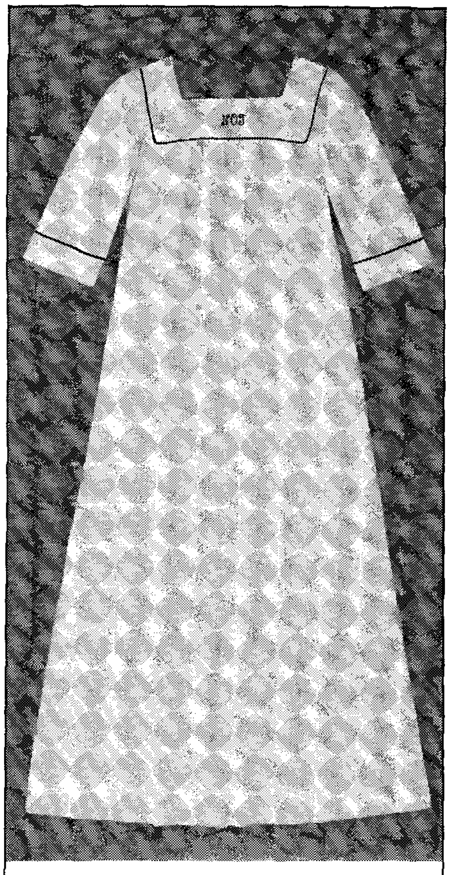

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really historically and objectively demonstrate that it is true. I don't think that it was a racist war." McCarthy is the only public figure I can think of who would make a point of this use of language.

JULY 26

MONDAY. Ronald Reagan made the astonishing announcement today that he had selected Senator Richard Schweiker, of Pennsylvania, one of the most liberal Republican senators, to be his running mate. Perhaps the most striking thing about the announcement is that it came off as somewhat comical. It seemed to defy much of what Reagan stood for, and it mocked some of his own earlier statements. (Tonight's "CBS Evening News" quoted him as saying earlier this month, "I don't believe in the old tradition of picking someone at the opposite end of the political spectrum because he can get some votes that you can't get yourself.") It sent some of his supporters spinning. Last week, Reagan was deriding the selection of the liberal Mondale, but, whereas Mondale has a ninety-three-per-cent approval rating from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s dread (as Reagan backers see it) Committee on Political Education, Schweiker has a perfect score. And somehow Reagan has come to the conclusion that Schweiker is not part of that Washington "buddy system" he has been campaigning against all year. Schweiker was a target of the Nixon White House for having been too liberal in his voting in the Senate. He withstood that challenge with courage and dignity. What has happened to him? Perhaps he has been seized by the slight madness that seems to affect so many people when visions of great power dance before them. No one appeared to consider that Reagan was meeting the objections of earnest people who suggest that a Presidential candidate disclose his choice as running mate before the Convention. Whether the move was a brilliant stroke or a blunder remained in question at the end of the day, but there is no question that after a while we will all be very clear on which it was. The touch of comedy was reinforced by Schweiker's appearing, with his family, dressed in Sunday best, in the Senate Caucus Room—site of announcements of Presidential candidacies—and enthusiastically announcing his "acceptance" of the designation as Reagan's running mate. Schweiker had been planning to be a Ford delegate to the Republican Convention. Some counts indicate that there are as many as

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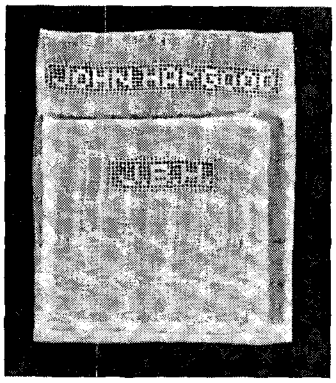

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twenty-four uncommitted delegates in Pennsylvania. Actually, the move should not be all that stunning. Reagan was a more moderate governor of California than his rhetoric had suggested he would be. The problem is that his followers have believed his rhetoric as a candidate for the nomination. John Sears indicated when he talked with me last month that much of this rhetoric was designed for the purpose of winning certain Republican primaries, and that more pragmatic moves would have to be made to win the nomination and the election. But Reagan's problem now is that he appealed to those who thought Ford was "too pragmatic," who had never forgiven Ford for selecting Rockefeller and for taking other actions to cross the great divide within the Republican Party, and Reagan was believed. Now that he himself is trying to reach across the divide, no one seems to think he is guided by anything but opportunism. Reagan, you see, was not a "politician." He didn't compromise, the way Ford did. What will this do to his business career, not to mention his political career? Representative John Ashbrook, Republican of Ohio, a conservative who challenged Nixon in 1972 and supports Reagan, called the move "the dumbest thing I've ever heard of." He added, "You can't trust any of them."

•

A HARRIS poll taken shortly after the Democratic Convention showed Jimmy Carter leading President Ford by sixty-six to twenty-seven per cent and Carter leading Reagan by sixty-eight to twenty-six per cent. While the lead is said to be one of the greatest ever recorded, another interesting point is that there is so little difference in how Ford and Reagan do against him. Harris said that Carter has made "one of the most rapid ascendancies of a candidate to public popularity in the history of American politics."

JULY 27

CLARKE REED'S telephone was very busy today. "He's on the line and has three others holding," his secretary said when I called him this morning. After a while, Reed returned my call. He spoke even more quickly than usual. (He also has a way of swallowing words, which makes him hard to follow.) "I've had it," he said. "I've said a thousand times a split ticket is a travesty on the system. I'm ready to jump, but I'm trying to keep my

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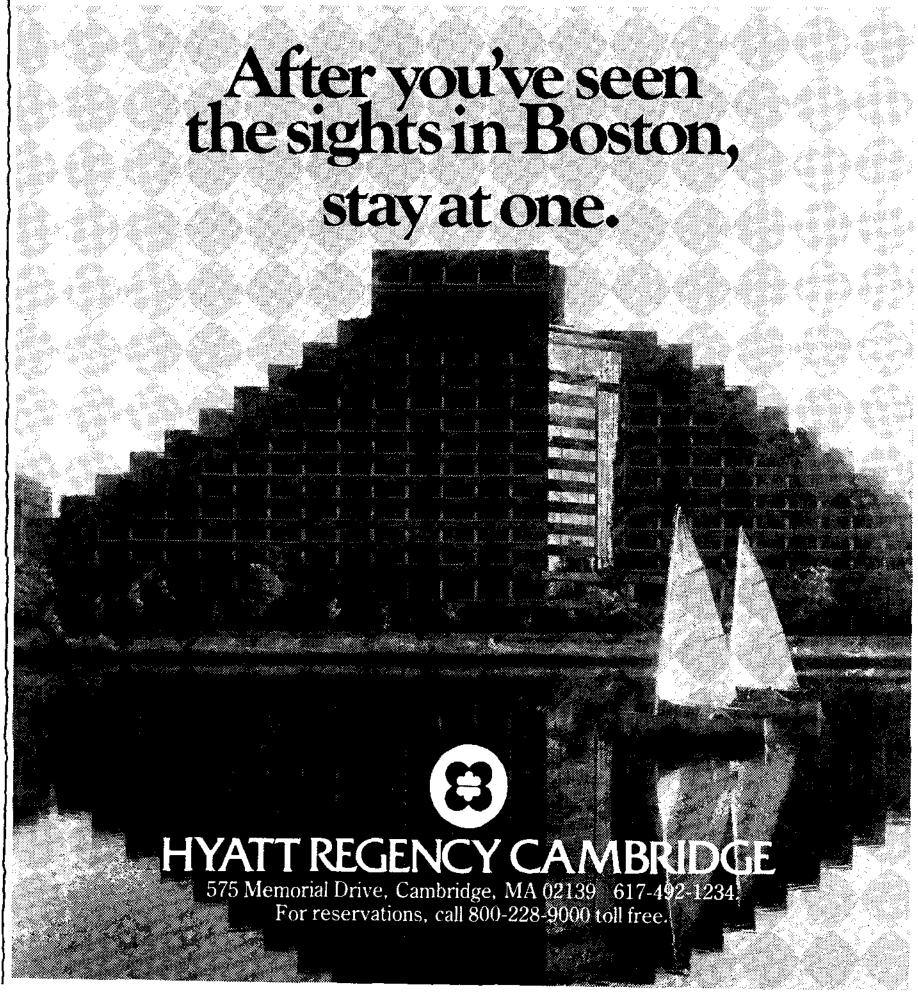
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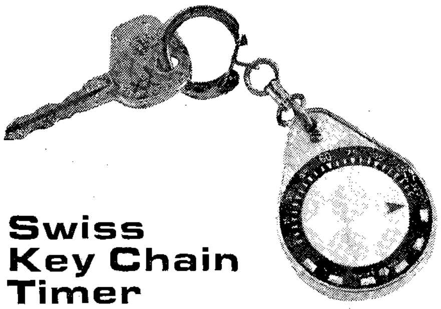

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people in mind. I'm on the phone with them."

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WITH a pleased Gerald Ford standing by his side on the White House lawn, John Connally endorsed the President today. Somehow or other, John Connally has become, to many people, a moral force. The big, noisy Texan, former Democrat and intimate of Lyndon Johnson's, then Secretary of the Treasury under Richard Nixon, was acquitted of charges of bribery in connection with the milk-price-support issue that arose in the course of the Watergate investigation, but questions about the incident remain. Beyond that, there is something generally disturbing about Connally: he seems like a big missile out of control; one never knows where he will land. But it is commonly accepted that he is an effective campaigner—a reputation that recommends him to many people—and, moreover, he comes from a state with a large number of electoral votes. And so the President of the United States has been wooing him much of the year and now stands triumphantly while John Connally, who has been on speaking tours around the nation this year and who few think would not accept the Vice-Presidency, says that Mr. Ford "is unmistakably the better choice."

JULY 28

AT the offices of the President Ford Committee, on L Street, they tell you that the Schweiker move was a disaster for Reagan. They say that by the end of the week several more delegates will announce that they are for Ford. At once, research was done on Schweiker's record, and the information went out to delegates. They were told of his liberal voting record, and word was also conveyed that he voted to break up the oil companies. James Baker told me, "The first thing we did Monday was get on the phone to our leadership in Pennsylvania and in the Pennsylvania congressional delegation. We polled all the state's delegates in twenty-four hours. Monday noon, we had a leadership meeting in Philadelphia. We see, at the outside, a loss of four Pennsylvania delegates out of a total of a hundred and three." The New Jersey, Delaware, and New York delegations were also polled. An official explained to me that while Schweiker may have political contacts in Pennsylvania, and will be the state's senior senator after Hugh Scott retires this year, in the other states he does not,

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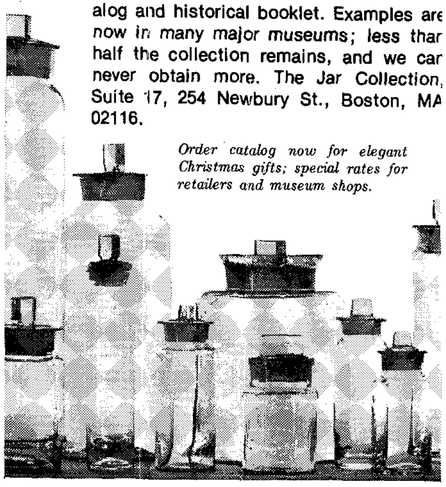

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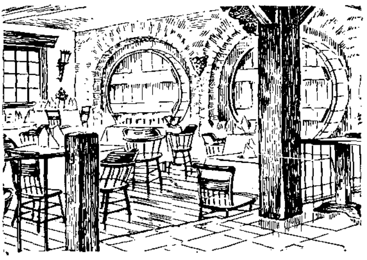

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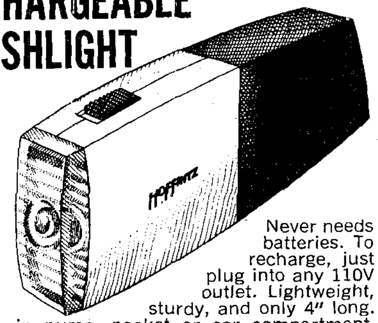

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as this man put it, "control their reward system." Moreover, they say at the Ford headquarters, a liberal Republican is not going to vote for Ronald Reagan because he selected a liberal as his running mate. They had been, in fact, quite worried about what is called "softness" in the President's support in some Northeastern delegations, but they feel that the Schweiker selection has taken care of that.

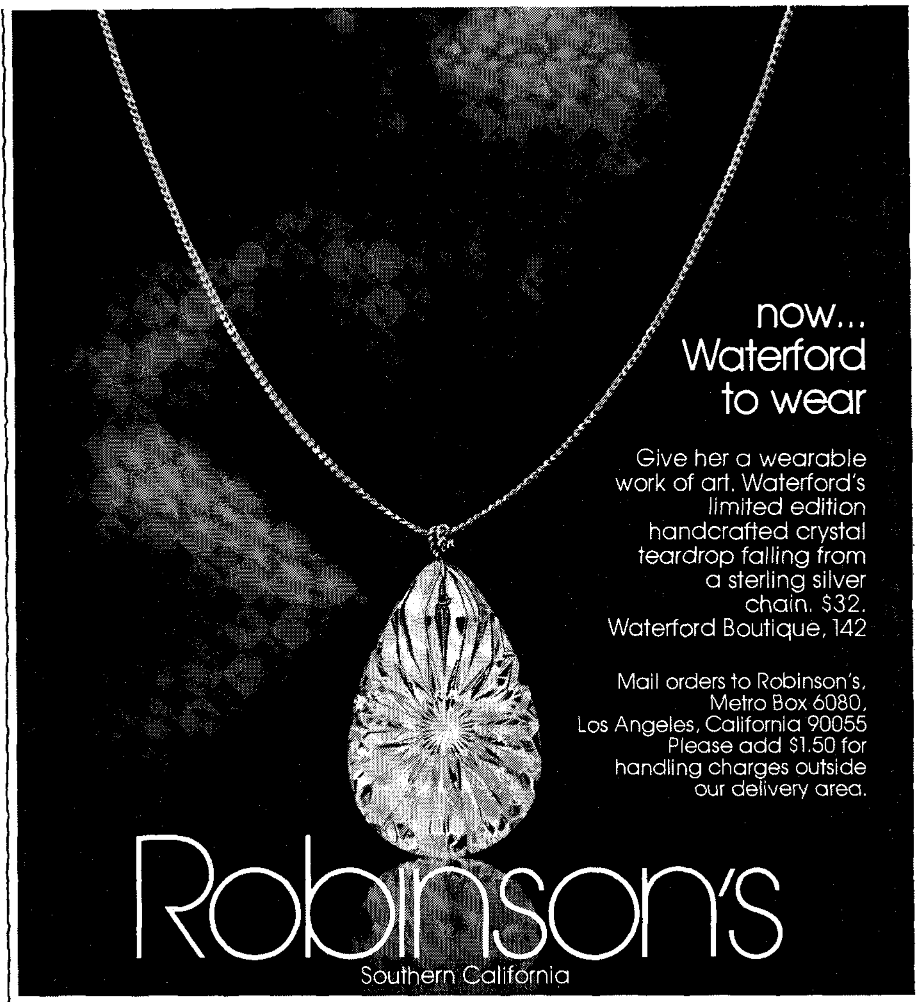
I asked Baker to tell me a bit about how the delegate hunting works.

He said that when a delegate is selected he receives a personal letter from the President, and, from the Ford Committee, a biographical form to fill out. He is also sent position papers and copies of newspaper stories that reflect well on the President or badly on Reagan. Then it is determined who ought to call that delegate, who ought to try to persuade him, which person he might most respect. Baker explained, "It might be a Cabinet officer, a congressman, his grocer." Sometimes it's the President. "He's called a bunch," Baker said.

In a room near Baker's office are kept large black notebooks for each state, containing biographical material on each delegate. In the front is a status report: C for Committed, L for Leaning, TU for Truly Uncommitted, SR for Soft Reagan, RR for Ronald Reagan. Next to the name of each delegate is a list of these initials, with a circle drawn around his status. As of Monday, Richard Schweiker was C. And, as of Monday, Pennsylvania had seventy-seven committed for Ford, thirteen leaning, nine truly uncommitted, two soft Reagan, and two for Reagan. The biographical sheets list the delegates' names, addresses, and occupations, and the form of address to be used in the letter from the President. For example, Charles N. Dodd was "Dear Chuck." Dodd was listed as uncommitted, and there was a notation that he had been talked to by Earl Butz on June 10th, and that he was upset about federal regulation of independent dairy producers.

●

THE hearing room of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. This afternoon, the Joint Committee, which is supposed to oversee our government's policies on the development and export of nuclear materials, is holding a meeting on a bill to reorganize the procedures for making decisions on allowing the overseas sale of nuclear equipment by private companies, and to tighten safeguards against the use of



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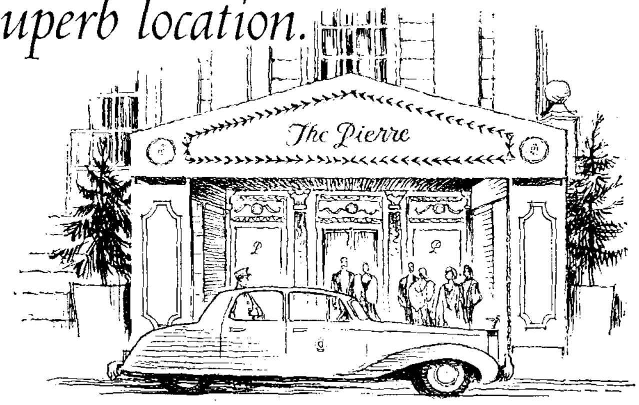

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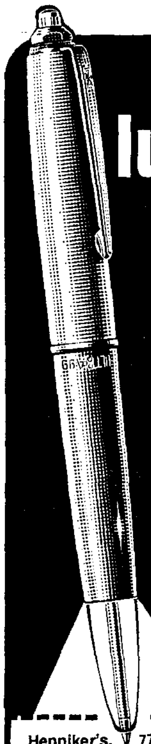

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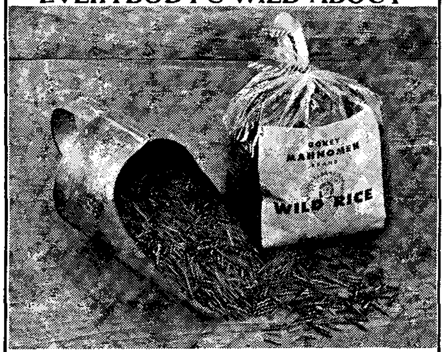

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nuclear reactors to develop bombs. The bill grew out of hearings held earlier this year by the Senate Government Operations Committee on the problem of nuclear proliferation. It was at those hearings that David Lilienthal, the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, called for a halt by the United States, unilaterally, to the export of all nuclear devices and materials, saying, "The United States, our public agencies and our private manufacturers, have been and are the world's major proliferators." Lilienthal's was a lonely voice and his approach was dismissed, and our politicians are still struggling with the question of what to do about the facts that Lilienthal laid out. By now, the subject of nuclear proliferation has become somewhat fashionable among politicians. But it may be too late. There are pressures on and within our government to keep up the nuclear exports, and these pressures are increased by the fact that if the United States abstains, other nations step in. So the problem remains that no one knows how to call the whole thing off. Congress is still groping, and the executive branch remains confused and contradictory.

An assortment of government agencies have jurisdiction over questions of nuclear exports, with each, in the manner of government agencies—or any bureaucracy—reflecting its own exigencies and constituencies. The State Department, which perhaps has the principal role, reflects its own internal pressures, which come from the American ambassador in a given country and the desk officer for that country, to do something nice for that country. Higher policymakers absorb these pressures and also have their own interest in trading some United States beneficence for some favorable posture by the recipient country. People who have worked in the Pentagon have told me over the years that the greatest resistance to closing military bases overseas comes not from the Pentagon but from the State Department, anxious to keep our "presence" in a certain country rather than displease it by withdrawing something that country has come to value. The bases are supposed to give us what is called "leverage" over the countries concerned. Of course, State also often argues that we must not take this or that position because it might cause the host nation to throw out our military base—which says something about "leverage," but that is another story. The point is that the same turn of thought is often

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brought to bear on the question of exporting nuclear material. The Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) inherited from its predecessor, the A.E.C., the mission of developing the nuclear-energy technology of this country and so ends in promoting the industry. And ERDA makes the technical evaluations for the State Department of the uses to which an exported reactor would be put. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which inherited the regulatory function of the former A.E.C., and which licenses nuclear exports, deals with questions about complete plants. And the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which is supposed to advise the State Department on applications from American companies and foreign governments, has—perhaps inevitably, in light of the powers within the government against which it has had to stand—become rather weakened and demoralized. The Joint Committee itself is part of the picture, and its predilection, as is true of most Congressional committees, is to sympathize with the constituency over whose interests it has jurisdiction—in this case, the nuclear-power-and-weapons industry. This puts it in sympathy with ERDA (as it used to be with the A.E.C.) and, by extension, the State Department. These interconnections between the private interests and the public agencies that are supposed to superintend them—in the Congress and in the executive branch—are rather typical, whether the field is education or nuclear power. But in education the phenomenon is not so frightening. The nuclear-power industry itself is worth some hundred billion dollars and appears to be well organized. Like the educators, oil companies, and bread manufacturers, it has its own interest groups, or trade associations. The nuclear industry has the Atomic Industrial Forum, which is involved both in research and in public-relations programs, and the American Nuclear Energy Council, which is a trade association for the nuclear-equipment manufacturers, mining companies, utilities, and processors, such as General Electric, Westinghouse, and Allied Chemical. In addition, as is the case with many large businesses, the companies have their own representatives in Washington to keep in touch with the agencies and the appropriate members of Congress, and they also have numerous lawyers here to protect their interests.

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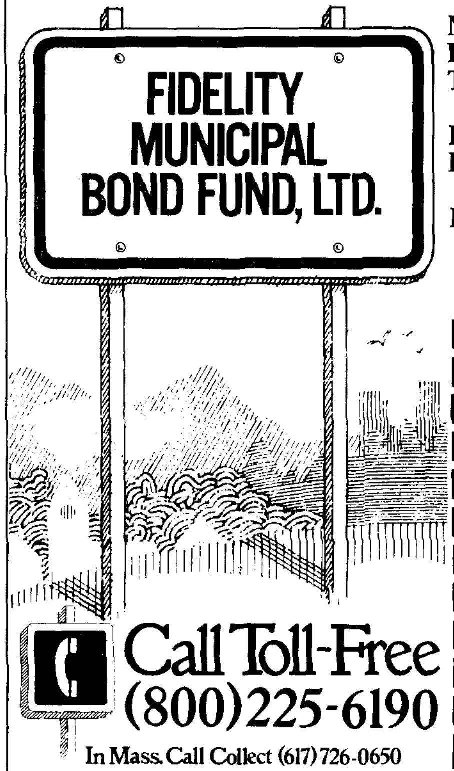

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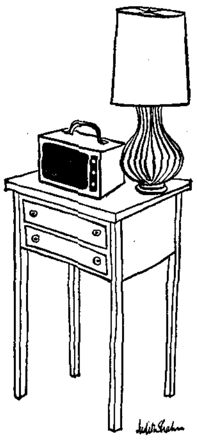
that tens of tons of nuclear material cannot be accounted for by the thirty-four uranium- and plutonium-processing plants that it audits.

John Pastore, chairman of the Joint Committee, has called the meeting this afternoon to hear the reactions of the affected agencies to the bill that the Government Operations Committee has approved. Because of its involvement in the subject, the Joint Committee must also approve it before it is sent to the House and the Senate. As might be expected, and as Pastore clearly already knew, all the agencies are opposed to the bill. Agencies almost always are opposed to legislation that might curtail their powers or rearrange their jurisdictions or revise their customary procedures. Members of the Government Operations Committee are here to defend their work. Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, the chairman, referring to the witnesses from the various government agencies, says, "The only thing these gentlemen are coördinated on is they don't like the bill." Referring to the agencies they represent, Ribicoff says, "They don't tell the truth; the right hand doesn't know what the left is doing. . . . Everybody's got a piece of the action and consequently there is no action." Ribicoff and some other members of Congress are incensed by their recent discovery that the United States sent India some material (heavy water) that was used in the explosion of its nuclear device and then tried to prevent disclosure of this fact to Congress. They feel that the United States should put more pressure on its allies—Germany, France—that are selling reactors and reprocessing plants to other nations. Pastore himself mentions that in 1975 "we had an exchange" with West Germany in which we gave it nuclear material in return for its agreement to maintain our troops in Europe, and that "Congress had no knowledge of it." Pastore, however, also has other concerns. "We don't want to do anything to hurt American industry and international trade," he says. "There is no question at all about it that in the nuclear market ninety-two per cent of the capacity is government controlled." And he sides with ERDA in its opposition to losing any jurisdiction. "Reorganization is not going to eliminate proliferation," he says, and he has a point. Senator Howard Baker, a member of the Joint Committee, cautions that proliferation is "a volatile and emotional issue," and adds, "We are not the only country in the world that has nuclear technology. . . . So there is an urgent need in my view to see that whatever legislation we report does nothing to diminish a single point of authority for the foreign policy of the United States in all respects, including the nuclear respect."



Myron Kratzer, the man most responsible for nuclear-export policy at the State Department, who is a former A.E.C. official, opposes the bill on the ground that the current government arrangements "are working satisfactorily." One of the problems that continually arise is that when, in the nineteen-fifties, the government initiated its drive to export nuclear technology, under the high-sounding program Atoms for Peace, it negotiated numerous agreements that did not take into account whether those countries to which it was exporting nuclear power plants could obtain reprocessing plants and thus the capacity for making the bomb. Some people think that those early nuclear agreements should be renegotiated to reflect the new realities, but Kratzer does not. His concern is that the United States remain a faithful supplier of nuclear material. The State Department apparently feels that such renegotiation might upset the nations to which we gave the nuclear reactors. This afternoon, Kratzer tells the Joint Committee that he thinks that the early agreements "carry a very strong presumption of supplies" regardless of changing circumstances, and that if our government's procedures were reorganized, the recipient countries might be concerned, and "it would discourage their coming to us" and might result in their turning to other sources of supply.

Pastore is worried about this, too. He says that "it seems to me that every time we step in and say 'no' " another country steps in and supplies. He points out that Brazil turned to West Germany, and that South Africa, after opposition developed in Congress to a sale of two nuclear reactors there, turned to France.

Last week, at a hearing by the N.R.C. on whether the United States should supply India with more enriched-uranium fuel, Kratzer took the position that it was important for us to continue to supply India so as to maintain influence over it. He argued that if

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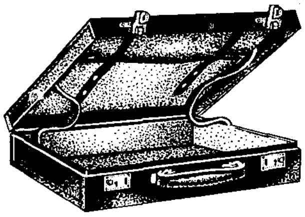

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we stop supplying fuel to India, India will say that our word is not good and that its contract with us, under which we sold it a nuclear reactor, is no longer valid. He also raised another argument, indicating another twist in this already strange situation whereby recipients of our nuclear largesse can use it to blackmail us: he pointed out that the current contract permits us to buy back India's spent fuel, which could otherwise be turned into bombs. India now has about a hundred bombs' worth of spent fuel. If we break the existing agreement, we lose the option—which we have not exercised—to buy this back.

Some experts think that the problem is that the politicians are looking at the wrong question. They say that the concern over the spread of the weapons and the attention to safeguards against their spread are too late. They argue that the reality is that the nuclear technology is out, and that our policy ought really to deal with the political and strategic reasons that countries want to develop nuclear power and the bomb, and should consider incentives to discourage them. They suggest that the United States and the Soviet Union stop nuclear testing and get serious about arms-limitation agreements, so as to stop emphasizing the disparities between the have and the have-not nations. They suggest setting up rewards for those nations which forsake nuclear weapons, and having the Soviet Union and the United States pledge not to use nuclear weapons against nations that don't have them. (But that runs afoul of NATO strategy.) Some say that we will have to be prepared to adjust certain policy goals to the overriding goal of stopping the nuclear spread. For example, in order to discourage South Korea from developing a bomb, they argue, we might have to promise to keep troops there, and overlook that government's unpleasantness toward political opponents. In fact, no one is quite sure what will work—or whether anything will work.

The Administration is sufficiently disturbed about the degree to which Congress is disturbed about the way nuclear-export policy is made so that it has resorted to the familiar approach of promising to study the matter. Yesterday, the President sent a letter to Representative John Anderson, Republican of Illinois, who is a member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, promising such a study, and, in what appears to be a henhouse strategy, placed a high official of ERDA in charge. The President also

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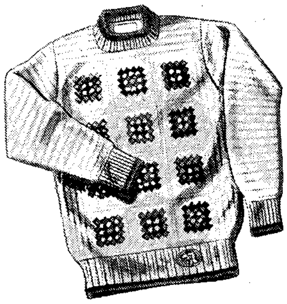

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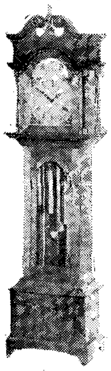

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took the opportunity to praise the Administration bill called the Nuclear Fuel Assurance Act, which would allow private companies as well as the government to produce enriched uranium.

Today's committee meeting ends inconclusively. Pastore points out that there is not very much time left in the current Congress. (An official of one of the agencies who is sitting next to me during the hearing smiles and says, "In an election-year Congress, when you oppose something the best thing to do is delay.") But Pastore also utters the kind of dire statement one has come to expect from politicians when they address—however perplexedly—the subject of the spread of nuclear bombs. Talking of other countries that have developed nuclear capacities, Pastore says, "If we take ourselves out of the market, we lose our persuasiveness." He says, "We didn't like it, but what could we do about it? . . . They have sovereign rights. . . . I mean, that's the headache that faces humanity today."

•

TODAY, Clarke Reed announced his support of President Ford.

JULY 29

THE Senate Caucus Room. The Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican Convention is meeting here this afternoon, and will be addressed by Richard Schweiker. Then the delegates will meet with the President at the White House. Before the meeting, I talk with some delegates. If there is a Reagan supporter in the room, I can't find him. I also look for Charles Dodd (the uncommitted Pennsylvania delegate who is upset about federal regulation of independent dairy producers) to see what he is thinking, but he is not here. He is now listed as a Reagan delegate. Charles Snelling, who tells me he is a good friend of Schweiker's, says, "He didn't talk to anybody. It was a disastrous move for him." Stanley Miller, an alternate, says, "I was absolutely stunned, if you want to know the truth." Senator Scott opens the meeting and reads Richard Schweiker's letter of resignation as a delegate. Then he tells the delegation, "We are in a position to decide the Presidential nomination today." That isn't quite true, but Scott is doing what he can to keep the delegates in line for Ford. Richard Frame, the state chairman, tells them to make their decision on whom to support "not on the personal basis of what may be best for you and

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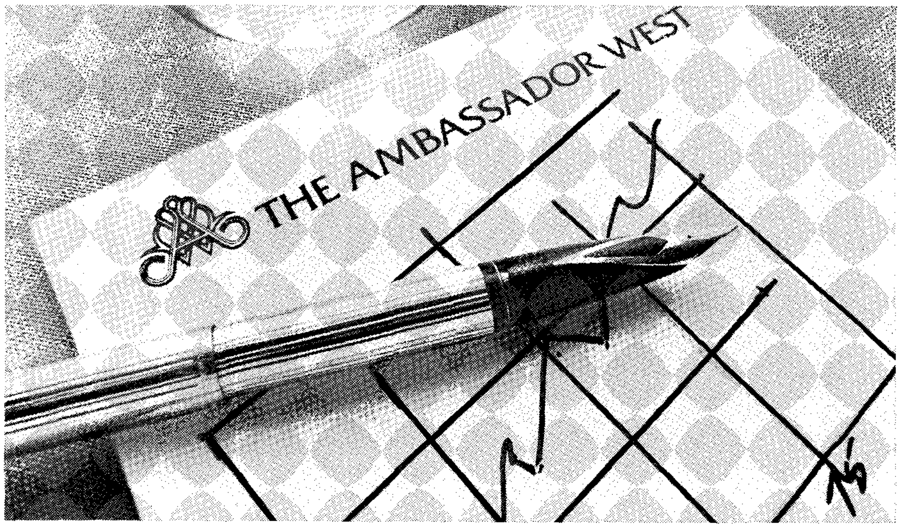

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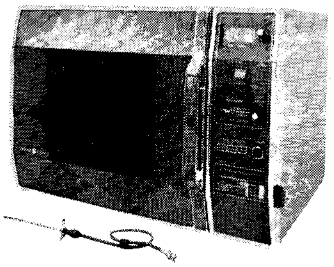

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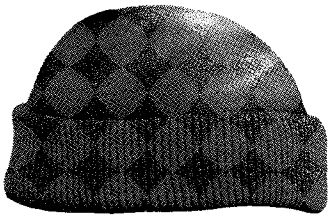

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for me and for our political careers." Schweiker comes in, wearing a bright-blue jacket. His curly hair is long now. He stands in a corner on the right, like a schoolboy who has been bad, and reads a statement. He begins by quoting his own Lincoln Day speech eleven years ago, in which he cautioned, "We Republicans should not look down our nose at other Republicans." He speaks of the "trials and tribulations" he went through during the eight days after Reagan asked him to join the ticket, of his discussions with his wife. This is more and more like a confession, or, at least, an apologia. He says that the idea of bringing together the elements of the Republican Party had been "exciting to me for many years." He says that the Republican Party is down to having the support of twenty-two per cent of the voters, and that "if you divide that figure in half you start out with two warring factions of eleven per cent each." He says that after "the shock and the tremors" had worn off, it was clear that this ticket was "probably about the only way that the Republican Party could be reunited, not become extinct." He points out that this is "the first time in modern history that a person from Pennsylvania has been asked to be on the ticket." Schweiker appears in shock himself. He undoubtedly did not anticipate the explosion that followed Reagan's announcement. Having justified the move to himself, he had to believe that others would see it that same way. Being accustomed to having a following, he assumed that the following would stay with him. But here he is, with his ostensible followers, and they are greeting him politely but silently. They have sent him to the Senate twice and they tend to like him, but they are baffled by what he did. They do not understand what seized him. "If Governor Reagan could cross the sound barrier [for Party unity] and ask me to join the ticket," he says, "I thought I could cross the sound barrier." He finishes, there is perfunctory applause, and he is out of the room.

JULY 30

FRIDAY. The assumption all week has been that Sears may have more support for Reagan up his sleeve, but if he has, it is getting time for him to pull it out. The President's aides have been saying that the selection of Schweiker was a "disaster" for Reagan; perhaps they believe so, and certainly they want others to think so, in order to budge the remaining delegates they need.

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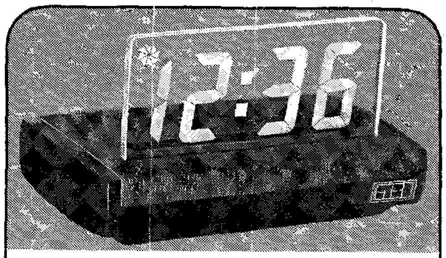

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Some uncommitted delegates, of course, are trying to determine which way the wind is blowing.

This afternoon, I phoned John Sears. "We've survived the initial impact," he said. "We haven't lost any delegates at this point." Of course, this is what he wants the press to report. I asked him about Mississippi. He replied, "The way it was going for the last three weeks before we did this, it was seriously in doubt." There had been reports that the Ford forces were chipping away at Reagan's support there. The Reagan people would like it understood that the selection of Schweiker gave Reed an excuse to support the President, and my conversation with him before the selection was made does indicate that that was the way he wanted to go. Sears continued, "As another week goes by, there will be more pressure on Mr. Ford to say what he's going to do about a running mate. Whatever that is, I think it will be helpful to us." Sears has a frequent, somewhat nervous laugh. When he said that, he laughed. What Sears hopes to do now is pressure the President into naming his running mate before the nomination, figuring that, given the divisions within the Republican Party, anyone he selects will lose him some support. Sears said that the pickings are slim if the President wants someone from the Northeast. Several Republican figures from there are too old. "We've been over the list ourselves," Sears said. "If he wants to go that way, we've got the best guy." He continued, "We knew we'd have to take a lot of bitching. It is the absolute truth that we picked this guy and later decided it would make sense to announce it early, that he has credibility in areas where we need it. With Jewish voters, ethnics—he's worked on 'captive nations' issues—organized labor. And the fact that he doesn't look like he just stepped out of a boardroom helps. In places like New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, there are people who, because of the addition of Schweiker, have changed their view of Reagan. There was an idea that if he was nominated he would pick a Bill Miller." William Miller is probably best known for his role in an American Express television ad that capitalizes on his obscurity. He was less well known as a member of the House from New York when Barry Goldwater selected him as his running mate in 1964. "There are two categories," Sears said. "Those who will switch from Ford to Reagan and those who before they vote for Ford want to know who his running

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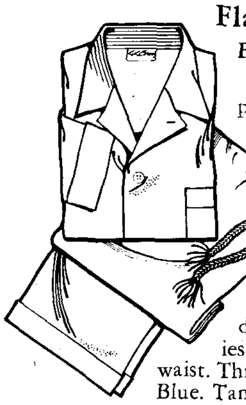

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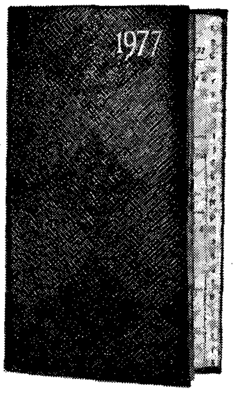

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mate will be.” Schweiker has been phoning Pennsylvania delegates all week. Sears said, “We'll be announcing some names next week, and as we announce some names we'll be able to get more.”

•

TODAY, Schweiker explained at a press conference that he would, as Reagan's running mate, drop his pro-labor position. Also today, the President flew to Mississippi, where he told the delegates he would conduct a poll among all the delegates to the Convention and among the Republican members of the House and Senate and among other Party officials on whom he should select as his running mate. The White House said the President would send out four thousand five hundred and eighteen letters asking for such advice. The President had polled Party leaders before selecting Nelson Rockefeller, and Richard Nixon polled the Congress before selecting Ford.

•

IN one of those reports required by law to be submitted to Congress by the President but actually prepared and submitted by the appropriate agency—in all probability, the President does not read them—Mr. Ford reported that by 1985 nearly forty countries will have enough plutonium from their nuclear reactors to make atomic bombs and that twenty countries now have enough.

AUGUST 2

NOW that the dust has temporarily settled, the big thing that has happened as a result of Ronald Reagan's selection of Richard Schweiker as his running mate is that very little has happened one way or the other. According to a story by James Dickenson in yesterday's Washington *Star*, President Ford picked up, in all, eight previously uncommitted Pennsylvania delegates, three uncommitted Louisiana delegates, and one delegate each from South Carolina, West Virginia, and Virginia, but all fourteen had already been counted as favoring him. Dickenson also reported that Reagan had suffered no real losses.

•

WHEN I spoke with Clarke Reed on the phone this morning, he was uncharacteristically glum. He had jumped to Ford, but not many of his delegates had followed. “I'm not very happy with either candidate,” Reed said this morning. “I think the thing is

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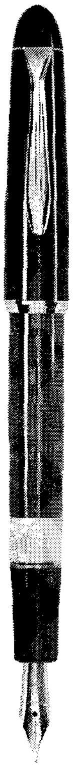

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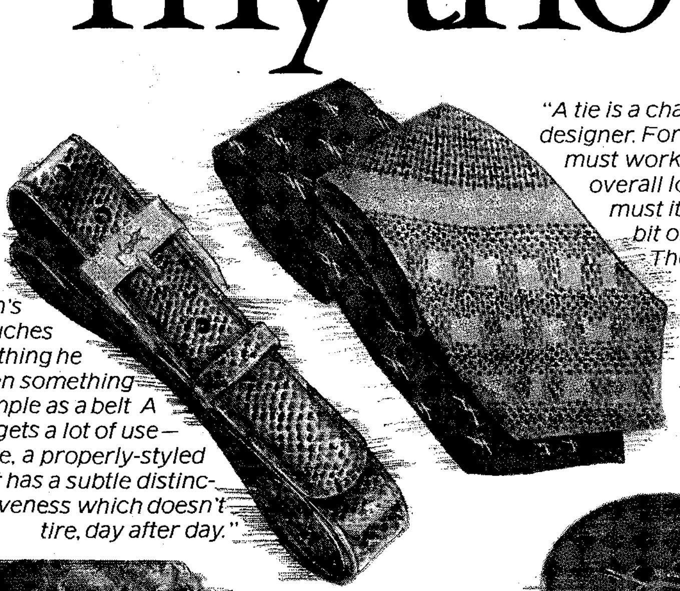
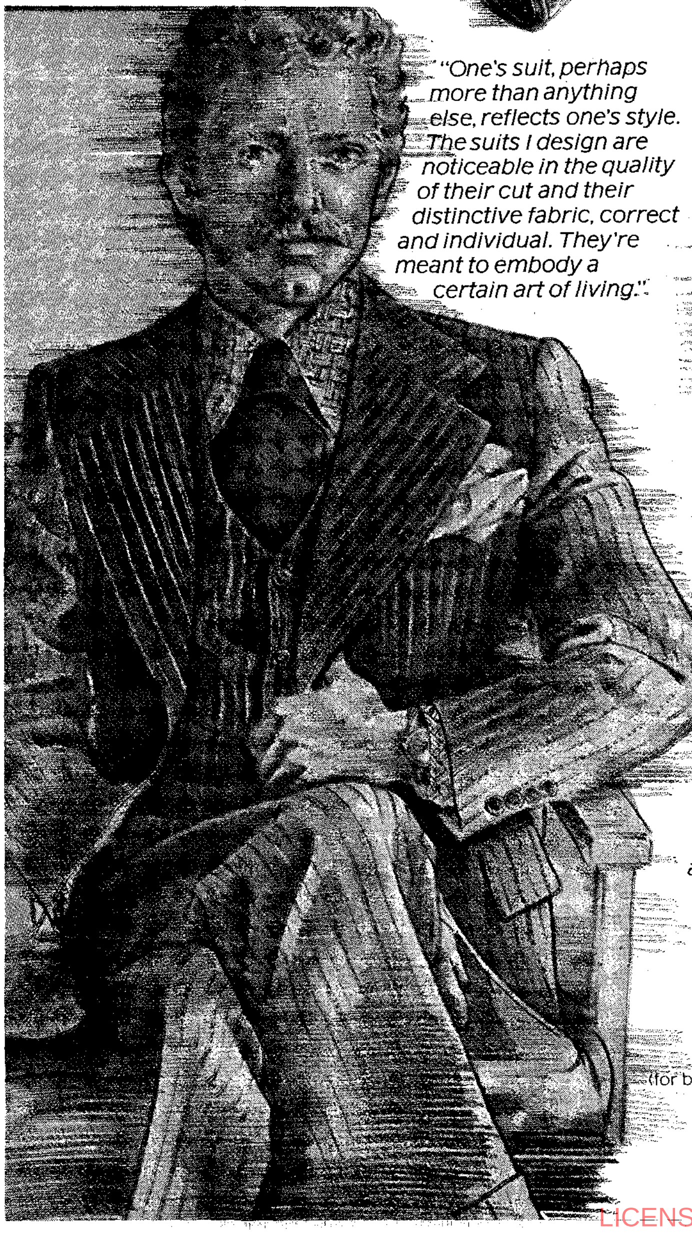


"A tie is a challenge to a designer. For though it must work as part of an overall look, so, too, must it have its own bit of personality. The tie you put on inevitably says something particular about you."

"A man's style touches everything he has, even something as simple as a belt. A belt gets a lot of use—for me, a properly-styled belt has a subtle distinctiveness which doesn't tire, day after day."



"One's suit, perhaps more than anything else, reflects one's style. The suits I design are noticeable in the quality of their cut and their distinctive fabric, correct and individual. They're meant to embody a certain art of living."

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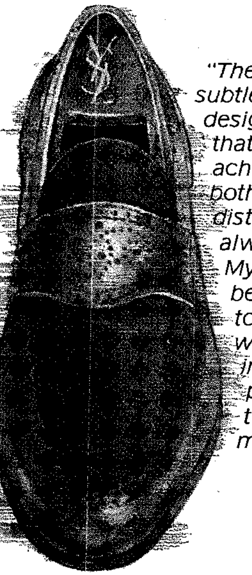

"There are many subtle touches in designing a shoe that, together, achieve a look both elegant and distinctive—and always tasteful. My shoes have been designed to coordinate with my clothing, to help present totally one man."

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over. Reagan hasn't pulled out what he said he'd pull out."

I asked Reed why, then, he sounded so gloomy.

He replied, "Most people that think like me don't agree with me. So it's pretty uncomfortable. I'm not in a very optimistic mood. I usually am. The whole thing just took the wind out of people. Anyway, I've found that being with the winner is no big deal. We've been there before. You don't build a party from the White House. More Mississippi delegates accepted this Schweiker thing than I thought would. The people who normally agree with me are sticking by Reagan, and the people that approve of what I did are not the people I'm normally comfortable with. Maybe I jumped too quickly, but I'd been talking about this split-ticket business for years. So I'm kind of lonely."

•

THE current issue of the conservative weekly *Human Events*, which arrived today but is dated August 7th, is headlined "The Schweiker Bombshell: Conservatives Should Stick With Reagan." It explains that conservatives should stick with Reagan because "there is not a scintilla of evidence" that he has "yielded to liberalism or relinquished any conservative principles." It asks, "Has Reagan now embraced Kissinger's détente policies, Ford's unbalanced budgets, more regulation of the economy, a guaranteed annual income, busing, or abortion on demand?" The answer: "Clearly not."

•

OVER the weekend, it was reported that the Ford Administration has decided to sell a new generation of missiles and what are referred to as "smart bombs"—bombs that can be electronically guided to their targets—to Saudi Arabia. The Administration was already considering selling two thousand interceptor missiles and sixteen Hawk ground-to-air missile launchers to Saudi Arabia. The papers reported, too, that Saudi Arabia has agreed to finance a Hawk missile system for Jordan. Our government is reported to be much relieved. A proposal that we sell Hawk missiles to Jordan had been opposed by Congress. One reason given for the arming of Saudi Arabia by the United States is that Iran has been armed by the United States. And Iran, it's said, is being armed to protect the area against the Soviet Union. Earlier this month, the Washington *Post* reported that the United States is plan-

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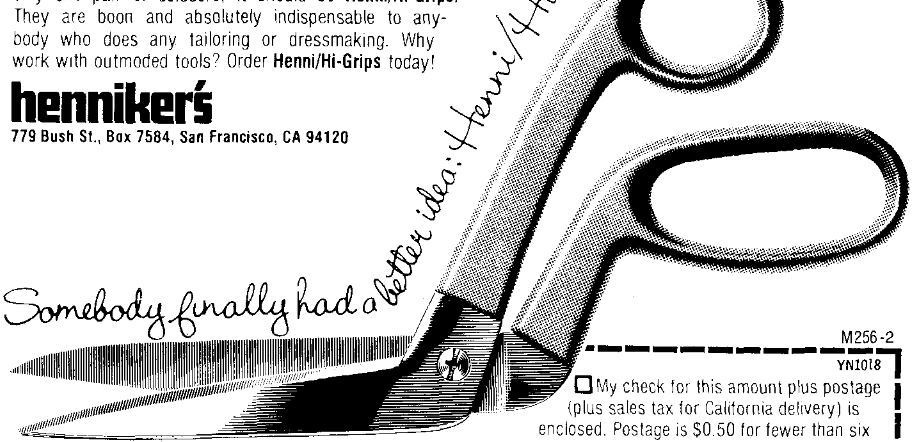

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ning to arm three black African nations—Ethiopia, Kenya, and Zaire—with three hundred million dollars' worth of weapons. The announced purpose of that, too, is to counter the influence of the Soviet Union.

AUGUST 3

WASHINGTONIANS are making their adjustments to Jimmy Carter. Those who supported Hubert Humphrey—and they were many—and saw him as a vehicle for a return to power, are hoping that their misplaced loyalty will be overlooked. Many people here are volunteering for Carter task forces and calling around as if they were now important members of the Carter team. They drop the names of people they hadn't heard of six months ago. They talk about "Jody" and "Hamilton," and about Jack Watson, a law partner of Kirbo's, who is in charge of transition of administrations (should that come to pass). At lunch today, someone who is only, at most, on the fringes of the Carter campaign came up to the man with whom I was seated and said, as if he were bestowing the Order of the Cross, "I passed your name along to Jack Watson." (Someone else I know who is serving on a task force received a mimeographed letter from Carter, which began "Dear Task Force Member" and went on to say, "I want you to know how much I appreciate your willingness to provide advice on public policy. Your contributions will be increasingly important to this campaign and the nation in the months ahead. . . ." It continued in this vein, and it was signed "Jimmy.")

AUGUST 5

TWO days ago, Jimmy Carter left Plains, where he has been spending most of his time since the Democratic Convention, and returned to New Hampshire, where, last February, he won his first primary. In Manchester, he made a speech. Many people seem to have been surprised by its sharp partisan tone, and by his complaints about attacks on him that are yet to come, but these were echoes of one facet of Carter's style during the primaries. The difference is that now he is the Democratic nominee, and people are paying more attention. Somehow, perhaps because it was so novel, the picture that many seemed to get of Carter during the primaries was that he went around speaking of love. He did use the word more than any other politician in memory, or perhaps ever, but he was also quite adept at slicing an opponent. I keep remembering that his mother

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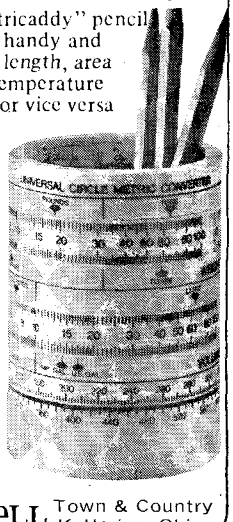

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called him "a beautiful cat with sharp claws." A number of politicians have felt those claws. Carter does not take well to opposition, so one of the big questions is what will happen when, if he is President, he meets with strong opposition to what he wants to do. Again the question is one of definition and of degree. Presidents have to be tough fighters for what they want to get done; otherwise, little will happen. The question is what the fighting is for, how it is conducted, and whether it is conducted in a way that makes further achievements less likely. In New Hampshire, Carter, in references to "the Nixon-Ford Administration," criticized it for governing with "vetoes and not vision . . . scandal and not stability . . . rhetoric and not reason . . . WIN buttons and empty promises instead of progress and prosperity." He spoke of "the almost unbelievable spectacle in Washington—the President of the United States deeply concerned about an ex-movie actor, travelling all over the nation to get a handful of delegates here, a handful of delegates there." He did not suggest how else the President could get the nomination. A friend of mine here has suggested that Carter is a master at establishing the political predicate—that he sets the terms: if Carter campaigns in thirty states for the nomination, that is what candidates should do; if Carter cannot get the support of established political leaders, "the bosses" are against him; if he is criticized, he is being subjected to vicious political attack. And thus in New Hampshire yesterday he established another political predicate: he said that the Republicans would mount an "almost unprecedented vicious personal attack" on him and on Senator Mondale, and that the Republican Party was "going to be desperate, and in desperation they will turn to personal attacks—mark my words."

Last week, in Plains, Carter received briefings from experts on defense, economy, and foreign policy, who travelled to Plains both to take the candidate information and, in many cases, to audition for jobs. Someone who was there said that the visitors tended to compensate for their reputations—doves became hawks, hawks became doves, and so on. In Carter's briefings for the press, he indicated some promising changes in policies: he said that the United States and the Soviet Union had a "rough equivalency" in strategic weapons, and he ruled out a first-strike strategy as one that would have disastrous consequences; he said

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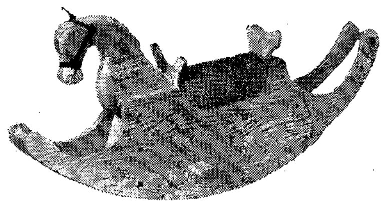

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he would make a greater effort to get *labor and business to agree on* curbing wage and price increases. But one wonders about these briefings. Even if one assumes that they are serious, not being held just for their public-relations value—and I think that is a fair assumption—one wonders how much Carter can learn from them. A one-day meeting with a collection of experts is far different from living with these questions for a long time. Carter is unquestionably an intelligent man who is what is known as a "quick study," and he seems to have great confidence in his capacity as a quick study, but his comprehension of what he is talking about sometimes seems not to run deep. And quick studies can get in trouble.

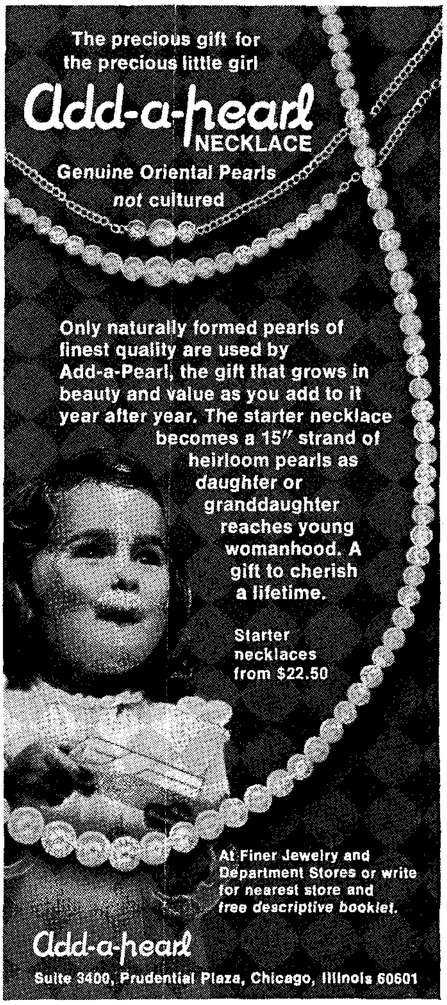
By now, the nation has become familiar with the tiny town where Carter lives, with its one main street and Billy Carter's gas station. We have read pieces documenting that the south Georgia he comes from is mean country, where race prejudice still runs strong; Carter's apartness from this was said to be one of the things that attracted Andrew Young to him. One wonders how—to the extent that he spent time there, when he was not in the Navy, not running for Georgia office—Carter filled his time. He reads, but he is not Thomas Jefferson. One begins to understand his restlessness. The other day, in its boredom, the press corps that is covering him there began a softball game. After a while, the candidate for the Presidency joined in. He plays as relentlessly as he ran for the nomination.

•

TODAY, Ronald Reagan and Richard Schweiker went to Mississippi. Schweiker explained to the press and then to the Mississippi delegates that he really was not all that liberal. He said that some of his votes had been "symbolic," and he said that he had supported such things as the Kennedy-Corman health bill and the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill because, faced with the alternatives of federal action and no action, he chose doing something. But now, he explained, Ronald Reagan had told him about this wonderful thing called private enterprise which could deal with those problems and he was all for that. The Mississippi delegates were said to be unimpressed.

•

YESTERDAY, the House approved the Administration's bill to allow private companies, with government guarantees, to join the govern-



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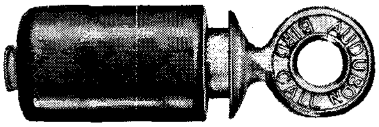

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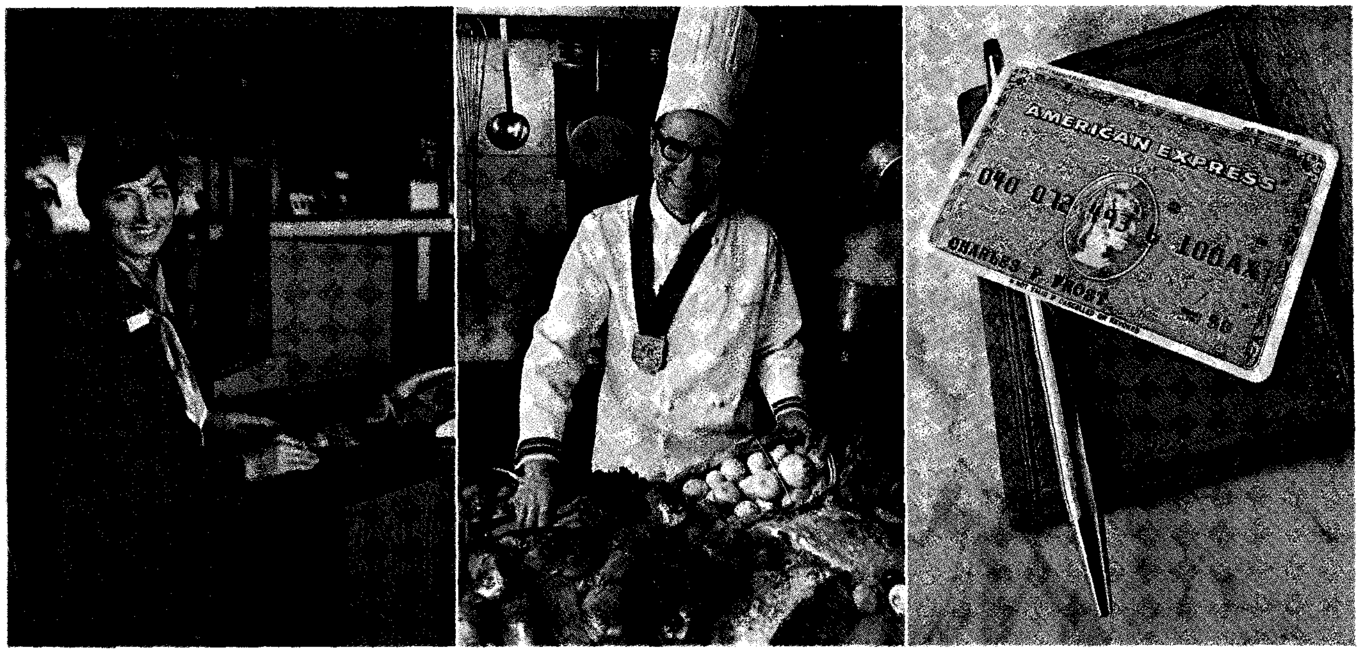

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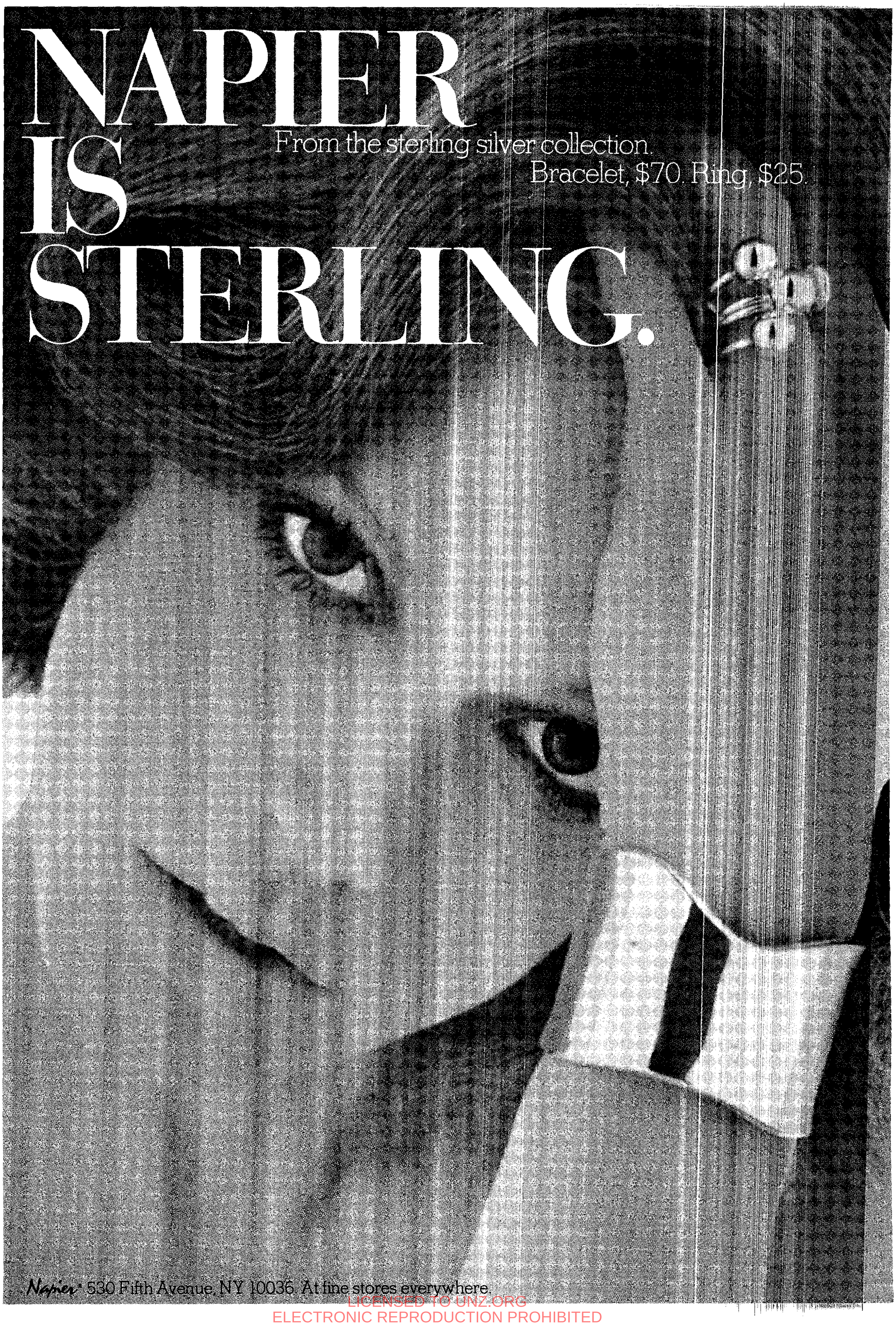

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nent in the production of enriched uranium for nuclear power plants—a process that is still secret. The beneiciary of the measure is expected to be consortium called Uranium Enrichnent Associates, which is controlled by he Bechtel Corporation, a company hat designs and constructs nuclear ower plants. The current president of Bechtel is George Shultz, who was director of the Office of Management nd Budget and also Secretary of the Treasury in the Nixon Administration. The bill was supported by the Energy Research and Development Adminisration. The Ford Administration said hat it was important to get private enerprise into this field—albeit with no-ose guarantees. Former Representaive Chet Holifield, a Democrat from California, who was once chairman of he Joint Committee on Atomic Enrgy, called it "the worst piece of legisation" ever to be approved by that ommittee.

AUGUST 6

FRIDAY. Three separate items in today's papers have connections worth considering. One item is about Secreary of State Kissinger's current trip to ran, where he will continue negotiaions whereby Iran would pay in oil or more arms from the United States. ran also wants to buy eight nuclear reactors from the United States. (Iran has already signed an agreement with West Germany to buy two nuclear power stations.) Earlier this week, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee ssued a staff report saying that Iran had already bought ten billion dollars' worth of arms from the United States, under an agreement that President Nixon made permitting Iran to buy any weapons it wished. United States arms sales to Iran are the largest we make to any country. There are some questions about what Iran, which has nternal unrest, and potential external foes other than the Soviet Union, plans to do with all that weaponry, and what we will do if it turns out that the Shah s not immortal, but such questions do not seem to come up much in public discussion. A second item points out that the world demand for oil is risng, and that OPEC, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, is moving into a stronger position vis-à-vis its customers. The impetus for the increased demand is said to be the recovery of the industrial countries from the recent recession, in which a major factor was OPEC's decision to raise the price of oil and then to shut off exports during the Middle East war in

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1973. It was that cutoff which also produced what was referred to in the United States as "the energy crisis." The tax bill passed by the Senate today contains what remains of a once great effort to write legislation designed to reduce the consumption of energy, and what remains is almost nothing that would further that purpose. The third item—which appears on page D-9 of the Washington *Post* and not at all in the *Times*—concerns the announcement yesterday by Frank Zarb, head of the Federal Energy Administration, that this country's consumption of energy is rising, and so is its dependence on imported oil.

•

MANY people will be going to Kansas City this weekend, where on Sunday—which happens to be the second anniversary of Richard Nixon's resignation speech—the opening rounds of the Republican Convention will begin. While the Convention itself does not officially begin until a week from Monday, the preliminaries may be crucial—may define the Convention itself. Earlier this week, I dropped in for one last conversation with John Sears before he left for Kansas City. He told me, "We have said that we are not planning to make fights at the Convention unless we feel we are being treated unfairly. That, of course, is saying something and saying nothing at the same time. It is never advisable under these circumstances, even if you have the votes, to win on a purely procedural issue, because it would cut up the Party. The whole game here is to try to win the Presidency. So you want to come out of the Convention with a Party emotionally united. If the press kicks you around for three or four weeks, the public stops listening to you. The press writes that you have no chance of winning, then the people won't listen to you, and you do lose. So it's a self-fulfilling prophecy. Therefore, you don't want to win on a purely technical procedure. If people feel you won it on chicanery, the Party is not united. So what you're looking for is something of substance or principle—and then people aren't upset that you won, and they're pulling for you." He stopped and laughed, and then he said, "I *think* there *might* be some issues of that kind." When I asked him what he had in mind, he said, "We could ask that the Convention require the other candidate to name his Vice-President before the nomination."

—ELIZABETH DREW

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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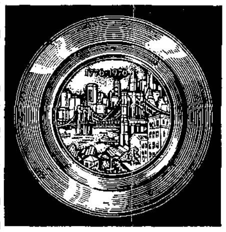

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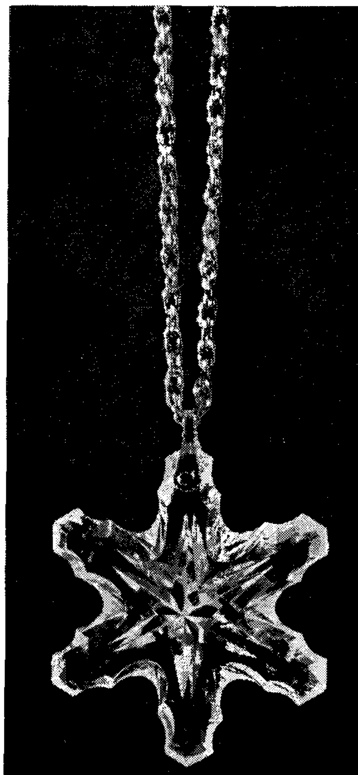

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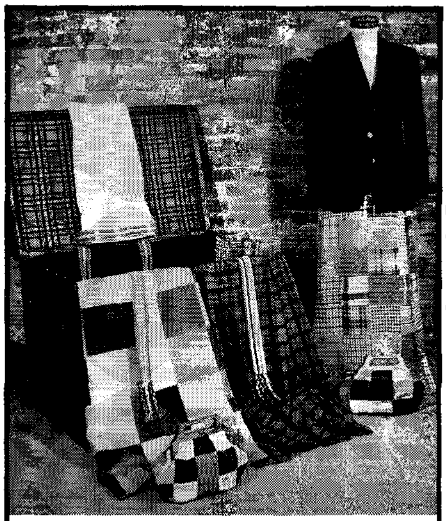

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THE RACE TRACK

It Was Revidere's Day

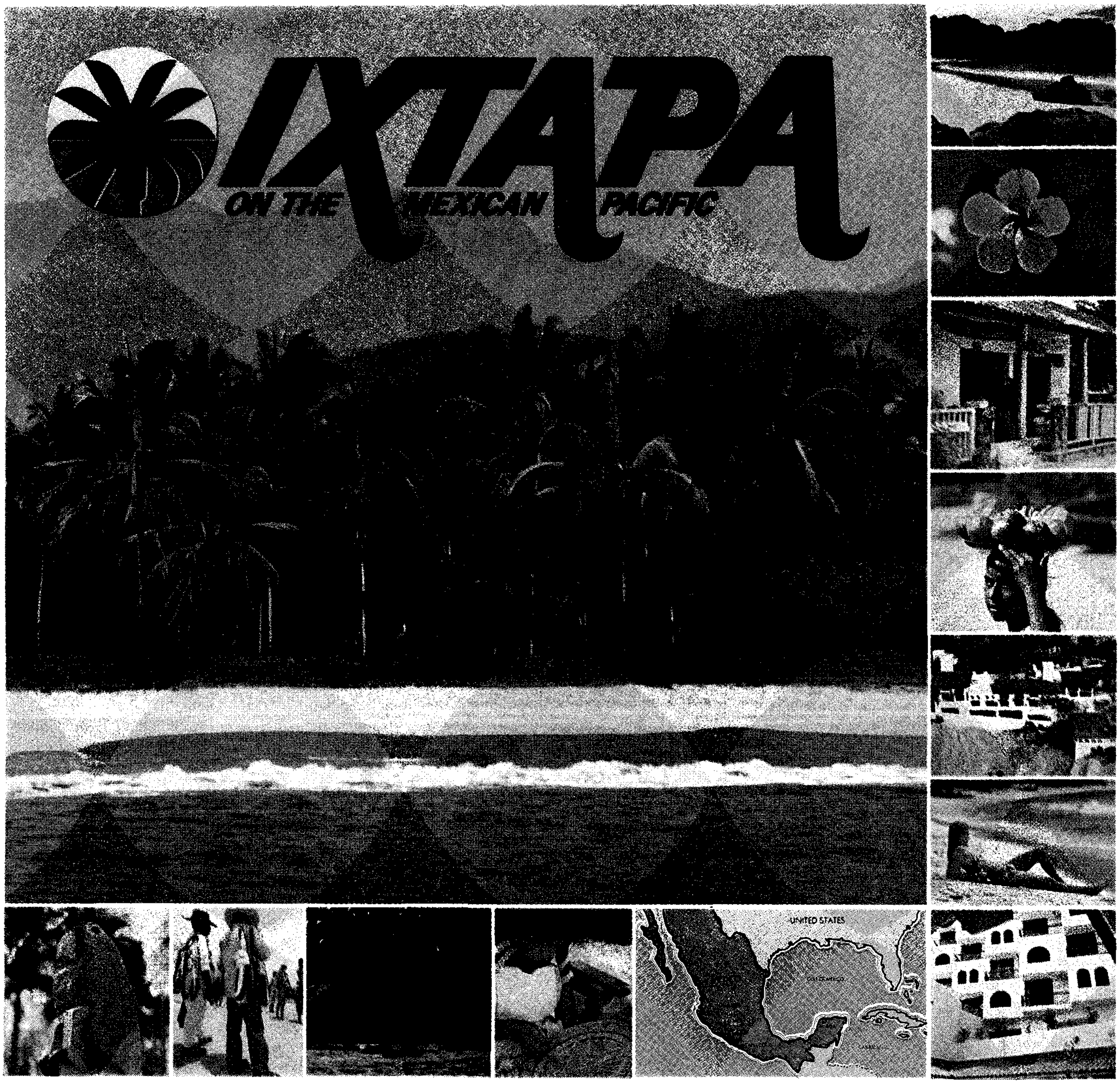
REVIDERE's the top. William Haggin Perry's big, beautiful chestnut filly won the first running of the Ruffian Stakes by fourteen lengths over the sloppy track at Belmont Park last Saturday. Splashing home behind her, Bastonera II, a mare from the Argentine, beat Optimistic Gal by two lengths for the place, while far down the course Proud Delta, who had beaten all three in the Beldame a fortnight before, finished last of the five starters. Though the weather was far from ideal for a championship race, rain and winds that threatened a tornado earlier in the day had died down, and the crowd of about seventeen thousand huddling in the stands saw a good show. Optimistic Gal was quickest away, but Revidere and Proud Delta were right behind her, and they went down the backstretch lengths ahead of the others, as though it were a three-horse affair. Proud Delta dropped back after half a mile, however, and Revidere was going so smoothly that before she and Optimistic Gal reached the far turn I had a notion of what would happen. It did, three furlongs out, and as Revidere took the lead the only question was how much she'd win by. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01—first-rate for the footing. There is no question now as to who will get the Eclipse Award for the best three-year-old filly of 1976; Revidere has beaten Optimistic Gal every time they've met. By the way, Revidere is by Reviewer, who also sired Ruffian, the wonder filly who is buried in the infield at Belmont Park and for whom the race was named. Revidere looks like her, too, though Ruffian was a dark bay.

Woody Stephens saddled both Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Mrs. Warren and the Mill House Stable's Sensational for the Frizette Stakes, for two-year-old fillies at a mile, at Belmont Park the other afternoon, and then watched Sensational, who paid a $22.80 mutuel, win by a length and a half from Northern Sea, while Mrs. Warren, who was 11–10 in the betting, finished third. Northern Sea, a speedster, led to the stretch, where Sensational wore her down. Mrs. Warren didn't have the dash she'd had when she won the Spinaway and the Matron. The reason for the difference in the odds against the stablemates was that the New York State Racing and Wagering Board ruled last month that two horses with different owners but the same trainer may no longer be coupled in the betting, as the race-track phrase goes. Each must now have the odds against him governed by the amount of money bet on him, as is done abroad. Horseplayers won't like this. They dote on getting two horses for the price of one.

Soy Numero Uno was just that in the Boojum Handicap, named for one of H. P. Whitney's sprinters—a horse the famous Jimmy Rowe once said was as fast as any he had ever trained. The race also was a fast one: the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half mile in 0:45⅗, and the six furlongs in 1:08⅗, a fifth of a second off the track record. Soy Numero Uno took the lead going into the stretch and won comfortably from It's Freezing. Queen City Lad was third. Honorable Miss, the favorite, beat one horse, Gallant Bob.

ANOTHER American-bred, a filly, Ivanjica, won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the world's richest race for thoroughbreds, at Longchamp in Paris two Sundays ago. From all accounts, Ivanjica—a four-year-old bay by Sir Ivor out of Astuce—who was smartly handled by Freddie Head and trained to the minute by his father, Alec, always had a good position in the field of twenty runners, and made her run early in the homestretch to win by three lengths. Daniel Wildenstein's Crow, winner of England's St. Leger Stakes, who was ridden by Yves Saint-Martin (he rides like Laverne Fator), beat Nelson Bunker Hunt's American-bred Youth, winner of the French Derby last June, for second place. A few strides past the winning post, a French press photographer ran out on the track in front of Ivanjica, and she reared, throwing Freddie Head to the ground. Happily, no damage to rider or horse. Bred by Claiborne Farm, Ivanjica was knocked down to Alec Head for $180,000 at the Keeneland yearling sales in 1973. Head was buying her for Jacques Wertheimer, for whom he trains. Not a bad buy, since her share of the Arc purse was the equivalent in francs of $240,000. Now she is coming over to the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 6th. Maryland racegoers might do well to remember that she does not run well on hard going. The softer the better.

—AUDAX MINOR



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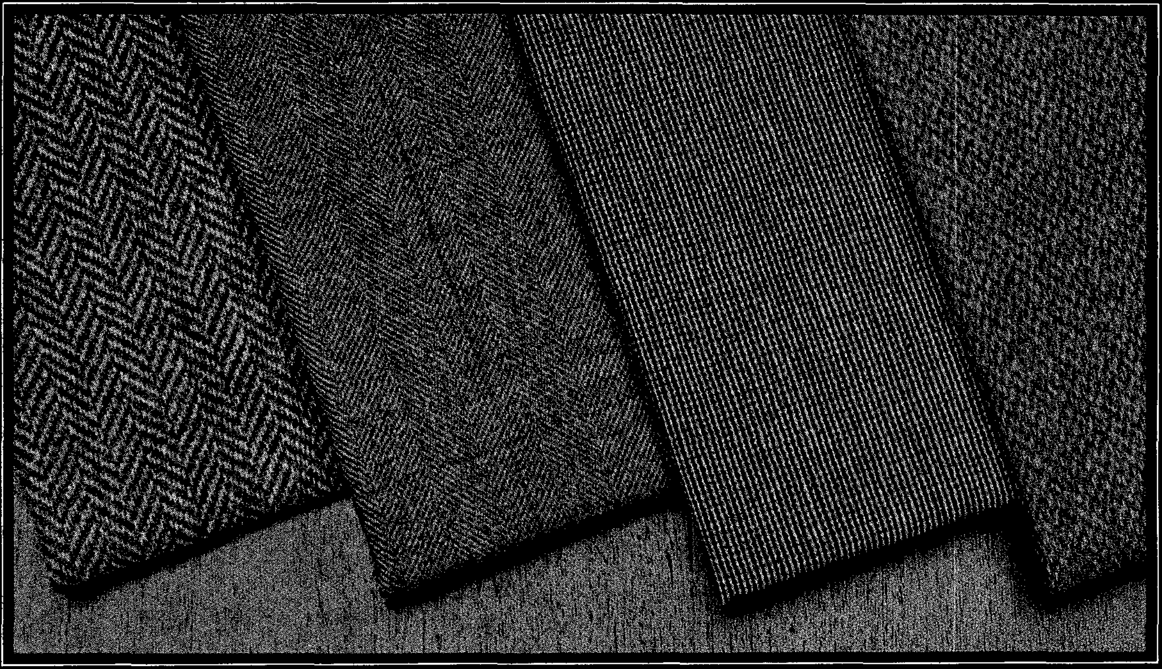

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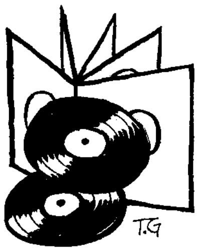
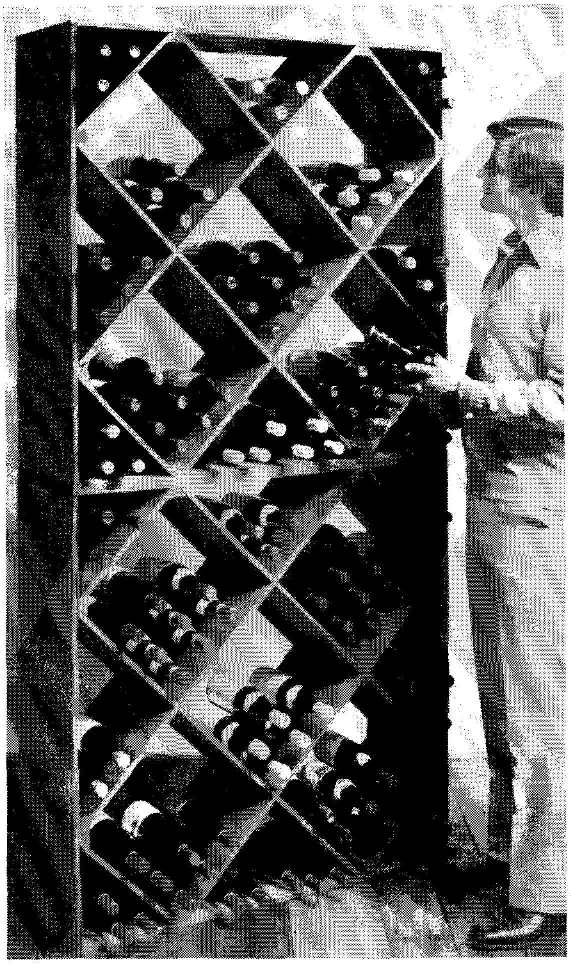


TWO albums containing all nine of Beethoven's symphonies have recently been released. One is by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti conducting, and the Chicago Symphony Chorus, with Pilar Lorengar, Yvonne Minton, Stuart Burrows, and Martti Talvela (London CSP-9; eighteen sides); the other is by the Munich Philharmonic, the late Rudolf Kempe conducting, and the Munich Philharmonic Choir and the Munich Motet Choir, with Urszula Koszut, Brigitte Fassbaender, Nicolai Gedda, and Donald McIntyre (Seraphim Stereo/Quadraphonic SIH-6093; sixteen sides). Sir Georg is, of course, a very dynamic conductor, and his performances are high on drama, with strict rhythm and speedy tempos, à la Toscanini. There are gentler and more elastic performances of Beethoven's symphonies than these, but the Chicago Symphony sustains its reputation as one of the world's greatest orchestras. The Munich Philharmonic is not quite as brilliant. Its performances are milder, and Mr. Kempe's tempos are somewhat more varied. Miss Koszut has to reach for her difficult high notes in the finale of the Ninth, whereas Miss Lorengar takes them with aplomb. (Two cautionary remarks about the Seraphim release: The album sent me for review lacks the Fourth Symphony, sides 5 and 6, and is filled out instead with selections from Mozart's complete piano music, Volume III, played by Walter Gieseking, which is welcome enough but not exactly what I expected; and though the label indicates that the recording can be played on stereo and quadraphonic equipment, the sound quality of the records on my stereo set was poor.)

LATELY, it appears that Carl Orff has given up composing music in favor of what seems to me an uninteresting form of drama in rhythmic speech. Nevertheless, he recently served as producer for a recording, to be released here in November, of his beautiful modern rendering of some of Claudio Monteverdi's work, under the title "Lamenti: Trittico Teatrale Liberamente Tratto da Opera di Claudio Monteverdi" (BASF 4422458-9; four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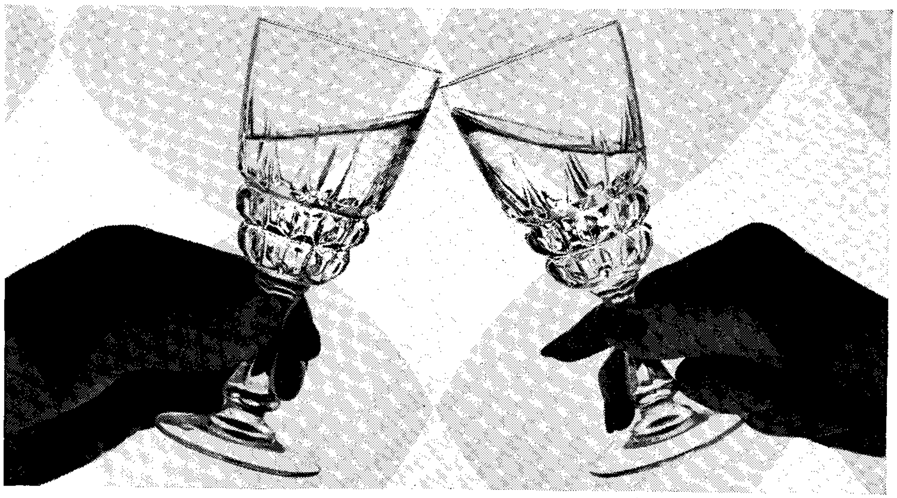

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sides). It is performed by the Munich Radio Orchestra and Chorus, under the direction of Kurt Eichhorn. The soloists—Rose Wagemann, Hermann Prey, Lucia Popp, Hanna Scharz, and Karl Ridderbusch—are among the finest singers in present-day Germany. Orff's music succeeds well in bringing to life the grandiose "*stile espressivo*" for which Monteverdi was famous. Musicologists will doubtless groan, but Orff's rendering, which might be described as Monteverdi for audiences accustomed to "Tosca," is essentially faithful to its source, even though it is written for modern orchestra, with only supplementary help from early instruments. The composition falls into three parts: "Klage der Ariadne," "Orpheus," and "Tanz der Spröden," better known by its Italian title, "Il Ballo delle Ingrate." It is all highly charged, memorable, masculine music, and probably just about what Monteverdi would have written if he had had access to modern performing forces.

Another recent Orff contribution to the record library is one of his speech dramas—"Ludus de Nato Infante Mirificus, Ein Weihnachtspiel" (Eurodisc 85621 IK; single). It is a sort of oratorio on the birth of Christ, with a rather Manichaean text in which witches and shepherds speak Bavarian dialect, an "earth mother" speaks Greek, and other characters speak Latin. There is little music; most of the work consists of spoken dialogue. Eurodisc has also released Orff's "Comoedia di Christi Resurrectione" (85871 IK; single). This is another religious oratorio, somewhat similar to "Ludus," and equally eccentric.

PIANO NOTES: The young Brazilian pianist Cristina Ortiz plays Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" and Ernst von Dohnányi's "Variations on a Nursery Song" with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under the equally young Japanese conductor Kazuhiro Koizumi (Angel S-37178; single). Miss Ortiz is, as I have remarked before, a brilliant technician, with an elegant Romantic style. Incidentally, Dohnányi's music—especially his chamber music—was at one time very popular. Since the Second World War, however, he has apparently fallen out of fashion. But he was a superb craftsman, and his work deserves being recorded—especially now, with the record companies scratching the bottom of the barrel in their search for worthwhile music.

I am afraid that the late Paul Hindemith is going to go down in history

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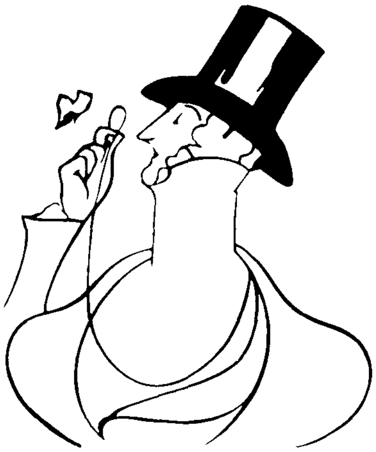

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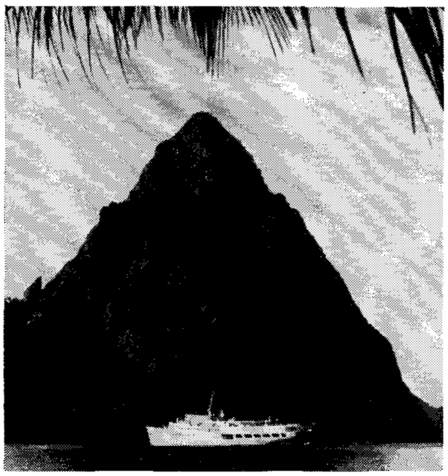

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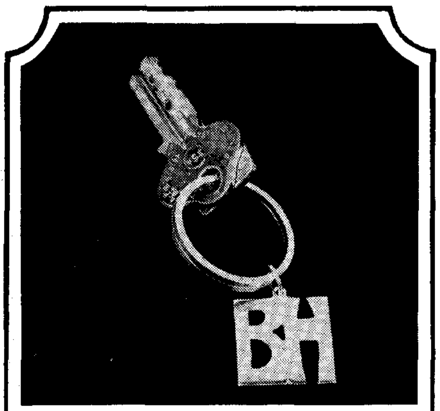

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as a latter-day Max Reger. Hindemith's intentions were unassailable and his technique was masterly, but he never seemed able to convey much to an audience. His complete Sonatas for Brass and Piano, performed by Glenn Gould and members of the Philadelphia Brass Ensemble (Columbia M2 33971; four sides), are typical of his output; they are structurally intricate, busy, and mostly atonal, and they are interesting, to me, mainly as representative compositions of their period.

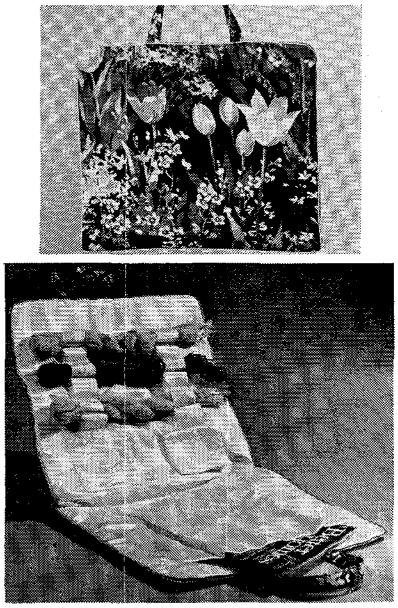
Ruth Laredo continues her recordings of the complete Rachmaninoff works for piano with Volume III, which includes the Études Tableaux, Op. 33; the "Variations on a Theme by Corelli;" "Daisies;" "Lilacs;" the "Oriental Sketch;" and Two Fantasy Pieces (Columbia M 33998; single). Miss Laredo's playing has a certain Romantic refinement and is sometimes absolutely dazzling.

Beethoven's Sonatas No. 31, Op. 110, and No. 32, Op. 111, are notoriously difficult late works; any pianist who plays them must possess the utmost sensitivity and profound understanding if he wants to convey their message to the listener. Gary Graffman has given both sonatas a most lucid presentation on a recording for Columbia (M 33890; single).

Daniel Barenboim appears as the conductor and pianist for Mozart's late piano concertos—Nos. 21 through 27 (K. 467, 482, 488, 491, 503, 537, and 595)—with the English Chamber Orchestra, which is just about the same size as the orchestra of Mozart's time (Angel SDC-3830; eight sides). These are some of Mozart's greatest compositions, and they are performed here in a fastidious style.

MR. BARENBOIM is busy introducing Bruckner to the British. He has recently recorded two Bruckner works—the Ninth Symphony, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 639; single), and the Mass No. 2 in E Minor, for eight-part chorus and wind instruments, with the John Alldis Choir and the English Chamber Orchestra (Angel S-37112; single). Both performances are dramatic and sensitive.

The English Chamber Orchestra also appears under the baton of Raymond Leppard, in an album containing Bach's Nine Concertos for One, Two, Three, and Four Harpsichords (Philips 6747.194; six sides). Mr. Leppard plays the first harpsichord himself, and the performances are scholarly and enjoyable. —WINTHROP SARGEANT



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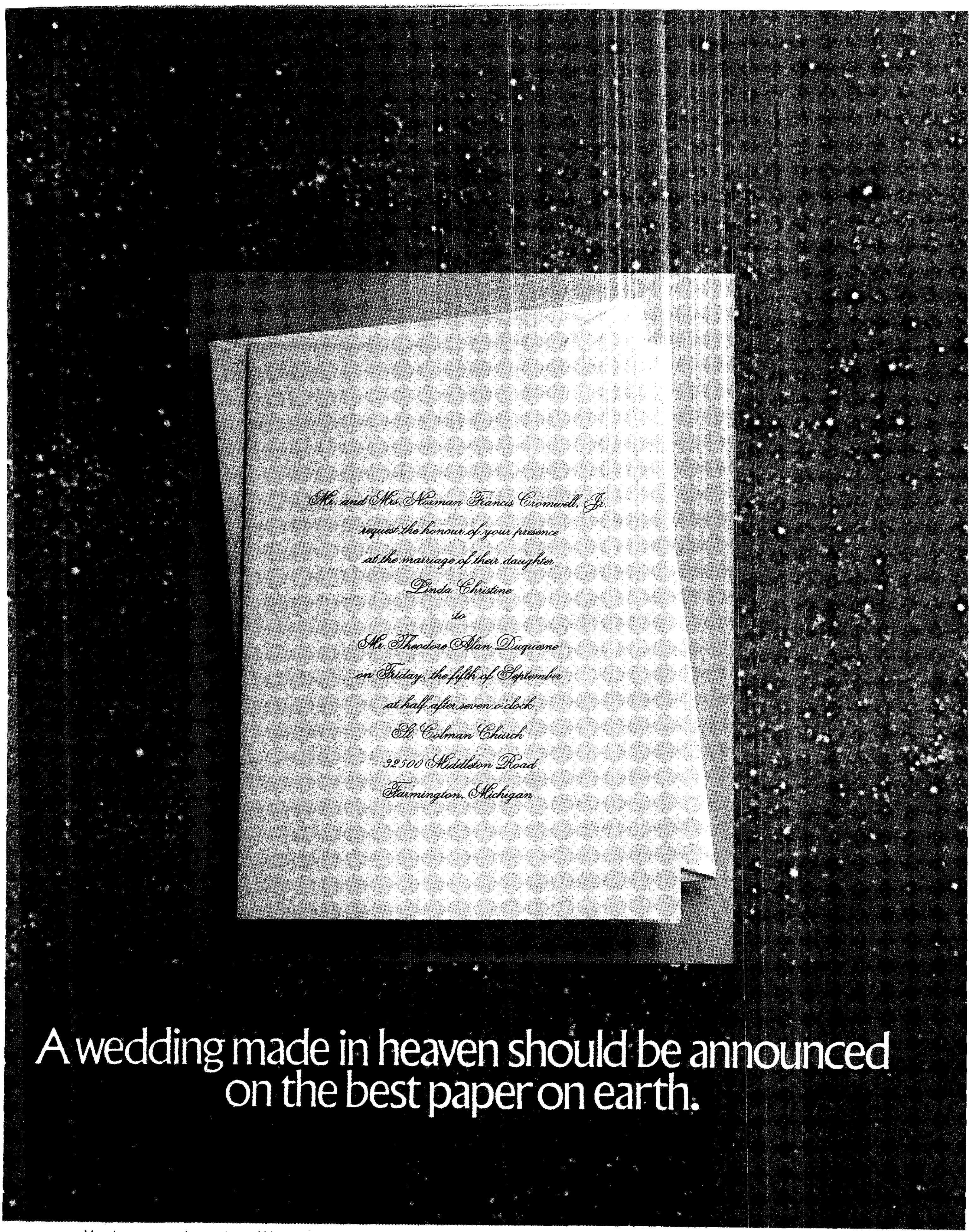

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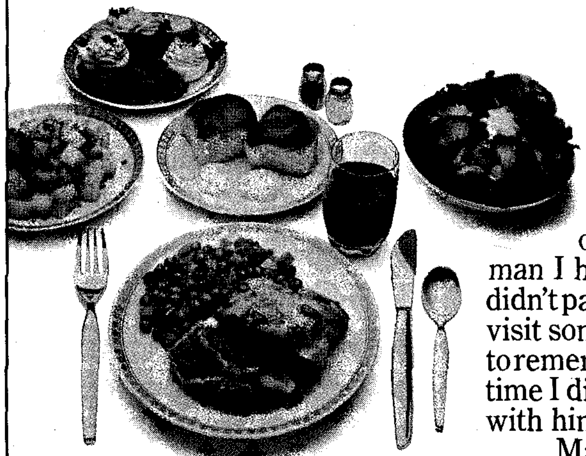

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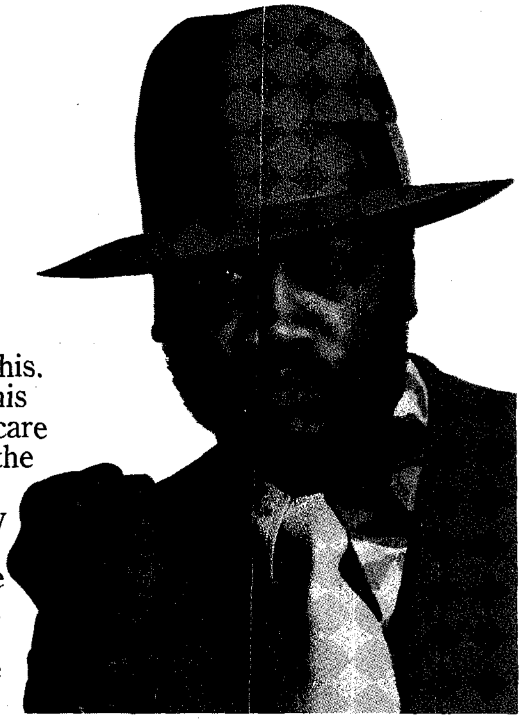

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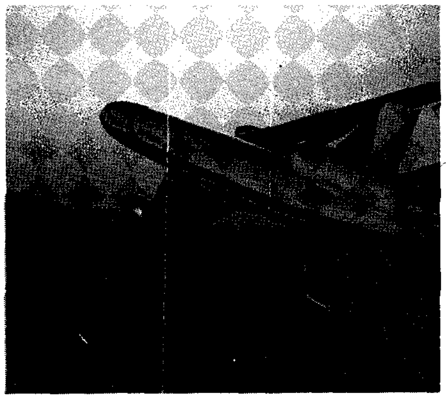

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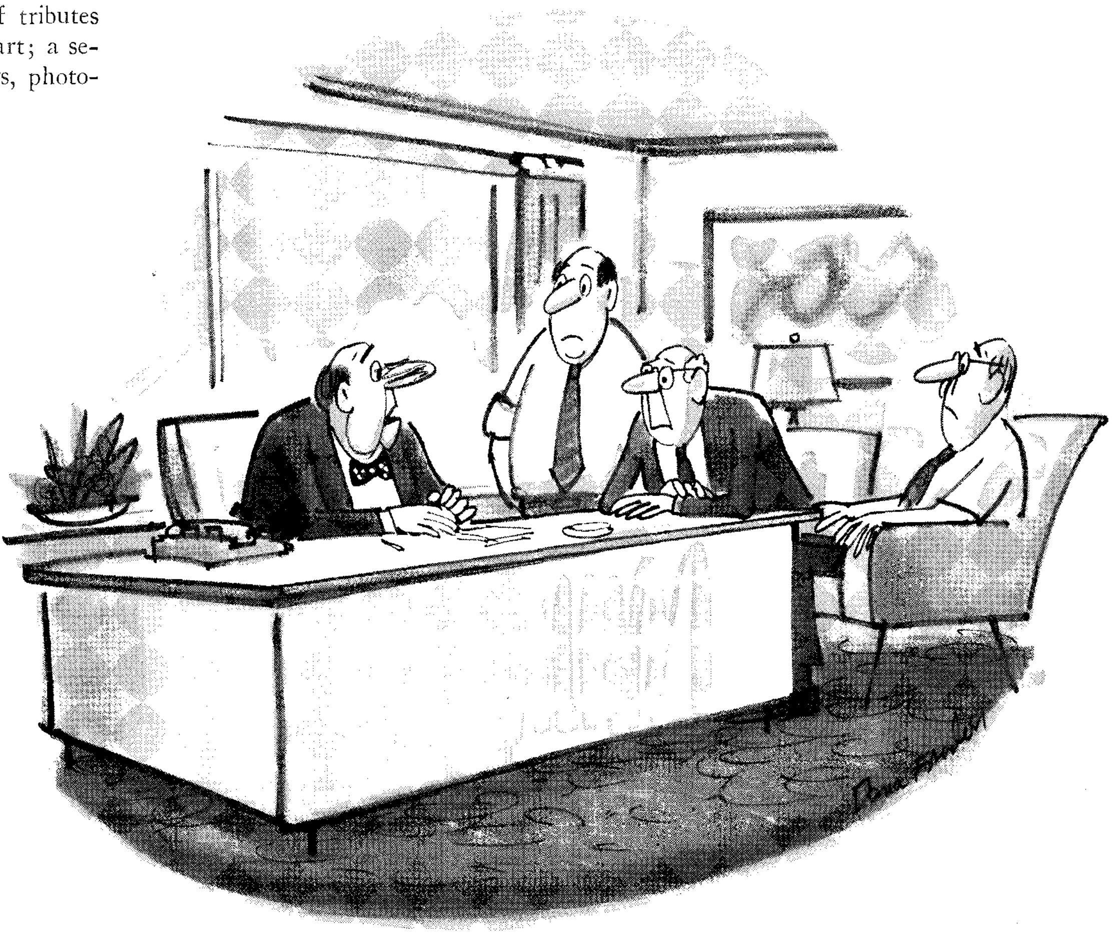
Orange Juice for One

AFTER the mid-fifties, the sound and character of American popular music shifted markedly. One rarely heard a new song of the style of the earlier decades, and one heard fewer of that era's great so-called standards. Those of us who admired the melodies and lyrics of the past were fearful that they would become a lost art form and their writers' names would be forgotten. So we began to examine the best songs of the period between 1920 and 1950 and concluded that the great writers of that era had indeed produced brilliant work. Books of various heft appeared in tribute to Cole Porter, the Gershwins, and Harry Warren, and Richard Rodgers wrote an autobiography. I myself wrote an appraisal of the best songs by the great songwriters. These books, gratifyingly, were treated by the reading public not as nostalgic novelties but, rather, as reminders of a distinguished musical expression. Now Harper & Row has published a new book about Lorenz Hart, one of the handful of preëminent American lyric writers. The book is entitled "Thou Swell, Thou Witty" and consists of tributes by friends and admirers of Hart; a selection of Hart's lyrics, letters, photographs, playbills, newspaper reviews, and songsheet covers; and, most informative of all, a memoir by Dorothy Hart, the widow of Lorenz Hart's brother Theodore. The book was conceived and put together by Mrs. Hart, and it gives us the first personal view of this talented and complex man. He is revealed as a generous, eccentric, unpredictable, vivid, modest, gregarious, yet sad and tragic person. The actress Edith Meiser says of Hart in the book, "Always fun, always the light, sparkling conversation. But you knew the heart was bleeding under it, always was."

Hart was a contemporary of Ira Gershwin, E. Y. Harburg, John Mercer, Otto Harbach, Dorothy Fields, Cole Porter, Howard Dietz, and Oscar Hammerstein II. After careful examination of the work of all these people, I still find myself returning to the two who most please and nourish me: Lorenz Hart and John Mercer. And I believe that the reason for this is by no means that they were such masters of their craft but that in their craft they were vulnerable to the point of self-revelation. And in revealing themselves they also revealed their profound need to put to paper their attitudes toward love, life, irony, absurdity, loneliness, and loss. The other lyricists wrote well, but I never sensed that need, that hunger. I was aware of craft and cleverness, style and polish, but no deep self-involvement. All these writers were the lyric half of a unique, indigenous art—the American popular song. They were our latter-day balladeers, minstrels, even troubadours. They "sang" of what most of us are too shy or inarticulate to speak of. They wrote in such a way and of such basic emotions that the layman could not only understand but identify with the lyricist's joy or sorrow. Some of the lesser talents, the hack writers, also expressed sentiments to feed the inexpressible hungers of the inarticulate listener. But they lacked the elegance, the finesse, the ardent search for fulfillment which their superiors practiced. And so there is a valid reason that the great songs have lived a healthy life for fifty years and, I believe, will continue to do so.

Hart was the second of three children born to a German-Jewish couple, Frieda and Max Hart. His brother Teddy was the youngest, and the oldest was Jimmy, who as an infant survived a tenement fire only to die of pneumonia shortly afterward. Both Lorenz and Teddy were theatre-conscious from an early age, and both showed creative talent. Teddy's talent turned more and more toward performing, while Lorenz concentrated on writing. They were both extremely short; Teddy never got much past five feet, and Lorenz never even reached it. It seems clear that Teddy's shortness caused him little frustration, but Mrs. Hart points out that Lorenz's size caused him considerable depression, and even neuroticism. She quotes him at one point as calling his shoe lifts "those

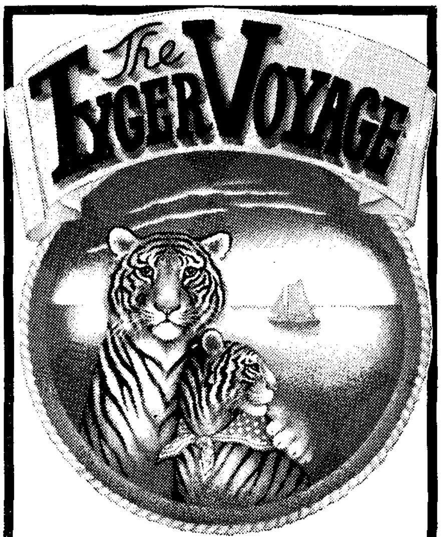


"Damn it, fellows! Someone has got to remember where we hid the hidden assets."

two-inch liars." But in his youth his obsessive interest in musical theatre, which he was able to nurture in yearly summer camps, undoubtedly sustained him. Hart's father was poor for a time, but he eventually found ways to make money. Mrs. Hart says he came to own "small railroads and real estate, anything at which he could turn a substantial profit. There are apartment houses in Harlem still around today that bear the names LORENZ and THEODORE over the entrance. Max Hart was a promoter." She continues, "They were good-natured, active children who found only one embarrassment as they grew up: Papa Max. For though he was warm, loving, enfolding them with wet, fat kisses, Max was also crude, coarse, and outrageous."

Dorothy Hart says that Lorenz "was inspired by P. G. Wodehouse," adding, "The combination of sentiment and acerbity was always there." Before he met Richard Rodgers, Hart had translated German and Viennese operettas. But in 1919 Rodgers, "at sixteen, was looking for a lyricist. Larry was then twenty-three and considered himself a veteran. . . . That Larry did not brush off Dick because of his extreme youth; that Dick ignored the eccentric appearance of the tiny figure who greeted him at the door on their first meeting . . . proved their instant rapport." Phil Leavitt, who introduced Rodgers to Hart, says, "Lew Fields . . . was interested in the collaboration and suggested that Lorry [as Hart was also called] and Dick play some of [their] songs. There was one, 'Any Old Place with You,' that he liked so much that he incorporated it into his Broadway show 'A Lonely Romeo.' It was the first Rodgers and Hart song accepted for professional performance." In it was the famous couplet "I'll go to hell for ya, Or Philadelphia."

Before they reached the professional theatre, Rodgers and Hart wrote the music and lyrics for two musical plays presented by Columbia University. In addition, according to Mrs. Hart, they had written something like twenty-five amateur shows when the Theatre Guild came through and gave them their first break, with "The Garrick Gaieties." That was in 1925. They did twenty-seven more shows during the next eighteen years, including those produced in London. Some of the best-known were "Pal Joey," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Jumbo," and "The Boys from Syracuse." They also worked on ten films. Toward the end of Hart's writing career, he became increasingly unpredictable and unreliable,



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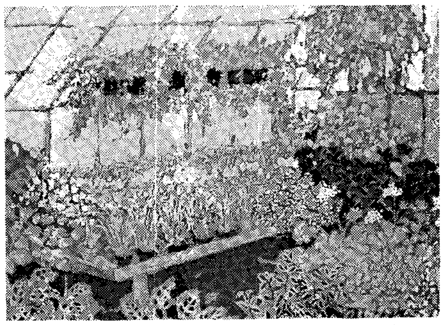

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and a very heavy drinker. He had a distinguished, meteoric career, and he died at forty-eight, in 1943.

IT is a strange experience to read Hart's lyrics without hearing the music of Richard Rodgers. Songwriters have always assumed that lyrics and music are so interdependent that one should never quote a lyric without singing it. And in most instances this is right, for few lyrics can stand alone—even the superior lyrics written for the theatre. On the other hand, jazz musicians have convinced me that a melody can survive the absence of a lyric. Yet the most accomplished jazz musicians are thoroughly conversant with the lyrics of all the ballads they play. Perhaps this is because the quality of the melody is enhanced by awareness of its lyrical sentiment. Thus, when Ben Webster, the great tenor saxophone player, was asked why he appeared morose and out of sorts after having recorded "Have You Met Miss Jones?" he replied, "I forgot the lyrics." Again, Harold Arlen once told me that when he played a new song that as yet had no lyrics for George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, the reaction was lukewarm. Later on, with an extremely beautiful lyric by E. Y. Harburg added, it was received by the same two listeners with great enthusiasm.

There are at least fifty Hart lyrics that one would like to quote from or in their entirety. But since this is not practical, I must limit myself to those lines which best illustrate Hart's wit, his rhyming ingenuity, and his wry sadness. In "I Wish I Were in Love Again" he is faced with a quadruple rhyme scheme. Here are two illustrations of both scintillating wit and astonishing ingenuity.

The broken dates,
The endless waits,
The lovely loving and the hateful hates,
The conversation with the flying
  plates—
I wish I were in love again!

And then, in the second chorus:

The furtive sigh,
The blackened eye,
The words "I'll love you till the day I
  die,"
The self-deception that believes the lie—
I wish I were in love again.

Arthur Schwartz quotes Hart as saying, "They said all I could do was triple-rhyme. Now just take a look at this lyric: 'I took one look at you, that's all I meant to do, and then my heart stood still.' I could have said, 'I took one look at you, I threw a book at you,'

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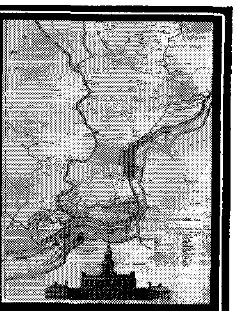
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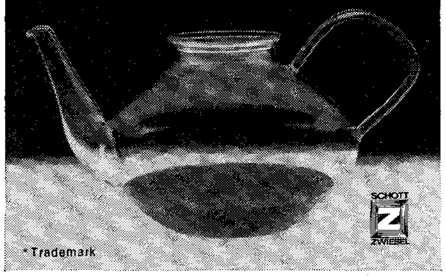

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but I didn't." And yet he couldn't resist intricate rhyming, and thank heaven for it. Naturally, it works more effectively in comedy lyrics than in those of deep sentiment.

Here is part of an uncontrived and wholly direct love lyric. It is from "Spring Is Here." The closing line is particularly daring.

> Spring is here!
> Why doesn't the breeze delight me?
> Stars appear!
> Why doesn't the night invite me?
> Maybe it's because nobody loves me.
> Spring is here, I hear!

Once more Hart reveals his capacity to employ an incongruous, prosaic line to create a poetic concept, in "It Never Entered My Mind":

> Once I laughed when I heard you saying
> That I'd be playing solitaire,
> Uneasy in my easy chair.
> It never entered my mind.
> Once you told me I was mistaken
> That I'd awaken with the sun
> And order orange juice for one.
> It never entered my mind.

It also interests me that, among Hart's most successful lyrics, the titles were colloquialisms verging on clichés: "It Never Entered My Mind," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Yours Sincerely," "It's Easy to Remember," "Wait Till You See Her," "I Could Write a Book," "Too Good for the Average Man," "This Funny World," "My Heart Stood Still." Yet they seemed brand-new.

George Balanchine writes in a tribute to Hart, "I always considered Larry the Shelley of America. I thought at the time that Larry's lyrics should be published without the music as a book of verse." Nonsense. Only a few are pure poetry, though most contain vivid and lovely poetic images.

> Nobody's heart belongs to me.
> Heigh-ho, who cares?
> Nobody writes his songs to me,
> No one belongs to me—
> That's the least of my cares.
>
> I admire the moon
> As a moon,
> Just a moon.
> Nobody's heart belongs to me today.

I don't believe Hart's lyrics were ever intended to be poetry. Hart was very sensitive to the demands of musical theatre. He knew that the poetic would work but poetry would endanger a song by isolating it from the melody. He knew that a song is a marriage.

DOROTHY HART's memoir reveals a man much less ingrown and isolated than I would have presumed from studying Hart's lyrics. I would have expected him to be generous to a

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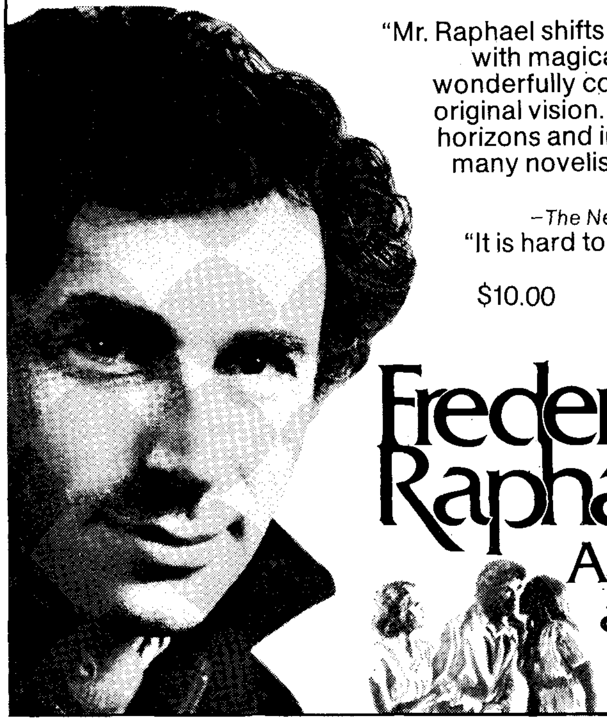
fault, but I would never have thought of him as gregarious to the point of interrupting and delaying his writing commitments. I met Hart only once. It was when Mabel Mercer was singing at Tony's on West Fifty-second Street, and it was late at night. Hart was warm and congenial—a special delight, considering my own practically anonymous position in the songwriting world. He said that he and Rodgers never tried to write hit songs. Their income came from the theatre, not hits. Should a song break loose from a show and live an independent life, the income from it was regarded by the two as an extra dividend, a luxury. He told me that all his lyrics were concerned with character delineation and plot. He considered a lyric that ignored either of these to be unprofessional and untheatrical.

One thing is certain: Lorenz Hart's view of the world, of love and loss and laughter, was elegant and compassionate and romantic. His rhetoric, a unique poetic distillate, should remind us and warn us of the danger of losing our discrimination and dignity. "Thou Swell, Thou Witty" arrives at a good time. It is not another sop to the craving for nostalgia. It is the first door opened on Hart's life and art, and it was clearly done out of love and deep respect. It will become a source book for any writer who attempts a full-length biography of Hart. John C. Hubbard, the president of the University of Southern California, said on the occasion of a recent U.S.C. tribute to Hart, "It's still Larry Hart's day, although he died thirty years ago. His language is still new, still capable of telling us surprising things about each other." Which, of course, means about ourselves. —ALEC WILDER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, by Philip Glazebrook (Atheneum). The narrator of this elegant and sombre novel is a minor British Foreign Service official whose dull and oppressively rigid life has always been lived in the shadow of a charismatic younger cousin. Since childhood, this cousin has taunted him, mocked him, and made him feel as if he were an inferior being. Disaster, violence, and a sense of unreality hover about the cousin like a nimbus. When he was a boy, he killed his brother in a cricket "accident" that made him the heir to the family estate; another accident befalls the beautiful woman



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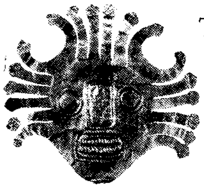

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SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*

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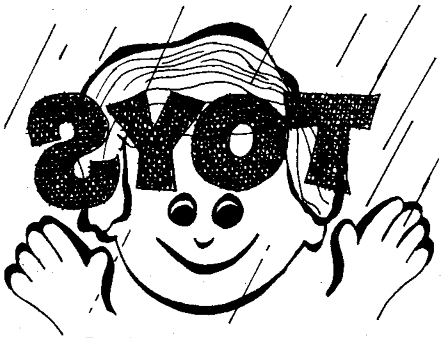

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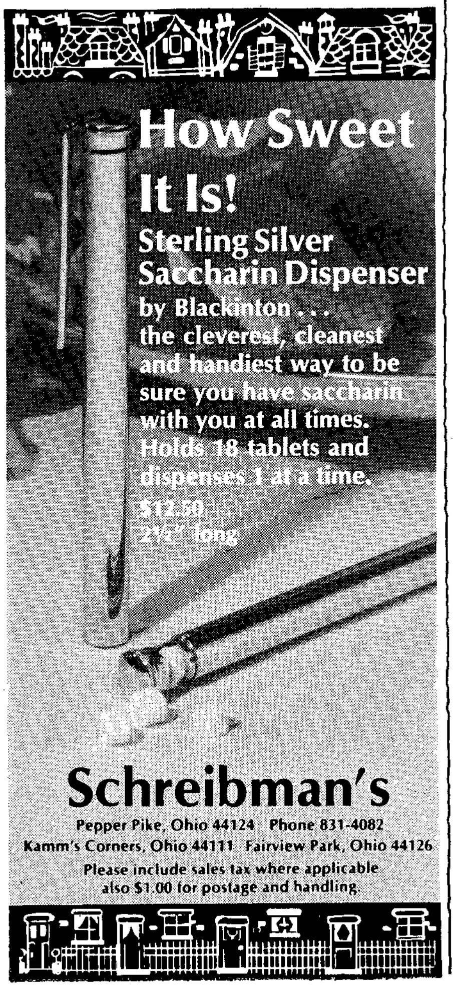
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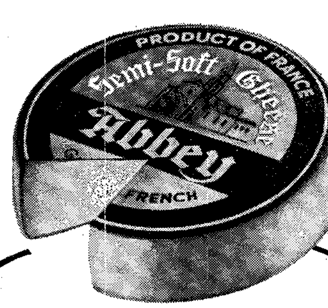
he marries, and she is disfigured; and yet another character, a handsome young Italian neo-Fascist, who has been the wife's lover, is killed in an automobile accident. Most of the book is about what happens on holiday visits that the narrator pays his cousin, and the setting and mood of the book are constantly shifting—from Rome (the narrator is posted there when the book opens), where all is light and movement; to the North of England and Scotland, where the book descends into a magnificent Tartarean gloom; to Mexico and the Caribbean, where everything becomes suffused with a kind of thick light. The plot and all three of the main characters—the narrator, the cousin, the wife—are elusive (sometimes irritatingly so), but Mr. Glazebrook is a master of the loaded understatement and the tantalizing chapter ending, and even when one isn't completely sure that one has understood what has just happened, one reads compulsively on.

NOTE: "Speedboat," a novel by Renata Adler, has been published by Random House, and "Lovers and Tyrants," a novel by Francine du Plessix Gray, has been published by Simon & Schuster. Portions of both books originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

PLAGUES AND PEOPLES, by William H. McNeill (Anchor/Doubleday). Mr. McNeill, a professor of history at the University of Chicago, here reminds us that disease organisms are just as successful as man in taking advantage of new ecological niches, and proposes that the course of human history (from around 3000 B.C., when the development of the city made possible the essential pestilential environment, to the achievement only yesterday of an effective preventive medicine) has been decisively shaped by the arbitrary forces of epidemic disease—smallpox, measles, influenza, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, yellow fever, dysentery, malaria, plague, cholera. This is a fascinating hypothesis, and one that lights up some of the darker corners of other theories of history. It is argued most persuasively by its author, with imagination, scholarship, and examples. Some of these last (such as the Black Death visitations of the fourteenth century) are familiar enough, but most of them are highly arresting. He suggests that the dynastic despotism of an-



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cient Egypt was made possible by a peasantry debilitated by chronic schistosomiasis. He finds reason to believe that an outbreak of the mysterious disease called the English sweats broke up a crucial conference between Luther and Zwingli at Marburg in 1529 and thus sealed the split between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. He speculates that differing tolerances and susceptibilities to disease were what created the catastrophic caste system in India. He points to a series of cholera epidemics in Bohemia and Hungary in the early nineteenth century as responsible for the transformation of those once German-speaking regions into distinct Czechoslovak and Hungarian cultures. He attributes the decline of Rome to a complex of depopulating and disrupting epidemics, and the coincident rise of Christianity to the unprecedented compassion for the sick that was shown by its early followers. And he asserts with confidence that it was not Spanish arms but smallpox (to which the Spanish were largely immune) that destroyed the Aztec and the Inca empires. The result is a book of the first importance, a truly revolutionary work.

JANE AUSTEN: WOMAN AND WRITER, by Joan Rees (St. Martin's). The aim of this sound biography is to elucidate some of the difficulties that Jane Austen faced as a writer because she was a woman. Though her life was spent in the heart of a loving and admiring family, she was not allowed or expected to have any purposes of her own. She wanted to become a fully professional writer, and her novels were the products of thought, effort, and multiple revisions and reconsiderations, yet none of her affectionate kin considered this ambition necessary or important—certainly not compared to keeping house when her mother was ill or away, or to tending her nephews and nieces when their parents were busy. Her family could not understand Jane's desire to earn money when they could offer her a genteel maintenance: no Austen interior was ever planned to give her a room of her own. The author also describes the lives of women whom Jane Austen knew, or knew of, to explain why it is unlikely that the writer, who died at forty-one, had determined not to marry or thought of herself as unmarriageable.

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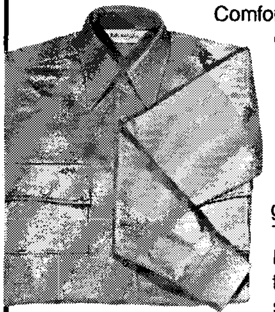

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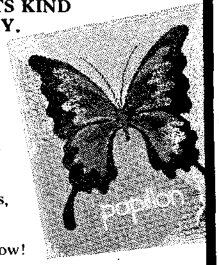

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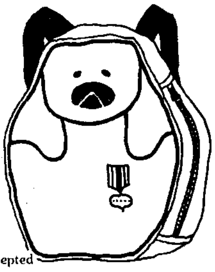

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SAVED THE WEST, by Joseph P. Lash (Norton). The author, who knew the Roosevelts, met Churchill only once, but his resourceful and imaginative use of documents makes both men vivid and both their countries' tempers clear, and does equal justice to the similarities and differences between these leaders and their nations. Distance has cast a rosy glow over the Anglo-American alliance, yet in its time it was stressful and quarrelsome as well as loyal. Mr. Lash has reassembled the huge cast of influential political figures who surrounded his two stars, and shows how some eased and others exacerbated misunderstandings. The work leaves no doubt that Roosevelt and Churchill were superb beings, partly because it is as honest about their quirks and failings as it is about the appalling difficulties they surmounted.

MODIGLIANI: THE BIOGRAPHY, by William Fifield (Morrow). The author had the valuable idea of doing his research while many of his subject's friends, relatives, artistic colleagues, and acquaintances were still alive. (Modigliani's dates are 1884-1920.) These survivors confided volubly, and the author has doubtless achieved what he claims—the most accurate account so far of the life and artistic inspiration of one of our modern giants. Besides his diligence, Mr. Fifield has a fine critical eye. The book's drawback is self-indulgent prose, as flamboyant as Modigliani's line is pure.

NOTE: "Do You Want to Talk About It?," a collection of cartoons by Edward Koren, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Pantheon. Atheneum has published "A Swim Off the Rocks," a collection of Howard Moss's poetry, and "The Names of the Lost," a collection of Philip Levine's poetry. In both cases, much of the material first appeared here.

•

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In conclusion, may I ask for your thoughtful response....—*Letter from the executive director of the Historic Hawaii Foundation.*

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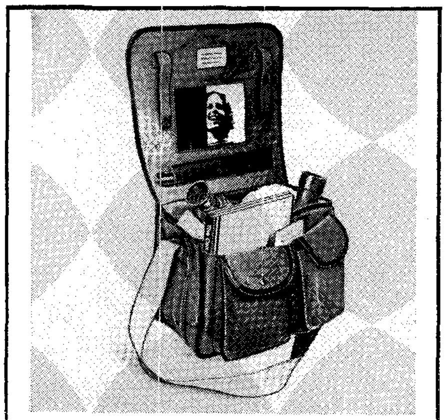

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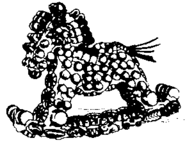

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